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THE KING

MASTER WORKERS

BY

HAROLD BEGBIE

WITH EIGHT PORTRAITS

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PREFACE

I HOPE this volume may be happy enough to achieve the two objects which are at once my reason and excuse for publishing, in book form, work which has already appeared in magazine pages.

The first of these two objects is to show something of the various and complex tendencies of modern inquiry, by bringing into one compass and expressing in the language of conversation the thoughts of leading men whose expression is usually found in divers places, and in a manner not always easy of apprehension.

At the meetings of the British Association I have been surprised to find how completely one school of men of science remains within the four walls of its particular study, and how very little it seems to concern itself with the aspirations and discoveries of other schools. The various Sections at these annual meetings are as insular in this respect as English thought in the early years of the Victorian Era.

One has only got to talk for a few minutes with the various people he meets in the world to discover how this isolation of the expert obtains in almost every department of life. The member of Parliament knows nothing of science; the man of science knows nothing of theology; and the theologian knows nothing of psychical research. By means of this volume, even if it cannot carry a man to the high altar of encyclopædic knowledge, it should be

possible for the reader to make himself at least elementarily acquainted with some of the various activities of modern investigation. Its tendency is to prove how, in despite of the spendthrift frivolity and the loud sharp-practising commerce of modern society—subjects which too largely monopolise the newspapers — the soul of humanity is struggling forward in the immemorial search for God. It is a moment's opening of the fast-locked doors of the soul's workshop, and I hope that the echoes from each of these various rooms may be heard in all the others, as well as by the fool in the stocks of his own folly.

A distinguished politician and philosopher, resting his mind in and basing much of his work on the materialism of "Darwinism," confessed to me not very long ago that he knew nothing of the work of J. J. Thomson and William Crookes in their exploration of the atom; and a writer of leading articles and a popular publicist professed to me quite recently his assured conviction that hypnotism was an exploded myth utterly unworthy of serious investigation. It is not so much among the humble, but rather among the experts themselves, the influential authorities of knowledge, the guides of public opinion, that ignorance of branches of inquiry other than their own obtains, with disastrous results for that synthesis of truth after which we vainly sigh, and also for that modesty of opinion which is so desirable a virtue in a democracy armed with a vote.

My second object in publishing this book concerns a purely technical question of journalism. The business of the interview, which has been so admirably managed in France, has not been handled with notable success in England. It has, indeed, been generally so treated in this country as to make the word "interview" a term of offence. My own venture into this difficult form is not comparable with the best French work; but it is, I am

bold enough to hope, something a little better than the average work which appears under this head in the magazines. I have endeavoured, at any rate, to give a certain form and tone to the English interview, to rescue it from a boudoir atmosphere of vulgarity and commonplace, and here in this volume I put my essay to the test of time. It is my hope that there may be so little offence in my manner and just sufficient intelligence in my matter as to rescue the interview from disrepute, and to preserve this volume among the books of contemporary gossip as a document of the present day, not without its modest interest to the historian who will work upon our times "when unborn chins are razorable."

I have reprinted these articles almost as they appeared. Among the papers are accounts of conversations with G. F. Watts and Sir William Vernon-Harcourt, both of whom have now passed through earthly sunsets on to dawns of greater consciousness. It has seemed to me wise to leave these two papers as they stood at the time of their publication, giving, as they do in their present form, an impression of these two fine-hearted and chivalrous men as they appeared in the evening of their days, with their work laid down and their hands folded; and attempting no historical appreciation of their work, which would be as much out of place in such a book as it would be beyond my capacity to accomplish.

The portrait of G. F. Watts is from an unfinished self-portrait, by permission of Mr. F. Hollyer.

Fair Oak, Hants, 1905.

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MASTER WORKERS

THE KING

"In undertaking the heavy load which now devolves upon me, I am fully determined to be a Constitutional Sovereign in the strictest sense of the word, and as long as there is breath in my body to work for the good and amelioration of my people."—*The First Speech of King Edward VII.*

ONE of the greatest mysteries of this perplexing world, as it is one of the most engaging, is that of personality. Soul differs from soul, and mind from mind, in as subtle and wonderful a fashion as the features and the expression vary in human countenances. A nation presents to our gaze something of the same spectacle as a street of villa houses where every door and window, every brick and slate, every gable and chimney, is built to the same pattern; but just as in each of those like houses is a different tale of human weakness and human strength, so in every single being, constituting a State or a people, there is individuality and personality not to be found in any other of the multitudinous units.

What is this mysterious force which makes one man to differ from another? According to one opinion it is a slightly different arrangement of nerve cells; according to another opinion, it is the soul. One man believes that some little variation in the grey matter of the brain produces that difference in character which gives

humanity St. Francis of Assisi on the one hand, and Charles Peace on the other; and one man believes that only by the hypothesis of some mysterious energy superadded to the physical brain can we account for the tremendous difference between Shakespeare and Charles II., Wesley and Robespierre, Isaiah and Grimaldi. To one man, that is to say, the piano contains all the music; to the other man, the piano is powerless without the musician.

How finely and marvellously this force manifests itself may be seen by casting one's eyes over the modern world and accounting to oneself for the varying positions occupied in the public mind by the greatest men amongst us. There are monarchs wielding greater sovereignty than King Edward; there are men of science, men of scholarship, and men of action whose fame is in the mouth of all the world; and yet—how shall we explain it?—Edward VII., beyond all question, is the most conspicuous, the most illustrious, and the most popular figure throughout the zones of the globe.

It is not sufficient to point out how vast is the earthly glory of the King. The man in the street has to be told before he knows, and even then he does not realise what it means, that the King reigns over one-third of the peoples of the world, and that his flag flies over one-third of the area of the globe. From seventy out of every hundred ships on the seas the flag of England flies; the revenues of the Empire amount to £225,000,000; and three times as many mortals as acknowledge the Czar of Russia their lord bow before the King of England as their King and Governor. The British Empire is fifty-three times larger than France, fifty-two times larger than Germany, and three times as big as Europe. The King rules, as one authority has put it, over one continent, a hundred peninsulas, five

hundred promontories, one thousand lakes, two thousand rivers, and ten thousand islands!

But pile up all these figures as you will, the fact of the King's popularity is not explained. For we are not now dealing with his sway over acreage and population, but with his rule in the hearts of men, his empire in the lives and affections of the people. To-day the King of England is the most vivid figure in the world. He stands out from the rest of humanity. He appeals irresistibly as no other monarch and no other man appeals to the interest and affection of mankind. And this is not because of the richness of his purple or the heaviness of his sceptre, but because there is some subtle power of sympathy, and some magnetic force of genuine attraction, in the personality, the character, and the soul of the King.

This force, be it noted, manifested itself long before he wore the crown of England. In boyhood he threw the spell of his personality over that rough old gentleman, the Duke of Wellington, and tamed him, and learned to love him, so that when the dead body of the great Duke was borne to St. Paul's the young Prince stood looking sorrowfully on with the uncontrollable tears of a boy's honest love rolling down his cheeks.

When his first tutor, Mr. Birch, left, the young Prince was heartbroken, and weeks before he wrestled with his grief. "It has been a terrible sorrow to the Prince of Wales," wrote one who knew him, "and he has done no end of touching things since he heard that he was to lose him three weeks ago. He is such an affectionate little boy; his little notes and presents, which Mr. Birch used to find on his pillow, were really too moving."

Later on we find the same force, growing and developing with the gradual evolution of time. During his memorable visit to Canada, in 1860, the wife of the

Archdeacon of St. John's wrote these significant lines: "If all the Colonies feel towards the Prince as Newfoundland does, it was a most politic step to have sent him on his tour. His appearance is very much in his favour, and his youth and Royal dignified manners and bearing seem to have touched all hearts, for there is scarcely a man or woman who can speak of him without tears. The rough fishermen and their wives are quite wild about him, and we hear of nothing but their admiration. Their most frequent exclamation is: 'God bless his pretty face and send him a good wife.'"

It is not every prince who could have moved the colonists of forty years ago to tears. Only by the intangible communication of a sympathetic personality could emotion of so human a character have been evoked. The graciousness of manner, the sweetness of expression, and the genial openness of his boyish character could only have appealed so poignantly to those English settlers in a far country because they were the outward and visible signs of some deep and abiding spring of human sympathy.

In some ways, more remarkable still was the effect of this rare personality on the United States. "All our reminiscences," said an American paper, "the history, the poetry, the romance of England for ten centuries, are centred in the hurrahs with which we greet the Prince of Wales." If George Washington had come to life, said another, he could not have stirred the people of the United States to a deeper emotion. This wonderful excitement had a humorous incident worthy of its native land. The young Prince went to Niagara to see the once famous Blondin cross the falls on a tight-rope. In order to startle mankind with its description of this spectacle, a New York journal monopolised all the telegraph wires. To do this the line had to be kept

engaged, and a large sum of money was devoted to telegraphing quite unnecessary matter. But as this sum began to melt away, and still the Prince did not arrive, the reporters, almost at the end of their intellectual resources, inquired of New York what they should do. "Telegraph the Book of Genesis," was the answer. This was done—at a cost of £150—and still the Prince had not arrived. Once more the journalists telegraphed for instructions, and this time the answer came back: "Go on to Revelation!" Nearly a thousand pounds were spent in this fashion in order to keep the wires from rival newspapers.

With more dignity, but not with less enthusiasm, the young Prince was received in India. The princes and the peoples combined to do him honour, and every step he took on Asian soil was a gorgeous and glittering triumph of personality. The Maharajah of Lahore presented him with a magnificent sword, and in a moment of emotion exclaimed, with affectionate loyalty, "If it be the Prince's will to try it, here is my neck." Another native ruler, standing by, as the Prince received the great princes at Calcutta, turned to Sir Dighton Probyn and said, with deep sincerity, "Tell the Prince that from now and for ever all we have are his—our men, our money, and our lives." In this manner did the young Prince strike the hearts of all with whom he came in touch.

But there is no need to labour this point. The reader has only to cast his eye over the life-story of King Edward to see that, long before he wore the crown and bore the sceptre, he possessed this priceless gift of human sympathy which is greater than all the talents and which may also be called a manifestation of genius itself. Enough has been written, I hope, to establish the point I wish to make—namely, that the conspicuous and

supreme place occupied on the stage of the modern world by Edward the Seventh is due not to his sovereignty and power but to the force and magnetism of his personality.

Our next step shall be to examine, as well as we can, the secret of this mysterious force.

The King is intensely human. He is not a leader who marches far ahead of humanity in gloomy isolation, but rather a captain who goes with the army itself, shares in its difficulties, joins in its amusements, and is always ready to work or to play with the rest of the host. In another country we may see a monarch who is so far ahead of his people that they are getting sick of his back view and would call a halt in order that he may turn round and show his face to the people. The King of England has no ambitions such as this. He knows that the heart plays as big a part in life as the brain, and that "the strenuous life" is more tolerable in a book than in a home. He desires to make his people happy as well as strong and glorious. He sees England not so much as a host of young men with their faces to the sunrise, but rather as a body of seasoned travellers with time now and again to lie by the hedgerow and listen to the song of birds. He looks at the home rather than the factory, at the life rather than the community. He is a man conscious of the needs of the human heart, and content with human nature. If he is out of sympathy with any son of Adam it is with that man who would exhibit human nature as something vile, every human appetite as something evil, and every human pleasure as something contemptible. The King is a man first, and a monarch after. He loves his people, not because they are the conquering and triumphant Britons, but because they are, for the most part, a genial people full of the zest of life and with no acid or bitter thoughts at the back of their minds.

In a confession album the King wrote, when he was Prince of Wales, a few words which gave an evident indication of his human sympathies: "I am happiest when I have no public engagements to fulfil; when I can smoke a really good cigar, and read (must I confess it?) a good novel on the quiet; when I can, like plain Mr. Jones, go to a race-meeting without it being chronicled in the papers next day that 'His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has taken to gambling very seriously, and yesterday lost more money than ever he can afford to pay'; when I can shake hands with and talk to Sir Edward Clarke without it being rumoured that 'The Prince of Wales is violently opposed to the present war'; when I can spend a quiet evening at home with the Princess and my family. I am unhappiest when I have a raging toothache, and have to attend some social function where I must smile as pleasantly as though I never had a pain in my life."

For the simple open-air life of the English squire the King sighs in the midst of his Court and yearns in the midst of State business. He is the very type of the squire. He loves broad acres, fine stock, the simplicity of farm labour, the stability of farm life, the scent and peace and sweetness of a country existence. He has more than the taste for this life, he has the talent for it. At Sandringham the King is king indeed, and he administers that happy little realm with all the success of a wise autocracy. "Nowhere," says an authority, "have I seen the poor cared for as they are here, and if I were asked to name a model estate, I should unhesitatingly say Sandringham." There is no public-house on the estate, but there is a club where people can obtain a pint of beer a day—wine and spirits are not kept. The cottages stand in the midst of good gardens; work ends at three o'clock in the afternoon; the wages range

between £48 and £60 a year. These happy cottagers have the benefit of reading-rooms and libraries, technical schools, a model kitchen, a spinning-school for delicate girls, a hospital, and the club, which provides them with every kind of amusement. In a word, here is Arcady—and the genius of the place is England's King.

He finds at Sandringham the only actual opportunity to his hand for giving expression to one of the deepest convictions of his life, the necessity for union and sympathy between all classes of the community. "The time has come," he once said, "when class can no longer stand aloof from class; and that man does his duty best who works most earnestly in bridging over the gulf between different classes which it is the tendency of increased wealth and increased civilisation to widen." This is one of the reasons why the King is so keen a disciple of music, and has done so much to spread a knowledge of the art among all ranks of the community. "I claim for music," he has said, "a variety of expression which belongs to no other art, and therefore adapts it more than any other art to produce that union of feeling which I much desire to promote." It is to music rather than to legislation, to personal sympathy rather than parliamentary interference, that this Royal Socialist looks for the fulfilment of his fondest hopes. The variety of expression in music unites the soul of harmony, and the King's dream is for a united State in which all classes, with their various expressions, may find themselves in fullest harmony. While at Sandringham he can actually compose this harmonious State, it is only possible for him to work indirectly for its attainment in the wider field of the nation and the Empire. But this indirect work is already telling for harmony, and the King will probably live in history as the first of socialist monarchs.

His personality is all in this direction. He is averse

from violence and hurry, from impractical enthusiasm and impossible idealism; he sees the world as it is, judges men as they are, and would make the best of both in the simplest and most natural fashion.

> "So many gods, so many creeds,
> So many paths that wind and wind—
> And just the art of being kind
> Is all this poor world needs."

He does not indulge in heroics, knows nothing of Byronism, and seldom experiences any moment of exaltation. In a word, he is supremely English. He would like to get the British nation into a dining-hall, feed it gloriously and generously, and then, when cigars were lighted and souls at peace, open his heart and appeal to the nation for fellowship and good temper. For he recognises that the happiness of a nation rests very largely on the sympathy existing between its various parts. Inequalities there must be — inequalities of intellect, wealth, and personality; but in sympathy, generosity, kindliness of spirit, and all those emotions of genial fellowship, there should be a perfect equality. He would have the wage-earner look up to and respect the employer; he would have the employer look up to and respect the wage-earner. Each man in his separate sphere carries with him the destinies of the Empire, and no man can be the inhabitant of the Empire without doing either service or disservice to the State. The King, with his English nature and his love of unaffected happiness, would have all his subjects working together harmoniously for the common good, and would have the legislation of Parliament aiming for Wordsworth's splendid dream—

> "Of joy in widest commonalty spread."

It is because the King sincerely and earnestly desires

a kingdom of happy people that he has gone out of his way to support the London County Council in its efforts to do on a large scale what he himself has so splendidly done at Sandringham on a small scale. Again and again he has shown this sympathy with the Council, and the present popularity of that once ridiculed and even hated body is due in a very generous manner to the King's support. Addressing the Council on one occasion, he laid special emphasis on the simple and practical work done by that body for the happiness and health of Londoners, and expressed once more his conviction that the housing problem is the most pressing question of social politics:

"The development made in the government of London constitutes one of the most important features of the reign of her late Majesty. The good work done by you and your predecessors and coadjutors in municipal administration has resulted in an improvement in the health and conditions of a vastly increased population, which testifies to your well-directed zeal. In the discharge of your onerous duties, which closely concern the welfare of millions of my people, I am confident that you will not slacken in the efforts which you have made and are making for dealing satisfactorily with the many difficult questions which await your consideration, and especially with that of the proper housing of the working classes, which is one in which I have always felt the deepest personal interest."

But there is no need to insist on what is obviously one of the chief traits in the King's character — his interest in and sympathy with the lives of the humblest of his people. There is no member of Parliament who more earnestly desires a cleaner and a happier kingdom, no Socialist dreamer who so intensely yearns after a fairer and a sweeter State. The King's sympathy is notorious,

and every day the newspapers chronicle his ceaseless work for the betterment of his realm. No duty is too trivial, no formality is too exacting, when the King is persuaded that his presence will help in creating a truer note of fellowship among his people.

The point I wish to make is that this sympathy is not merely a Royal duty, but that it is the most genuine expression of one of the King's foundational traits. One little act, in itself trivial enough, shows how naturally the King feels sympathy with his people. Some years ago there was a working men's exhibition in South London, and it opened as a dead failure. The King heard of it, and, ordering a carriage, drove down immediately to the place, entered the hall as one of the public, and spent a considerable time examining the exhibits and chatting with the officials. The next day the papers were full of this surprise visit, and the exhibition, which had opened with failure, concluded with success.

I do not think that any man with an engagement list such as the King's would have deemed it worth while to help a little local exhibition of working men unless his heart was generously touched by the lives of the people. There was no question here of "duty," no great ceremony in which the King could make a splendid figure in the eyes of thousands of his people. Out of the goodness of his heart, and on the impulse of the moment, the King threw over his engagements and drove down to South London.

The working classes—always the most generous and the least suspicious of all the classes—accept the King's sympathy as sincere and genuine. No man is more loved by the English working classes than the King of England. A friend of mine described to me an incident which tells in some measure how the King appeals to the simplest of his people. My friend was travelling on an

omnibus, and was watching two broad-shouldered, grim-lipped working men as they strode along the street with their baskets slung over their backs. He was wondering what these men talked about, and how they viewed the world and all its problems, when he saw one of them suddenly jerk the elbow of his mate, snatch his pipe from his mouth, and make a run for the kerb. The other man followed suit, and the next minute their hats were off, their mouths were wide with a great cheer as the King drove by in his carriage. When the King had bowed and the carriage had borne him away, the two men resumed their walk, but with moods how different! Instead of the stern eyes, the grim lips, and the set chins, their faces now shone with joy and their walk had a swing and gaiety in it which before were lacking. My friend could not doubt that these two workmen were better for that brief glimpse of the King. They were happier and merrier for a sight of their Sovereign.

Now this wonderful sympathy of the King is the secret of another and very important trait in his character —the trait which makes for his success as a master of statecraft—His Majesty's tact. For it is gradually being realised that if the King enjoys less power as a ruler than the Emperor of Germany or the Czar of Russia, no man wields in fact a greater sway in the world's politics than this honest-minded, simple-living, democratic King-Emperor of the British race. The King is not only the most popular figure in Great Britain; he is the most illustrious and powerful figure in the world. He goes to a race-meeting, lays a foundation stone, visits a hospital, opens a new harbour, and plays a game of cards with his friends, and that, so far as newspaper records are concerned, is the life of the King. But behind all this, and in the midst of his endless social functions, the King of England is the great peace-maker of the world. In the

courts and chancellories of Europe the will of Edward the Seventh is a document to be consulted at every turn and twist of diplomacy, and the Governments of the world well know that it matters little whether a Conservative or a Liberal Cabinet is presiding over the destinies of the British Empire, so long as the King is on his throne.

As in England this happy-minded man would see his subjects pulling together in good-fellowship and hearty sympathy, so in that larger world beyond the shores of this island he uses all his influence for a simple understanding among the nations, a broad sympathy between Governments, and a hearty co-operation in the interests of friendship and good feeling. It is the nature of the King to desire peace, and it is his genius to show how easily this peace may be maintained. Ministers give interviews to ambassadors, Governments receive and send despatches, the pigeon-holes of the chancellories overflow with documents and memoranda; but the King, with a few open words, sets aside all this secrecy and verbiage, comes to the heart of the problem, and says, "Let us be friends." I do not think it is yet realised how enormous has been the influence of the King in recent years on the politics of the world. During the Boer War, when jealous nations saw the British Empire held at bay by a small people six thousand miles away from the heart of the Empire, when a foreign fleet with lights down could pass Gibraltar unnoticed by our Navy, when in England itself there were divided counsels and utterances of despair from high quarters, it was the King, more than any man in the land, who used his influence in Germany to keep the peace of the world. And now, when our alliance with Japan must have weighed heavily on the minds of thoughtful men, as step by step the Russians have been driven to desperate resources and terrible remedies for

their humiliation, it is the King who throughout these perilous hours has staved off universal conflagration, and made an abiding friend for England in the ally of Russia. More even than this, side by side with the British alliance with Japan, the King has maintained, by his extraordinary tact, that personal friendship and understanding with the ruling house of Russia which has helped to steady the Czar in his most dangerous and heady hours. No triumph in statecraft has surpassed this diplomacy of the King—this correct attitude towards his ally, this personal friendship with the distracted enemy of that ally.

How often the King—with his warm friendships and his deep affections—must have had his tact strained to the breaking-point by the course of events it is impossible to conjecture.

But we may imagine how he must have longed to appeal to his countrymen when the iron heel of Prussia pressed on the little kingdom of Denmark, and how tempted he must have been to use the anti-Turk sentiment in England to deliver Greece from her oppressor. Over and over again the mighty ruler of England has seen his personal friends, and the peoples with whom he is most in sympathy, suffering from the injustices and oppressions of an enemy whom he might easily have crushed; but because the peace of England is more to him than his personal predilections, and because he is determined to rule only as a Constitutional monarch, he has forborne in all these cases to say one word or to do one act which would widen the issue and bring war upon his countrymen.

No man who has studied contemporary thought in England can doubt that the Crown has been gaining power while Parliament has been losing influence, and it is safe to say that an appeal from the King to his

people would be answered from every quarter of the Empire (particularly from India) with an enthusiasm such as no call from Parliament would ever secure. And recognising this, and knowing how faithfully the King has set his private desires on one side in the general interest of peace, foreign Governments have learned to trust Edward the Seventh as no ambassador or diplomatist, however honest, has been trusted before. The King is known in Europe as a perfectly sincere peace-maker, and the recognition of this noble quality in his character has done more than anything else to dissolve that hardening of the heart against Great Britain which has been one of the chief causes of European unrest.

Here, again, it is personality and the simplicity of the King's mind which have proved mightier than all the more notable weapons in the armoury of governmental diplomacy. The King is a power in the world, not because he rules over a third of the human race, but because he is the man Edward the Seventh, whom the world knows as an honest-minded gentleman desirous of living on the best possible terms with his neighbours. "The Queen likes Lord Salisbury," he told Gambetta, "because he is not Utopian." The King is understood in Europe because he is not Utopian, because he sets it no such far-off ideal as the universal disarmament of the Czar, but merely asks it to act as a civilised community, and to enjoy this good life in perfect amity and concord without making a mess of the globe with bloodshed and woundings.

I can understand the desire of certain pure and noble souls for a king as a great spiritual force, the star and shining genius of every high and noble ideal. But gradually the most far-sighted of these saints must perceive that Providence has given to England at this

juncture of the world's history the very perfect monarch for the peaceful evolution of the race. The King desires peace and breathing time for the world. He knows—far better than some people are aware of—the tremendous problems which sooner or later will present themselves to this nation. He can scarcely ever look upon his grandson, we may suppose, without wondering how that little child will face the world when the innocence and careless joy of boyhood are over, and the crown of sovereignty weighs heavily upon his brow. England will have old problems presented to it in new ways with the movement of time. The happy and prosperous years cannot last for ever; the thin years will return, darkness will visit the land, and men will look hungrily at their neighbours. To make England ready for that day is the work of the King. He asks, in the first place, for peace—a long peace—in which men may work harmoniously at their toil; he asks, in the second place, for a united community, with every class showing sympathy and respect for each other, and the least of his subjects living in decent and comfortable houses; and, in the third place, he asks for—and no man has worked harder for it—a united Empire, in which the Throne is the symbol and acknowledged expression of the whole of the British race.

So much has been written recently about Imperialism that many people have come to regard the sentiment as one of modern creation. The nation needs to be reminded that if any living man may claim to have been the first to realise the urgency of a united and a federated Empire, that man is the King of England. Has the nation forgotten that long before statesmen talked about linking up the scattered members of the British State, long before Imperialism became a popular theme in newspapers and in music-halls, the King, as

Prince of Wales, was working in his own quiet and practical fashion for the realisation of a united Empire?

How typical of His Majesty's mind was his first step in this direction. In the early eighties he established the Royal College of Music as a means for spreading the joy and delight of music among all classes of the community. Immediately after its foundation he set about including the Colonies in the scheme, not only that they too might share in the civilising influences of music, but also that they might feel themselves members of one great family and State. "I am not insensible," said the Prince of Wales, "to the engrossing nature of the pursuits of Colonial life, nor to the claim which material interests have on young communities. We must all recognise with pride and admiration how much the enlightened enterprise and perseverance of our Colonial fellow-subjects have already contributed to the greatness and wealth of the Empire, and I am far from suggesting any relaxation of those efforts. My purpose is to provide for the leisure hours which must come to the busiest of us—no matter where we live or whatever sphere of life we occupy—an elevating source of enjoyment, which is at the same time calculated to strengthen those emotions that have so much influence in perpetuating a common love of country."

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When the King was a little boy he was visited at Windsor Castle by nine North American Indians. The chief of these Indians bowed himself to the ground before the child and addressed him as "the very big little White Father whose eyes are like the sky which sees all things."

The Indian noticed the principal feature in His Majesty's countenance. The King's eyes—wide, all-seeing, and light blue like the ribbon of the Garter which

he wears across his scarlet tunic—are the index of his personality. They tell of frankness, of honesty, of kindliness, of cheerfulness, of good-fellowship, and of far-seeing wisdom. The face, with its rich colouring, its clean features, and its neat moustache and beard, is typically English, and might pass unnoticed but for those wonderful Guelph eyes, which hold and arrest the attention. They have told millions of Englishmen, those eyes, that the King is a man worthy to be loved, worthy to be trusted, and worthy to be obeyed. Greater kings may have served England in her glorious past, greater kings may yet rise up and lead her people onward, but I do not think that any king has yet stood at the head of the British race who so completely, so perfectly, and with so wonderful a tact embraced in his personality the various tastes and the conflicting qualities of the British nature. The King is a man in whom every class of the community finds something to love, something to value—a man one touch of whose personality makes the whole race kin. And the more thoughtful and reflective of the British race are beginning to realise that in uniting the love of simple, unaffected good-fellowship and a merry joy in existence—which makes his people love him—with a profound statecraft, and a sane, clear-headed, far-seeing Imperialism, His Majesty the King of England presents to the student of the human mind a personality of the highest interest. In this or in that the King may lack, but I think that of no one else in the world may it be said so truthfully —considering all the complexities and varieties of the world's interests—that he sees life steadily, and sees it whole.

Not only has he succeeded in winning the affections of his variously minded and differently circumstanced people, he has made his appeal to the world, to the

whole of humanity; and the very real and wonderful respect which he has inspired in every nation throughout the globe is the most solid and enduring testimony to the power of personality ever offered in the modern world. Tact may have won him this victory; but only the tact of an intensely human soul—genuine in its love of peace and fellowship—could have made that victory so complete and so enduring.

FIELD-MARSHAL EARL ROBERTS, K.G., V.C.

"Your Honour understands these matters," replied Corporal Trim, "better than any officer in His Majesty's service."—*Tristram Shandy*.

A NEAT little man, with notable forehead, grizzled hair, heavily lidded eyes, a prominent smooth nose, a broad wiry moustache and tufted chin. The face is flushed and blue-veined; the eyes are Irish-grey; the long, slender ears stand away from the thin hair. Over the forehead and round about the little twinkling eyes there are as many creases and crinkles as there are seams in the wings of a ladybird; and the throat is thickly corded, as though it had shouted battle-cries into all the zones. The eyes and the ears attract your first glance; they tell you of the mind behind the tall forehead —a mind which is always looking and always listening, a mind which has lived its life in the midst of many and great dangers. A flicker on the horizon would not escape those eyes; a stealthy footstep from behind would surely beat the alarm on the drums of those ears. The eyes are not those of the sailor with the wide sea to look across, placid and open: they are the eyes of a hillman whose days are passed in a broken land where every bush and every boulder may cover the rifle of his enemy. And, try as they may, in this merry green England, to look cheerfully into the open face of day, the eyes of this trim soldier never can quite lose the darting glance and the strained, hard peering which they learned in the Indian

hills. They may look into your eyes with a smile for a moment, but they are soon off on some mystical quest of the mind, gazing straightly and definitely under their stiffening lids into the distances of imagination.

He walks vigorously with the shoulders pressing him forward. For three or four paces the stick is struck sharply and deliberately to the ground, keeping monotonous step with the march; then, as though the mind relaxed its tension, the cane swings loosely forward for a moment, but is presently brought back to its old measured stab of the ground. And, as he talks, his voice sounds a certain note of discipline and severity. It has the slight throatiness of a veteran, as though the hoarse word of command were its native language. But the enunciation is careful and pleasant, with an engaging tone of distinction and that precision of utterance which is commoner with professors of science than with soldiers.

But there is no mistaking this great veteran of the British Army for anything but a soldier. One does not think of him as anything else. He is a soldier pure and simple, the most typical British soldier now alive, the very pattern and effect of the British Army. In his spruceness, in his walk, in his glances, in his enunciation, he is the fighting Briton, to whom discipline and directness and the open air are the very breath of existence. The future historian, I think, will make mention of Lord Roberts, not only for his victories and his work in the Indian hills, but to cite him as the very perfect type of the British officer of our period. He seems, indeed, to sum up in his dapper person all the qualities, attributes, and mannerisms of our little army. What the poets and historians have written concerning the British Army you may read in the face and catch in the voice of this victorious soldier.

But if the future historian trusts to the innumerable anecdotes which have gathered round Lord Roberts' career, he may be tempted to over-emphasise one particular aspect of this interesting personality, and so minimise the soldier. Lord Roberts is a genial and a gentle person, and he is a religious man; but he is certainly not the "Chaplain Bobs" or the sentimental philanthropist of some people's too hasty imagination. He does not preach, he does not talk easily of religion, and he entertains no fanciful or emotional views of life. To a man credited with so much tenderness, and even sentimentalism, it might be thought that war appeared only a little less horrible than it does to Tolstoy. One might fancy that he gave battle to his enemies praying for peace, and that he looked impatiently forward to the golden day when every sword shall become a pruning-hook and every soldier a husbandman. Think of the agonies which he has witnessed on the stricken field: the vain valour of the bleeding private, the fruitless daring of the young subaltern, and the noise of battle, always succeeded in the hour of victory by the shuddering groans of those poor writhing figures strewn as it were reproachfully across the field.[1] If ever a man has witnessed the outrageous barbarities of war, it is surely this grizzled hero of a hundred fights; but, though he is the very reverse of a swashbuckler—is, indeed, a serious and religious man—he has but little sympathy for the professional apostles of peace.

I asked him if he had ever experienced that sensuous intoxication in battle which Lord Wolseley has described so

[1] It is only the other day that I met a young officer whose eyes were shot out in South Africa. At one moment he was full of the zest of life, with the light and the shade of the earth before him, and then at the next he was plunged into everlasting night. A sabre cut has something of glory in it, but wounds of this kind are only dreadful and pathetic.

graphically in one of his books. No, he could remember nothing of such a sensation; the nearest to it, perhaps, was the joy he experienced on riding a sweating horse into Delhi, and finding that he was in time for the siege. In actual fighting he could recall no exultation of the senses; there was excitement, no doubt, tremendous excitement, but he had always studied, from the very first, to fight against that excitement, in order to preserve an absolutely unclouded intellect. "The first virtue of an officer," he said, "is calmness."

I spoke about the shock which many people feel in reading of this joy and delight in battle, and asked Lord Roberts whether he himself did not regard war as something barbarous, and whether he did not look forward to a millennium of universal peace?

He shook his head and smiled. "I think," he said, with measured, clean-cut words, "that there is a purpose in war. It is true that fighting is a stern remedy; but are we quite sure that frail humanity does not need stern remedies? A war is a wicked war when it is needlessly waged, or when it is waged for greed; but even in these cases it may have its benefits for a nation. Without war —at any rate without the vigilance and discipline which prepare for that stern emergency—a nation is in risk of running to seed. And where a war is a just one—where it is waged as an act of self-defence, as in the case of the Japanese, who are now fighting for their very life—its benefit to the nation is great. It is an appeal to the manhood and the virtue of a people. It prevents decadence and effeminacy. It corrects the selfishness and querulousness which are inevitably bred by a long peace. Without the preparation for an armed defence of its boundaries or the vindication of its honour, an empire would slip into habits dangerous for itself and dangerous for the whole of humanity. Even in the

Anglo-Saxon race, which is as vigorous as any in the world, we find that a long peace breeds a complaining and luxurious spirit, to which every hardship and every little inconvenience becomes an intolerable injustice. Fortitude and the cheerful bearing of adversity are apt to fall out of the category of human duties in a long and luxurious peace. And since character is tried by sorrow and affliction, this querulous antipathy to hardship and exertion is bad for the individual, and consequently for the State. We are all tried by fire, are we not? and the test of a man's character is his ability to bear gallantly the sorrows and afflictions of his life: so too, I think, a nation needs to be tried by fire—needs to be put upon its trial every now and then, and tested by the laws which govern this planet—the law, I mean particularly, that only the efficient survive."

I think if Lord Roberts were pressed on the immorality of war by an enthusiastic member of the Peace Society, he would defend, not war from the attacks of its critic, but rather the Creator from the missionary's insinuations. For this soldier, who has grown grey in the service of his country, and who has established a military reputation which is without blemish and famous throughout the world, is one to whom the methods of creation are sacrosanct and just. The problem of pain is for the philosophers; to him the effect of pain is manifest. Man, because of the high destiny awaiting him in other spheres, of which he is more or less conscious, may imagine evil of the conditions governing his environment; but for this man at least those conditions are inevitable and necessary for the future. The metaphor which likens the Christian to a soldier is one that Lord Roberts understands and appreciates; without battle there can be no victory, and without victory there can only be stagnation and unrest.

The Judge of all the earth has done right. Humanity has received its marching orders. All that remains is to go forward and obey.

"No," he said to me, "I do not think there will come a time of universal peace; and, considering the stuff of which humanity is made, I doubt if such a future is desirable. Remember, an army does not inculcate any lust for blood. It is not as though every man who goes into barracks a peaceable citizen comes out at the end of his service a professional homicide. On the contrary, the army takes many an unprofitable individual and turns him into a useful and intelligent citizen. Military training is an education. No man can become a soldier without acquiring at least some of the foundational qualities of character. Look at the private soldier of to-day! Why, he goes back to civil life with ideas, habits, and aspirations which are the very highest virtues of citizenship. He becomes an example in his set, his character is an influence over all his fellows, and he certainly becomes the best recruiting agent in his district. It is not now as it was in the old days. The period of the drunken, dissolute, and improvident soldier is past; it can never come back. The modern soldier is steady, self-respecting, painstaking, and clean-minded. He takes trouble with himself. He is anxious to get on. He is provident and ambitious. The change in the private soldier of late years is extraordinary; and, mark you, far from having lost any of the dash and spirit of his more dissolute predecessors, he is a keener and more efficient fighting man, and *just as brave.*"

I asked Lord Roberts how he thought this change had come about, what agency had been at work to metamorphose "Tommy Atkins" into the "Service man." He referred first to the general change in public opinion —that mysterious force in social evolution—and then

ascribed the reality of the change to the example of the officers. In the old days, he told me,—and it is charming to hear this vigorous veteran referring to "the old days" like a stripling with his commission fresh in his pocket,—it was not thought greatly amiss for an officer to get drunk at mess. There came a time when men gradually came to consider that lapses of this kind were bad form; and as Mr. Punch's motto, "It's worse than wicked—it's vulgar," holds sway in particular over the life of the British soldier, drunkenness became unworthy of an officer and a gentleman. To-day, if an officer so misbehaved himself at mess, he would be dismissed the service, and any approach to this kind of frailty is most vigorously resented by the other officers. "I know many officers," Lord Roberts told me, "who drink only water at mess — many of them." The result of this change in the habits of the officer is a change in the habits of the soldier. He has begun to realise that most of those things which society has labelled "bad form" are, in their reality, enemies to the peace of mind and body. And since the officer has now got to make himself efficient in order to earn promotion, and therefore has begun to take his profession in earnest, so, too, the private has become a keen and ambitious soldier, taking himself and his work as seriously as the officer above him. "He has to, or he won't get on!"

"The new order of warfare, too," said Lord Roberts, "is producing a new spirit in the Army. In the old days men fought shoulder to shoulder, a compact mass, with the colonel in touch with the major, the major with the captain, the captain with the sergeant, and so on down to the private soldier. Under those conditions it was necessary for only one man to think; the rest simply came on, and fought like bulldogs till the enemy had

had enough. But consider the difference, for a moment, between the old and the new warfare. When the Duke of Wellington woke on 18th June 1815, his videttes were almost touching the videttes of the French army! The field of Waterloo is something like one mile by three miles in extent. The commanders on either side, therefore, never lost their grip of the changing fortunes of the day from the first shot to the last; and they were able, throughout the battle, to direct the troops with an inclusive intention. But what are the methods of modern warfare? Many of the battles in South Africa were fought over a field of twenty miles in breadth; in one case I think it was twenty-three miles! You see what that means? It means that a commander cannot possibly control the whole battle. His captains must be something more than brave leaders of a charge. They must be strategists, tacticians, men of resource and judgment. And as with the officers, so with the men. The soldier no longer fights between the sympathetic elbows of his comrades. He isn't any more the insignificant unit in a mass of humanity. In battle he finds himself alone; his comrades are spread far out across the field and he himself has nothing but his own wits to keep him company. If he has ever lost his individuality and his personal manhood, he recovers them then. He has to think and to act, to weigh and to consider: anything that he may plot and contrive, except turning tail, is, practically speaking, his duty and his right. So, you see, the private soldier of to-day is bound to become a man of resource. He is bound to develop quick wits and sagacity. And all these things are good for a man to acquire, and well for a State to possess in its citizens."

It is this necessity for quickness and resource in

the private soldier which leads Lord Roberts to say that the old days of the drunken and careless soldier can never return. It is impossible, with the modern conditions and the present drill methods, that a fool can keep his place in the Army. And therefore the Army, more than ever before, is an educational force in the affairs of the State. Not only does the present military training tend to make a man resourceful, vigorous, and clean-living; it also educates him in the ordinary subjects of the Board School curriculum, and so qualifies him for civil employment when he leaves the Colours. Many recruits who join the Army, even in these days,—astounding as it may seem,—can neither read nor write.

I told Lord Roberts that Mr. Chamberlain had expressed to me his admiration for the character of the British officer, and had ridiculed the idea that the soldier does not take his work seriously.

"I know!" said Lord Roberts. "Much of the criticism of our soldiers is both cruel and unjust. Only the other day I was talking to a member of the House of Commons who had lately studied our military system at Aldershot and Salisbury and Shorncliffe and Hythe. He told me how struck he had been by the seriousness and earnestness of our men, how surprised he had been by the keenness and enthusiasm they showed for their work. The public, I think, was misled during the South African War by much of the newspaper gossip. There were, of course, mistakes and disappointments, and even follies. But, on the whole, the officers were keen and the men incomparable. And the result of that campaign has been to stimulate the keenness and seriousness of the officers, and so to develop a greater enthusiasm among the men. The British Army is still the best in the world."

Of the recent changes in the administration of the Army, Lord Roberts is neither eulogiser nor critic. A change, he says, was inevitable, and, in common with many other thoughtful soldiers, he had long known that the change must come. But it is too early in the day to express a definite opinion as to the wisdom of all the new arrangements, even those which have his warmest sympathy. The system is on its trial; only experience can decide its merits. However, the public need not concern itself very anxiously in this matter. The greatest reform in the Army touches the individual soldier, and this was begun during the South African War. To make every individual officer and every individual soldier resourceful and quick-witted is the beginning of military wisdom. Without this new force at work in the Army, all the systems in the world would not suffice to render the soldier an efficient servant of the State. Lord Roberts, more than any man, is the General of the private soldier.

It is good to hear him speak of the private soldiers' excellences. He remembers with pride how nobly they conducted themselves in South Africa—"heroes in the field and gentlemen in the cantonments"—and he tells one, with a ring in his voice, that even the few charges of immorality and violence brought against the troops in South Africa were proved to be unfounded.

"I well remember marching into Bloemfontein," he told me. "The shops were closed, the doors locked; we were received in a kind of terrified silence. But in twenty-four hours the windows were unbarred, the doors opened, and people were shopping as peacefully and as cheerfully as though nothing had happened. And I had issued no orders to the troops as to their behaviour. I simply trusted them."

When one thinks that the man who swept through

South Africa like a whirlwind was the same man who marched to Kandahar, one realises something of the wonderful adaptability of the British soldier. It is this advance with the times which makes Lord Roberts so notable a figure in our history. He has always kept step with the world. You do not find him quarrelling with present conditions, and harking back to the glories of his youth. No; "in the old days" things were worse than they are now. The soldier of to-day is an infinitely cleverer and better and cleaner man than his fathers, and just as brave. "We" are doing so-and-so nowadays; in the old days "they" did such-a-thing. There is youth in the mind, as well as vigour in the body. His stick stabs the ground, he glances up at you from under his cap's brim with searching eyes, and his voice rings with decision and enthusiasm. "It was very different in the old days ——!" And under the cap of this youthful veteran there are patches of sticking plaster all over the high forehead, one arm is in a sling, and under the waistcoat is a broken rib. For he has just had an accident in the hunting-field. He didn't know it at the time, but he found out afterwards that he had broken a rib. "Have you ever broken a rib?—No?—Ah, it is rather a painful thing at first: you feel the slightest movement; but, as I was saying just now, in the old days"—

The typical English soldier! He lives simply and temperately; his element the open air; his literature history and biography; his favourite animal the horse; his keenest enjoyment a great run with the hounds. The problems of the modern world do not touch him. He has no inclination towards psychological mysteries, and he is not interested in the psychical investigations which are engaging the attention of the philosopher and the man of science. Religion is a simple matter to him; he has no difficulty in reconciling his profession with the

spirit of Christianity, no misgiving as to the governance of the world and its affairs. To live vigorously and uprightly is to him the manifest duty of mankind ; all those diversions and amusements which harden a man's muscles and brace his moral fibres are good and profitable. Effeminacy, luxury, ease, and subtlety of thinking, are either unwise or dangerous. Patriotism is manifestly a man's duty : the Tolstoyan concept is outside of nature. And as patriotism presents itself so clearly to him as a man's duty, Lord Roberts is a keen Imperialist. He is so much a soldier that he can never be a politician, but he watches the campaign of Mr. Chamberlain with interest and sympathy. To make the British Empire self-supporting, and, above all things, to bind it together as one solid influence for good in the affairs of the world, seems to him the inevitable path of our destiny. Long before Mr. Chamberlain's campaign he was a fair-trader, and long ago he felt convinced that our commercial policy would one day have to be adjusted to the new conditions of the world. But all these things are the by-interests of his life; the supreme concern, the consuming passion of his days, is the welfare of the Army and the happiness and efficiency of the British soldier. Far from regarding the Army as a burden and a necessary evil, he looks upon it as a blessing to the State. So long as it is conducted on the just and humane principles governing the British military system, he does not see how an army can prove anything but a blessing to a nation.

I asked him if he thought we should ever come to conscription in this country. "I do not see how that is possible, with our foreign Army," he answered. "But for the foreign Army, no doubt we should have had conscription long ago. As it is, we shall probably come to some sort of cadet system which will ensure every boy in the country learning at least the rudiments of defence.

There is no reason why a military training should not form part of the curriculum of every school. Such a training is good for boys, and if it obtained in our Board Schools it would almost certainly conduce to a diminution in the numbers of the wastrels and loafers whom one sees about the streets. It only requires a little more decay of the ancient superstition concerning the horrors of the barrack-room to find the public welcoming a military training in our State schools. Englishmen, I think, are more and more beginning to realise the great benefits, both physical and moral, of a military training. All the agitation concerning physical degeneration points, I think, to the adoption by the nation, in some form or another, of a thorough and systematic military training. It may be that in this direction lies the future of national defence. But, however that may be, there will always exist the need of a very perfect and swift-striking Army for foreign service."

Looking back over his long and brilliant career, Lord Roberts regards the march to Kabul as his best work. The critics, he thinks, make too much of the march to Kandahar. In that case he had ample and picked men, and all that it was necessary for him to do was to press on as hotly as he could to the relief of the garrison. But in the case of Kabul he had to oppose an overwhelming enemy with a small number of untried troops, and he had to carry provisions sufficient for the long march and a possibly long siege. He was not concerned by the issue of a pitched battle, even with the untried troops under his command; but he knew, indeed they themselves had told him so, that he had to deal with a foe who would lie in hiding till the last rations had disappeared, and then sweep down upon a starving and frozen host and utterly annihilate it. "I profited," says Lord Roberts, "by the disasters of the poor fellows

who went before me. I made the most careful arrangements concerning supply, made my dispositions in accordance with the experience learned by the former army, and so was able to pull through all right."

One of the most affecting memories in this extraordinarily vivid and active life is his last interview with Queen Victoria. I think I am right in saying that Lord Roberts was the last of her great servants to whom the Queen spoke before her final and pathetic collapse. Certainly that interview left an indelible impression on his mind. Her anxiety for the troops, her yearning sympathy for the mourners, and her regret for the disturbance of the world's peace, were both intense and touching. She was, moreover, utterly overcome by the death of that most amiable and generous soul, the Prince Christian Victor.

To Lord Roberts himself the war in South Africa brought the crowning sorrow of his life. The manner in which he met that sorrow, the fashion in which he put it by, and at the call of duty entered the field of battle himself, are too fresh in the mind of a sympathetic world to need any mention in this place. But I may tell here a little incident which I heard some time before young Roberts' gallant death, illustrating in simple form the pride and affection which the Field-Marshal felt for his son. A friend of mine told me that he was one evening in India dining at mess with Lord Roberts, and that the Chief's son was also present at the table. My friend found Lord Roberts a most pleasant and interesting conversationalist, and was beginning to congratulate himself on his own powers to please, when, to his dismay, he found that Lord Roberts had grown suddenly dumb. My friend had put a question which received no answer, but on glancing up he saw that the Chief was leaning forward in his chair, with his eyes straining and his ears

alert, to catch every detail of a recent pig-sticking experience with which young Roberts was beguiling the farther end of the table. The light in the father's eye, his eagerness to catch every word of the story, and his evident and most undisguised pleasure in his boy's success, were so delightful and human that my friend instantly forgave him his inattention, and treasured up the little incident as his happiest memory of the great Chief.

But Lord Roberts is a soldier before everything else. The sorrow which would bow and break another man, like the many wounds he carries, which would have killed a weaker man, is borne by him unflinchingly as a part of the discipline of life. He is affectionate, gentle, and tender; but he is not the sentimentalist of the gossipy newspapers. He is strong to endure. He is proud to suffer. No affliction from Heaven, and no injustice from man, could ever wring recrimination from his lips. It may be that a military training tends to lessen a man's capacity for the apprehension of grief, tends to obscure in him the full beauty of the tendernesses and gentlenesses of life; and, in Lord Roberts' case, the soldier appears to me to be a great deal stronger than the idealist. One would say of him, there are kindness and affection in this soldierly personality; not, there is a soldierly character in this gentle personality. Tender as a woman, perhaps, but certainly as hard as nails.

SIR JOHN FISHER

ADMIRAL SIR JOHN FISHER, R.N., O.M.

A STUDY IN THE PERSONALITY OF THE FIRST SEA LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY

IS patriotism inconsistent with religion? This is the problem I always carry away from intercourse with men of the Fisher school. To examine the ideas of Sir John Fisher in comparison with the ideas of, say, the Bishop of London, is to realise the infinity which separates mind from mind in the complex activities of our modern state.

Sir John Fisher is in no doubt about himself or the Providence which overlooks human affairs. England to him is the centre of the universe. He was born an Englishman, and for England he would shed the last drop of blood in his veins. The British Empire is the wisest institution in the world, and for its welfare he would unquestioningly surrender his life. All foreign nations are to be let alone until they get across the path of England. On the path of England they are to be crushed terribly.

God, in his cosmogony, has not divided the world into nations without a reason. Rivalry is the security of the world. War is wholesome. A perfect world, united in the bonds of peace, would speedily become a world of dreadful vices and sterile intellectuality. Rivalry tests the virility of nations. English trade and English manhood must always be threatened to preserve their

healthful activity. It is a good thing to have enemies, many of them—the stronger the better; and it is an excellent thing to feed your patriotism on the intensity and strength of this threatening enmity.

God, he holds, has made men to be patriots. The German must be as proud as he can of the Fatherland, the Frenchman of France, and the Japanese of Japan. The Englishman must love his country more than father or mother.

"If any man got in my way when I was attempting to serve my country," Sir John Fisher once said to me, "I should never stop till I had broken him and cast him aside. Patriotism," he continued, "must be so strong and so honest that it will allow nothing—not the deepest love in the world, and certainly not society influence—to come between it and service to its country. A patriot must destroy his dearest friend if the friend gets in his way."

No man has ever been advanced in his profession by Sir John Fisher who was not the most efficient man for his post. No society or governmental influence has ever swayed his mind. There may be two opinions about the wisdom of some of Sir John Fisher's changes in the Navy, but about his patriotism there is only one. His devotion to his country is single-minded and pure. His dearest friend could secure no favour from him, and would be crushed if he got in the Admiral's way. Never, I believe, has administrator lived with cleaner hands. This man, who is so merciless, and in some ways so terrible, is the honestest servant of the State I have ever met. His patriotism is a chivalry.

The part played by Sir John Fisher as one of Great Britain's representatives at the Hague Peace Conference is gradually becoming known. The polite gentlemen at the House in the Wood were debating as to how war

might be conducted with as little pain and inconvenience as possible, when Sir John broke in with the way in which he intended to fight his sea battles. Those who were there have given some suggestion of the effect his words produced. Men sat listening with blanched faces, with horror in their eyes, and at the end a shudder ran round the circular yellow room.

It was said to be the most dreadful and appalling picture of war ever drawn by human mind. And this frightful and awful picture, which whitened the faces and froze the blood of all those soldiers and sailors, was drawn by an open, frank-faced man, leaning back at ease in his chair, speaking quietly and pleasantly, with a straightforward smile in his round, boyish-looking eyes.

Those who have served under Sir John Fisher at sea, and who have listened to his lectures on war, know better than I do—better even than the gentlemen of the Peace Conference—how he would conduct a war. He would make it the most terrible, the most Titanic, the most world-shaking experience to which humanity has ever been subjected. Horror would be added to horror, abomination to abomination. Consternation would seize upon the nations; the world would be paralysed and aghast with the desolation of it. It would be swift, and it would be final. There would be no more war for a generation at least.

Now, it must not be thought that Sir John Fisher is what he himself calls "bloody-minded." He is not a furiously minded man, not a man who takes delight in slaughter and in horror. The most arresting experience in a conversation with him on subjects of this kind is the almost cherubic smile which sits in his kind eyes as he tells you how war is meant to be dreadful, and how "jolly dreadful" he himself would most certainly make it. If you express surprise, he is tolerantly

amused at your inability to see the righteousness and the appropriateness of clothing war with flame and destruction. To make war in kid gloves, bowing politely to your enemy, is for him a sick hypocrisy, which makes war a great deal more wicked than it really is. If you hate, hate; if you fight, fight. To "down" your adversary, and, when he is down, to give him such an almighty pummelling as will certainly prevent him from attacking you again, is for our First Sea Lord all the law and the prophets in the matter of warfare.

He believes that war is prolonged, lives are wasted, and nations drained of their vitality by the modern fashion of fighting in kid gloves, with a sword in one hand and a book of moral aphorisms in the other. You cannot, he says, be fighter and philanthropist at the same moment. If you want to give your enemy anything, give him hard knocks. If you want to show him pity, show him the muzzle of your gun.

In this fashion would Sir John Fisher have all Englishmen regard war. It is a view which embraces other opinions with it—opinions equally valuable to the safety, honour, and welfare of the King's dominions.

He is all for the honest, outspoken, downright, and implacable nature of the Englishman. Bowings and scrapings and diplomatic phrases "sour on his stomach." Jingoism and threatenings and the tall talk of panic periods cover him with a loathly shame. Not so was the Englishman of a bolder age. Not so was his adored and almost worshipped hero Nelson. He would have his countrymen quiet, self-contained men, going their road, asking neither favour nor permission of any man, pushing their fortunes with an iron determination towards victory, and uttering neither whine nor threat in the hour of oppugnation—striking then, and striking swiftly, without mercy and without misgiving.

The ambassadors of England, the merchant princes of England, and the English statesmen in the High Court of Parliament, lose this English character of downrightness, stubbornness, outspokenness, and lucid plainness, to the great misfortune of our national destiny. It is their chief inheritance from a glorious past, and their chief weapon for preserving that glory untarnished and unmutilated. On these points he has no shadow of doubt.

Sir John Fisher does not desire a war-making statesmanship or a high-handed commerce. He detests bellicose talk almost as greatly as his soul loathes effeminate Englishmen. All he asks is that Englishmen should not make themselves feeble imitations of continental nations, but that they should cheerfully endeavour to develop on Nature's inevitable lines the stark, straightforward, and open-dealing nature descended to them from their great history.

To this end national education must contribute; and he has no doubts in his mind as to the qualities at which our system of education should aim.

"Every boy," he once told me, "should be taught from his cradle to acquire the great Nelsonic attributes, the foundation of character—

"Self-reliance, fertility of resource, fearlessness of responsibility, power of initiative.

"Give a boy these four things, and his manhood is safe. He'll always arrive; always be there! We have got such a system at Osborne—probably the best school in the world. All that the School Board has got to do is to copy us! Why don't they? The other day a proud mother wrote to us to say, 'I sent my boy to you a child—he has come back a man; he swears at his mother!' These little beggars grow as quick as monkeys and as hard as nails at Osborne. They

can't lean on anybody except themselves. They are driven into holes where only their own resource can get them out. They are given commands in which fearlessness is their own best safeguard from disaster. They are encouraged to discover things for themselves. In a word, we make men of them—men who could go anywhere and do anything without matronal government to look after them, and see they don't split their breeches or dirty their pretty little hands! That's education—the production of men."

The establishment of the Naval School at Osborne is the greatest work of Sir John Fisher's life. When he came into power he looked about him for the best way of making the Navy scientifically efficient, and he saw that it was necessary to begin at the beginning in the education of the officers. With the assistance of two or three other sailors he sat down one day and drew up an entirely new system of education, and without waiting for the consent of Parliament quietly set this system of education in motion. Never was great reform so secretly ushered into the affairs of men. The Navy woke up one morning to find itself revolutionised. The lay public are hardly, even now, aware of this momentous change.

Osborne is the beginning of the Navy. To this school come vigorous and eager boys whose natures have not been twisted awry, and whose enthusiasms have not been blunted by ordinary school life; and here they are trained as cadets—not as schoolboys—in the scientific details of modern sea-craft. They begin life before they are in their teens, and set out with the knowledge that the education in which they engage has the definite object of making them admirals at twenty-one. At the age of twenty-one they have to know all there is to know concerning the construction of a ship,

the navigation of a ship, the firing of guns, and the sea geography of the world. All the rest is keeping abreast of the times, and experience.

Next to education, in Sir John Fisher's admiration, comes economy. It is said in some quarters that for the sake of saving money he has sacrificed our sea-power; but the critics miss, I think, the point. Sir John Fisher does not so much economise to save money as to keep what sea-power we possess in an instant state of readiness. A great number of ships does not impress him; he desires efficient fleets prepared in their daily work for the actual moment of battle. It may be —I do not know—that he has not done wisely in selling out of the Navy vessels that might have served us as reserves in the hour of danger; but his policy of a British Navy, ready, at any moment of the day's march, for immediate onslaught upon the coasts of the enemy, is certainly the policy which would have commended itself to Nelson.

At the present day we are supposed to possess a Fleet perpetually and absolutely ready for battle. At the moment of the declaration of war—probably before —Sir John Fisher would have the King's ships menacing the ports and dockyards of our enemy. This, if true, is a matter for which we may be grateful. But Sir John Fisher, one hopes, realises that the British taxpayer is willing to pay handsomely to make this claim an infallible reality. I have reason to know that the waste of money at the Admiralty before the coming of Sir John Fisher was something prodigious; but I am tempted to fear that the First Sea Lord may go to the other extreme in his onslaughts upon the old administration. Efficiency is admirable, but numbers still count.

Sir John Fisher himself is convinced that the British Empire is safe from all disruption from without. Instead

of a fleet scattered all over the world, he has concentrated on the vital points. "There are five gates to the world," he said to me; "and the British Navy has got the lot." He has no doubt about that point. The only fear is from within. The only fear is from a rotten aristocracy, an effeminate middle class, and a lower class ruined by governmental relief of all the most educating responsibilities. The big thing, therefore, in his eyes—and no man looks more anxiously at the social life of modern England than he does—is the maintenance of British character.

. . . . . .

So long as Sir John Fisher is at the head of the Navy, I feel safe for my country on the sea, and for this I am grateful to him. He tempts me—for so gracious and delightful is he—to declare myself on the side of the materialists, a man impatient of spiritual development, who desires a greater sternness in national affairs, a harder handling of human nature, and a more vigorous and whole-hearted concentration on commercial ends. But it is possible, I think, to rescue oneself from his philosophy, and,

> "Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
> Still clutching the inviolable shade,"

to see in the distances of evolution a justification even for uneasy compromise. Sir John Fisher's position is broad-based and impregnable on patriotism. But patriotism is only one stage in the advance of the human family towards an unknown goal. It is not final; it is not a dead wall. The tribal deity has fallen before the country's god: may we not believe that the country's god will assuredly yield to the Father of humanity? War, which men are now beginning to see clearly as a brutal and a savage means of settling disputation, is only

a weapon of a purely territorial patriotism. When territorial patriotism gives place to a patriotism which rejoices rather in the wisdom, the science, the art, and the virtue of the nation, war will appear increasingly barbaric. And when an intellectual patriotism is swallowed up in a divine sympathy, compassion, and fellowship for all mankind, war will become impossible.

We are not ready for this perfection now, any more than a babe at the breast is ready for a book of philosophy. We have not yet learned to stand upright and walk in the way of righteousness. It would be dangerous, let us admit, for the world at its present stage to sheathe the sword and to abandon international rivalry. But we of to-day are no more eternal types of humanity than were our woad-stained ancestors. A race of men will surely come upon the earth who will be able to abandon struggle for supremacy and rivalry of intellect without the danger of falling into those terrible vices and those miserable habits of effeminacy which have hitherto dismembered the empires and kingdoms of the past.

Till then we may welcome and demand the Strong Man at the helm of the State. Till then it is wise that we insist on masculine and ruthless loyalty to the destiny of our country. Till then it is surely a just and splendid thing to lay down one's life for one's friends.

And it is, happily, possible at this period to hate one's enemies with a clean soul. In the mind of Sir John Fisher there is no acerbity and no animosity. He nurses no murder in his soul. He is anything but "bloody-minded." He is in power to slay the man who would slay us, as the executioner is in office to execute the decree of a righteous law. That is all. His "hatred" is bloodless and unimpassioned.

Although he has no inclination for society, and

works hard for sixteen hours of the day, Sir John Fisher is not a morose nor yet a lonely personality. He is fond of talk, and can tell endless stories, each one with a chuckle in it. He is fond of dancing; and if he finds himself—by Royal command or otherwise—a member of a house-party, he throws himself into the fun of the moment with almost boyish enthusiasm. His conversation has a sententious and a frolic tone.

But people in St. James's Park can generally see lights burning in the Sea Lord's room at the Admiralty far into the night; and sometimes they will see the high-shouldered figure of the man pacing to and fro, eyeglasses on the end of his nose, a document in his hand, the grizzled hair roughened by contemplative fingers as he battles out in loneliness the great sea-fights of our naval administration. It is a picture—seen from the calm of the park, and surrounded by the roar of London's pleasure-seekers—which cannot fail to impress the mind with the intensity and doggedness of the new patriotism. The spectator beholds a man who has consecrated every minute of his life to the service of his country.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AND LAMBETH PALACE

"Go from the east to the west, as the sun and the stars direct thee.
Go with the girdle of man, go and encompass the earth.
Not for the gain of the gold; for the getting, the hoarding, the having,
But for the joy of the deed; but for the duty to do.
Go with the spiritual life, the higher volition and action.
With the great girdle of God, go and encompass the earth."

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

TYPICAL of the English Church is that jungle of architecture which looks from the south side of the Thames to the prim regularity of Westminster. It might almost be said that every age has added a stone to the palace of England's Primates, careless of those who builded before them, and little mindful of the days to come. And so, in like manner, has every age added its colour to the Church's view of life and impressed its influence upon her conduct in the world. From Boniface to Frederick Temple: from Cranmer to Randall Davidson. Think of the change of attitude, even the change in spirit; and yet through all this patchwork of the ages the single thread of a single Life running eternally.

Consider, for instance, the difference between the spacious hospitality of Archbishops Winchelsea, Cranmer, or Parker, and the pan-Anglican conferences of latter days! Here is Strype's account of Parker's splendid table: "In the daily eating, this was the custom:—the steward, with the servants that were gentlemen of the

better rank, sat down at the tables in the hall at the right hand; and the almoner, with the clergy and the other servants, sat on the other side: where there was plenty of all sorts of provision, both for eating and drinking. The daily fragments thereof did suffice to fill the bellies of a great number of poor hungry people that waited at the gate; and so constant and unfailing was this provision at my lord's table, that whosoever came in, either at dinner or supper, being not above the degree of a knight, might there be entertained worthy of his quality, either at the steward's or at the almoner's table. And moreover, it was the Archbishop's command to his servants, that all strangers should be received and treated with all manner of civility and respect, and that places at the table should be assigned them according to their dignity and quality, which redounded much to the praise and commendation of the Archbishop. The discourse and conversation at meals was void of all brawls and loud talking, and for the most part consisted in framing men's manners to religion, or to some other honest and beseeming subject. There was a monitor of the hall; and if it happened that any spoke too loud, or concerning things less decent, it was presently hushed by one that cried, 'Silence.' The Archbishop loved hospitality, and no man showed it so much or with better order, though he himself was very abstemious."

In those days came Queen Elizabeth with stately pomp to Lambeth House, and abode sometimes for the space of three days as the guest of her Archbishop; and here she administered to Mrs. Parker that notable reproof which I must restrain myself from quoting out of sheer veneration for its antiquity. Queen Mary also lodged at Lambeth House, the guest of Cardinal Pole—the descendants of whose fig trees, gloomy with our factory smoke, you may yet see in the gardens of Lambeth. To

finish with royal visitors, it was here that Catherine of Arragon stayed with her ladies when she arrived in England, and it was in the archway that poor Mary of Modena, clutching her famous child to her breast, strained her eyes to Whitehall, where James II., in the midst of many and grievous perils, was making dispositions for an unofficial departure.

A strange building, full of history, full of romance, and fuller still with the memories of pure, saintly, and contemplative lives. How Sir Thomas More takes us back to olden times in this little picture out of the sixteenth century: "I tarried in the old burned chamber that looketh into the garden, and would not go down because of the heat. In that time I saw Master Doctor Latimer come into the garden, and there walked he with divers other doctors and chaplains of my Lord of Canterbury. And very merry I saw him; for he laughed, and took one or other about the neck so handsomely that if they had been women I would have weened he had been waxen wanton."

And how we realise the strange march of time when we read Laud's epistle to my Lord Conway, written in the year 1640: "At Lambeth mye house was beset at midnight May ii, with 500 people that came thither with a drumme beatinge before them. I had some little notice of it about 2 hours before, and went to White Hall leavinge mye house as well ordered as I could with such armes and men as I could get readye. And I thanke God bye his goodness, kept all safe. Some were taken and to be tried for their lives."

In the year 1381 Wat Tyler's mob thundered at the doors of Lambeth, and threatened the palace with a disestablishment something more violent than the modern politician promises the Church of to-day. For repairing the windows in the splendid paved and wainscoted hall

Laud was criminally charged by the Puritans for "that he did represent the story of those windows by their like in the Mass Book." In 1643 the sturdy old house was turned into a prison, sold into private hands, and only reverted to the See of Canterbury with the Restoration. Pass through the noble gateway of Cardinal Archbishop Morton (built in 1490), and you find yourself transplanted from the modern world into a space crammed full with the congregated work of centuries of English church history. Outside are the dreary villas of Lambeth, the barge-laden Thames, the jolting, jarring trams of our London County Council, that great cable of red-brick houses where surgery fights night and day with pain and sickness; and all about you, straggling over its quiet, well-ordered grounds, the palace of Lambeth, typical of the universality of the English Church, typical, too, of her calm persistence through all the changes and chances of this mortal life.

Nothing, perhaps, so appeals to the visitor to Lambeth as the Lollards' Tower, and nothing, perhaps, in all the palace teaches a more useful lesson to the successors of St. Augustine. For whether or not the Lollards were dragged to that little boarded chamber in the tower,—measuring no more than thirteen feet by twelve, with a height of eight feet,—the Lollards' Tower stands, at any rate in name, for the spirit and endurance of Lollardy. Let the historians fight as they will, the tower built by the scrupulous Chicheley for £278, 2s. 11¼d.[1] reminds the world of nothing save the force of Lollardy, that spirit of religion which takes little account of theology, that

[1] Every foot in height of the Lollards' Tower, including the circumference, cost 13s. 4d. The ironwork used for the windows and door weighed 1322½ lbs. The small cost of the mighty tower is accounted for when we consider that in those grand old days "bricklayers and tilers earned 4d. with victuals per day, without victuals 6d. or 6½d.," while the ordinary labourer had to be content with 3d. a day plus his victuals, or 3½d. catering for himself.

Christianity which is not at all concerned with the things of Christology. And, as we have said, is not the spirit of Lollardy something of a vast import to the modern Church, which seems to some minds so quickly developing into a mighty but mechanical organisation? To be a great churchman nowadays is to be a great organiser, a man of energy, a man of business, a man of affairs; the saint—the man who really affects the world and sets Science thinking—is not the influence in church government which some of the laity would desire. First and foremost we prize statesmanship in our spiritual lords, after that erudition, and after that the power of organisation; the matter of saintliness is taken for granted as an ordinary quality equally apportioned among gentlemen in holy orders. In reality, is it not the rarest, as it is the most powerful, force in all the affairs of life?

I remember the story of a lady taken for the first time to see Watts's great picture of Cardinal Manning. She was amazed at the painter's skill; but after some minutes of quiet study of those thin, grim lips, those hard, penetrating eyes, and that lithe expression of iron energy, she exclaimed quietly, "But where is the love of God?" Perhaps it is that the natural man admires strength more than any other quality of the mind, and is still heathenishly suspicious of gentleness.

The successor of Frederick Temple is a puzzle even to many high and powerful ecclesiastical dignitaries. They do not appear to have realised his attitude of mind, do not seem to have appraised his spiritual value. You will find one man to tell you that Randall Davidson owes his preferment to the favour of the Court, as if that ended the matter. Another will tell you that he is a capable administrator, a man of large and quick apprehension; but as to anything else, why, no one knows yet—it remains to be seen. Or a third will tell you

that in the new Archbishop we have a man who will go far in bringing the Church into harmony with the best in modern science and philosophy; that he is on easy terms with the great thinkers, and that no man is more popular at the Athenæum.

All these views seem rather to baffle than to assist the endeavour to form an estimate of the man. One looks into those smiling eyes under the great breadth of eyebrows, and wonders what secret lies in the mind. The face of Benson, the face of Temple, were there for the tyro in physiognomy to read almost at a glance. But there is something in the expression of Randall Davidson that puzzles. He has the gracious manner, the winning urbanity, which charm for the moment to the forgetfulness of everything else, and afterwards set the mind wondering whether they are really representative of the man, whether they really count in his value. One may be pardoned, in the midst of all the gossip about his personality, for setting him down as a courtier with a predilection for the society of intellectual people, with an easy mind regarding the problems of life, and with no greater energy at the back of his work than a pleasant determination to do his duty as well as he knows how. But I venture to think this is as false as it is unsatisfactory an estimate of his personality. There is another, a better and a completer aspect, which it is to the interest of the Church to consider at this time; for a knowledge of the personality of its Archbishop counts in the Church's life almost as much as the soldier's estimate of his General counts in the battle. In any case, it is useful to correct a false impression.

Canon Scott-Holland complains that the world never recognised the force of Frederick Temple till the day of the great sermons was over, and the Bishop of London became the Archbishop of Canterbury. Then it was,

but not till then, that the anecdotes flooded the papers, and the rugged personality of the Devonshire prelate became dear to the people.

It may be that Randall Davidson, who comes to the See of Canterbury in full possession of his powers, and in vigorous maturity of his judgment, is destined to impress himself upon the nation in a degree no less emphatic than Archbishop Temple impressed his personality upon the affections of the people. For those who know him intimately and who have watched him critically tell me that his governance of the Church is likely to mark an era in her life. Not that he is a man of affairs, not that he is a wise administrator, not that he is firm in his decisions; but because he comes to Canterbury with the inspiration and force of a lofty ideal. Here is a man who can look beyond the parish-pump of ecclesiasticism, who can hear voices calling him from beyond the narrow limits of parochialism, and who feels that the mission of the Anglican Communion is something beyond the disputations of clerical parties. His ideal, in a word, is for an Imperial Church, a church whose frontiers march with the frontiers of empire, and whose people are the inhabitants of the English-speaking world. He is, if the phrase may be used, an Imperialist of God—one to whom Christianity is a great colonising power in the fields of mortality, a triumphant and a conquering force. Something has been done by others to realise this idea; but Dr. Davidson is consumed by the ideal, and his soul is set upon its attainment. To him the bickering of Church parties is of small account, a thing of the parish-pump: the real Church of England is an Imperial force, destined to sway the mind of the world in a far more wonderful fashion than ever Rome has swayed it. And there are some men in the Church who believe that he will accomplish this great mission;

that, indeed, he is the only man who could accomplish it. No one, let it be known, so heartily applauded the selection of Dr. Davidson when the old lion of Judah sank down in the midst of the battle, as the bishop whose name was most frequently mentioned in connection with Canterbury. "We shall now have the Church of England organised," he wrote to a friend, "as she has never been organised before."

This, then, it seems, is the contribution of our time to the great patchwork of the English Church — an Imperialist Churchman. Is the expectation of his friends to be fulfilled? Is the Church of England, with Dr. Davidson at its head, to assume an Imperial position in the world? The parallel of the greatest of all the popes serves as a happy augury. Hildebrand was the adviser of two Roman pontiffs, and before he succeeded to St. Peter's chair he had been offered and refused the pontificate. Dr. Randall Davidson, besides having served one archbishop as chaplain, was the counsellor of two others, and Canterbury had been his earlier in life if he had accepted it. May the influence of the Imperialist Archbishop be no less than that of Gregory VII.

But the Lollards' Tower turns the mind from the lofty ideal of an Imperial Church to the memories of the past. It is inspiring enough to dream of the English Church as united and organised throughout the Empire, and it is fine to talk of this imperial fate for our island Church being

> "Locked up from mortal eye,
> In shady leaves of destiny";

but in the midst of the dream and the talk come back the incessant lament of empty churches, the mundane tale of starving clergymen, and all the endless assertions

that the Church has lost her influence. Men, it is said, have ceased to wish for eternal life, and the thought of the modern world is uncoloured by any shafts of light from the kingdoms of If. "Our greatest of enemies," said a thoughtful churchman, "is indifferentism—not clerical faction, not clericalism, but world-wide indifferentism."

Is Dr. Davidson the man to quicken the spiritual life of the nation—to make the aristocracy faithful and the masses devout? Only the other day I heard Canon Newbolt in St. Paul's warning true sons of the Church against the coming of a storm whose mutterings were already loud upon the air—a storm of anti-clericalism, which means in reality a storm of anti-religion. His warnings were all for the laity, his denunciations were all for the laity; there was never a suggestion that this gathering storm—whose coming nobody can doubt—might be met and dissipated by the priesthood of the Church. And yet that is what some of us think, as we see the machinery of the Church increasing every day, and mark that in spite of it all England for the most part remains indifferent or irreligious. Is, then, the new Archbishop the pilot churchmen could most wish in their ship at the moment of screaming winds and rocking seas?

The answer, so far as this chapter is concerned, may best be given in the form of a conversation which I had lately with one whose judgment may be regarded without suspicion, and who speaketh that he doth know.

"What is it," I asked, "that most strikes you in the Archbishop?"

"His shrewdness."

"He is a great administrator?"

"Beyond all doubt."

"But administration, organisation — are these as useful to the Church as a great spiritual influence?"

"There is, of course, a danger in the perfection and multiplying of the Church's machinery; one admits that fully. But in the case of Dr. Davidson, the capacity for administration is the outcome of his profound spirituality, it is the expression of his spirituality. With him *orare est laborare.* He is a man of prayer in the deepest sense of that word. Few men have a firmer conviction of the efficacy of prayer than the Archbishop; that is very important to bear in mind. And all his marvellous activities and energies in the field of administration are just the result of this very beautiful prayerfulness. So, you see, it is hard to deny a man saintship merely because he is a worker. A man, surely, expresses spirituality more effectually as a labourer in the world than in meditations in the loneliness of his own cell."

"And yet, it is always his capacity for organisation of which everybody talks. But I suppose it is the crude difficulty of associating saintliness with a palace—'status, entourage, and worldly circumstance,' as Blougram put it. One sighs for the unities."

"But the modern saint must be out in the world. And note, too, this fact. The Archbishop belongs to the order of happy saints. His is one of the sunniest dispositions in the world, and it is the result of his saintliness. The people in Verona pointed to Dante, and said among themselves, 'That man has been in hell.' If people in London had time to look and think, they might almost say of the Archbishop, 'That man *is* in heaven!'"

I quoted Crashaw—

> "A happy soul, that all the way
> To heaven, hath a summer's day."

"It is so difficult," went on my friend, "to make a sceptical world believe in the rapture of Christianity.

But that's one of its evidences. Dr. Davidson is not a great theologian, his philosophy is not to be compared with Temple's; but he is really one of the most convincing Christians of my acquaintance. He makes you *feel* his religion. He is the happy warrior of the English Church, a man rejoicing in the battle and confident of the end. He just flings himself into the work of the Church as the valorous knight rides into battle, loving it. Don't you think it is something of a miracle that a man who must surely know more of suffering and want and apparent failure of effort, than most of us, should preserve amidst it all the radiant cheerfulness of the early Christian?"

"That is what one observes in the Bishop of London —what strikes one most."

"But the world finds it difficult to associate this rapture with profound spirituality. They want lines in the face showing the wrestles of the soul, and intense sorrow in the eyes testifying to endless meditation. 'Melodramatics—melodramatics!'"

"Do you think the Archbishop will ultimately triumph over this attitude of the popular mind, and make himself a great influence?"

"With health, I believe he will be one of the greatest of all archbishops."

"With health! Is there, then, any danger of a breakdown?"

"Every autumn, you see, he is threatened with a sort of peritonitis from the gun accident of his youth. You remember he received a charge of shot at the bottom of his spine. For months, sometimes for a year, he lives on nothing but milk foods. That's saintly fare for you, isn't it? By the bye, it was this gun accident which prevented him from taking a better degree at Oxford, and its effects have pursued him all the days of his life."

"And he remains cheerful, in spite of it?"

"He is really wonderfully courageous. Another thing that strikes me about him is his marvellous capacity for detail. He will put himself to no end of trouble, for instance, to get a poor boy a decent employment; endless bother and a lot of petty inconveniences, but he goes through them all as though it were an affair of state. His happiest work, I may tell you, is attending Confirmation. When he is at such a service, he feels, he says, as though he were in the very midst of the battle: he stands in the centre of a parish and sees the visible result of the clergy's year of toil. He loves that. Doesn't this give you some idea of the man's personality? Doesn't it help to break down the silly chatter about his being merely a courtier? Oh, there is a vast deal more in that shrewd Scots mind of the Archbishop than the world supposes. Wait and see.

"I have told you of his ambition to consolidate the English Church all over the world. With an ambition of so fine a character, a man of such large powers cannot fail to make his mark upon his age. For he is a man of a very wide range of mind: he has the Scot's tenacity of purpose, the Scot's penetrating shrewdness, and the man of the world's knowledge of life and opinion. He is, too, very firm in his views. He hasn't got the ruggedness of manner or the roughness of speech which passes so often as an evidence of intellectual strength, but he is not the man a recalcitrant clergyman will trifle with more than once. On the whole, I regard Dr. Davidson as a remarkable man. He has iron strength of character, a singularly winning gentleness of soul, and from a profound saintliness of temperament springs his zest for an Imperial administration of the Church's affairs. Yes, I think he is a remarkable man. Time will prove whether my prophecy is well founded, but in the meantime the

clergy of the Church who know Randall Davidson are enthusiastic for the future."

"You are all happy warriors?"

"We are all determined, at any rate, to fall fighting. Anti-clericalism is only a wave, and the centuries of hard work behind the Church are not going to be swept away on the foam of popular caprice. By the way, if you want to realise the personality of the Archbishop, look at the closing words of his message to Canterbury—

"'I ask, hopefully and expectantly, for the constant aid of your prayers, that in the weakness of His servant the strength of the Lord Himself may be made perfect, and that, throughout the diocese which has so unique a place in the Church's story, we may together be enabled both in work and in worship to set forward whatsoever things shall tend among us to the advancement of the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.'

In these words he expresses openly and frankly his attitude of mind. With prayer, victory is certain. He is for ever insisting upon the enormous importance of prayer. And the advancement of the kingdom is to come from both work and worship."

"And to sum up the whole matter?" I asked.

"The Archbishop is a great optimist, a believer in the present generation. When addressing boys and young men he never fails to impress them with the duty of thankfulness for that their lives have fallen in the present period of the world's existence. He is much too shrewd a man not to detect the dangerous tendencies of modern life, but he holds that these are best counteracted by appealing to the honour, manliness, and reverence for what is really great and noble, which is innate in the youth of to-day. He is a firm believer in the sturdiness

of the English character when pervaded by a spirit of manly religion. And it is just this faith which makes him feel that the English Church has an Imperial mission in the world. Yes, he's a very inspiring optimist, one of the men who carry out big things by sheer faith in the world about them.

"He believes, firstly, in good steady work, accurate and thorough; and, secondly, in humour—as the secret of a healthy life, physical and moral, and also as a remedy for most of life's ills. Work, that is, which is done with a fresh, cheerful mind, a mind which knows how to recuperate itself for further action by well-timed and self-restrained recreation. According to the gospel of Saint Randall, goodness, common-sense, work, and humour will overcome all obstacles.

"One is struck, too, by his power of taking a wide and comprehensive view of a subject, seeing instinctively its essential elements. He goes quite unerringly to the heart of a subject. He knows the value of details, but he never allows them to confuse the main issue. He is all for *facts*—they are his basis of action; and having strong and clear principles, he handles his facts with ease and naturalness. A real statesman, I assure you. People who come to him for counsel, notice more than anything else his masterly grip of the true factors of the problem, and the rapidity with which he comes to his conclusions. His influence upon men flows from his sympathy, his common-sense, his humour, and his transparent saintliness. They never fail him. Believe me, the Archbishop is a saint in the best sense of that word—a saint braced to the driving needs of this big, thundering, modern world, a saint most fitted to lead the Church in these hard-headed times, and a saint who will leave his mark on the Church's life for many a generation to come. Wait and see!"

With this estimate of the Archbishop, I believe, the future will find less fault than with some others. How far such a personality will succeed in grappling with the storm is beyond the scope of any such estimation to decide. It is for the reader to guess, the future to declare.

ARTHUR WINNINGTON INGRAM

BISHOP OF LONDON

"But it is to you, ye Workers, who do already work, and are as grown men, noble and honourable in a sort, that the whole world calls for new work and nobleness. Subdue mutiny, discord, widespread despair, by manfulness, justice, mercy, and wisdom. To make some work of God's Creation a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God; to make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuller, happier,—more blessed, less accursed! It is a work for a God."—*Past and Present.*

A MAN in the world said to me, the other day, "I am not a Churchman, I am not quite sure whether I may call myself a Christian; but I realise that it is men like the Bishop of London who are doing the real work of the world." This is the world's recognition of the Worker. In despite of Carlyle's thwacks at the doors of Mayfair drawing-rooms, in despite of his hoarse scorn for the modern Epic of Flirts and Fribbles, and even in despite of the society novel of these latter days, the man of the world, according to Mr. Morley, "that worst enemy of the world," does recognise a genuine Worker when that miracle arises, and, by the same token, is quick to express the true value of his work.

Hence the universal popularity of Arthur Ingram, Bishop of London. He is a force. He is an energy. He is a power. The man in the world, who perhaps has never seen him, never heard him preach, and knows nothing of his extraordinary energies, *feels* that he is a

genuine Worker. To the whole of London, he is a man in the midst of the battle, ever where the blows fall thickest, never a spectator. When he preaches to the medical profession on the problem of pain, even if his attempt to justify the existence of suffering does not convert his audience, not a man there but feels that here is one who is striving every ounce to reduce the sum of humanity's tribulation. And when he preaches to the judges of England on the justice of God, even if his exposition of the Divine economy does not extricate the minds of his congregation from the tangle of the mystery of the world's inequalities, nevertheless they feel that here is a man labouring like a giant perhaps more than any of us, to overthrow the forces of tyranny, oppression, and injustice. To all the classes that make up the world of London he stands as a true man, fighting for righteousness, fighting for justice, fighting for truth. You will find many who criticise his methods, many who are opposed to his religion, but you will go far before you find one to question his extraordinary influence on the development of the world. And this, I must repeat, is due to the conviction in all minds that the Bishop is, above all things, a Worker.

But the world does not stop to consider what is at the back of this strenuous life. Men see and admit the force, but they do not ask themselves what it is that generates the force. Or, if they do, it may be explained, they say, easily, by an enthusiasm for humanity. Therefore it is that the Bishop has come to stand in the modern world as a figure typical of the Religious Reformer, a sort of Christian Labourite. But he is something more than this.

It is difficult even to hint at a man's inner life without giving offence, without saying less than one desires, or more than one's friend would wish to be said;

but it is impossible to leave the inner life of the Bishop out of this picture without perhaps helping to perpetuate the popular notion that he is the Religious Reformer, and nothing more. To many people he appears to be the very antithesis of the Bishop of Birmingham; but, in reality, behind his strenuousness is the devotion, the spirituality, and the influence of Charles Gore.

At the back of it all — this energy, enthusiasm, optimism, and courage — is a faith superbly simple, a faith that has emerged from struggles and difficulties, never to waver, never to fail, never to be cast down. Frankly, it is the faith of a little child — a faith so beautiful and tender that it can touch no life, however jaded, however cynical, without imparting something of the glow and fervour which won Christianity its first battlefields. He is one of the very few men who can talk in the midst of chit-chat about "the grace of God" without making one feel that indescribable sensation of mental discomfort, that feeling of suspicion and aversion which stands between the man of the world and the hypocrite. I meet a split-infinitive in one of his books, and I never pause to drat the man; he talks to me of "the grace of God," and the conversation flows on without a jerk. He is so real, his God is so real, that one thinks of Him only as one of life's big realities. If he has an enthusiasm for humanity, he has too an enthusiasm for God. He is a man intensely devotional —a man who, in the midst of his day's work, rarely, if ever, omits the morning and evening Office. He is, above all things, a man of prayer—a man whose system of life would fall to pieces if the divinity of Christ were struck out of it. One does not feel that this is a man who could beat down doubts and difficulties with subtle theological dialectic; but one does feel that what he believes is to him life's supreme Reality, and catches

from him something of the energy of his own quick faith. He is nothing of a Blougram: he is own brother to St. Francis.

This simplicity of faith and this devotional spirit of mind are the explanation of the Bishop's joyousness. Now, it is here that one reaches the salient impression which he makes upon his friends. Paragraphists in the newspapers have accustomed the world to think that one of his cardinal attributes is humour; we have all read a hundred and fifty times of his conversations at slum doors and of his wit on the platforms of East End parks. But, truth to tell, the Bishop is not a wit, nor a humorist. I am inclined to doubt whether the finer shades of a good story would tickle his intellect. He laughs with you, he tells a diverting anecdote, but he leaves no impression of the humorist. No, his obvious characteristic is joyousness. One meets men who have made their mark in the world, who have amassed great wealth or won for themselves proud honours; but rarely, if ever, do they suggest that the labour of it all has provided them with a satisfaction, very much less a joy. But the Bishop makes one feel that his work is a joy to him—that all the infinite details of his life are a joy to him. The note of his character is this same golden joyousness. To one who knows the very heart of him he once said, "I enjoy every minute of my work—every minute!" He is eternal youth. He is Early Christian cheerfulness incarnate. At Keble he left behind something more than a reputation as a scholar and as a cox; he left the impression of a perfect Christian character. Endowed with a natural grace of temperament, with all his instincts clean and direct, he flings himself into the most heartbreaking work in the world as a good soldier goes into battle. Indeed, the zest of the battle is the very breath of his nostrils. If

one thing puzzles him in life, it is man's indifference to the joy of fighting. Who would sit idle if he has it in his power to strike at all the hideous, sordid, cruel, wicked, and hellish infamy of the world? This is what he asks himself. This is what amazes him. There are twenty people of all ages and both sexes sleeping, eating, and living in a single garret; there are children enduring the tortures of hell because of a drunken parent; there are girls dying on a heap of rags in a cellar because there is no room in the hospitals; there are monsters grinding and sweating the labour of little children's bleeding fingers; there are worse monsters trafficking, just as another man goes about his business of merchandise, with the flesh of humanity; and, all about this sprawling London of ours, there is an innumerable host of men and women living in complete and paralysing ignorance of all that makes life endurable. There is all this, and yet men sit still and take no part in the conflict! He stands amazed.

This same joyousness of spirit is the secret of his optimism. In the midst of surroundings as calculated to breed atrabiliousness of soul as the religious novel of to-day is calculated to breed hysteria, he moves supremely at peace, fighting on—never doubting clouds will break. He sees the clouds, he realises the terrific nature of the contest, and no one in the world knows better than he that the results of the battle can never serve as inspiration for fresh effort—but, like the immortal Sancho, he keeps on "praying to God, and hammering away." His gospel of labour is the gospel of "worth while." The fight is worth while. The little common details of the fight are worth while. He will throw as much enthusiasm into a visit to a workhouse or into the formation of a boys' club as into a Church Congress or a sermon "under the dome." Every-

thing is worth while. His mind is not above blanket funds and coal clubs. He comes from a deathbed of frightful suffering to throw enthusiasm into a meeting of the Ecclesiastical Commission. Everything is worth while. Everything whose trend is towards the lessening of human suffering is worth while. To encourage a despairing curate, to inspire a lay reader, to animate the energies of a district-visitor—all this is very much worth while. He goes about encouraging. Every year he pays a visit to Oxford and Cambridge to tell the undergraduates that work for righteousness is worth while. Every meeting and every reception he attends, he preaches by a word, by a smile, by a handshake, this forceful gospel of "worth while." The personal magnetism of the man is the quintessence and very spirit of "worth while." Not to feel this effect is to convict oneself either of spiritual pessimism or moral dyspepsia.

And now, as Bishop of London, Dr. Ingram is carrying this magnetic joyousness into other spheres. In the East End his suffragan is continuing with solid success the work of enthusiasm which the Bishop began, and in the slums of the West End the Bishop is the same force, the same power, the same inspiration as he was in Stepney. But he has become an influence in Belgravia, and to the people of Mayfair he now preaches the gospel of "worth while."

"I enjoy every minute of my work—every minute." When you recall these words, and read in the newspapers that the Bishop has just officiated at what *Fashion Snippets* would call a most aristocratic wedding, do you wonder how so live a soul can find joy in such a duty? Well, the Bishop is as glad to marry a duke as to preach a great sermon or to attend a mighty church reception. It is the gospel of "worth while" which makes him glad, as often as possible, to officiate at these fashionable

weddings. If he marries a young nobleman he sees in the bridegroom and his bride future leaders of society, people who for good or for evil will influence a large circle of humanity, and he seizes the opportunity. At the critical moment of their lives, in a few brief words straight from his heart, he preaches the gospel of "worth while," and reminds them of their power for good. It is a stroke on the side of humanity, another drawing of the tiny thread of individual influence through the patchwork of destiny.

And in this aspect of him, Society's Bishop, nothing will so convince the reader, perhaps, of the power of the man as the fact that even at dinner-parties, "in these painfully decadent and painfully nascent times," people speak to him of spiritual matters. If one were to believe a certain school of novelists, one would picture a bishop on such an occasion sitting red-faced, fingering a wine-glass and talking about vulgar people with enthusiasms. It must be difficult for those whose notions of society are extracted from among the epigrams or the hysterics of these novelists to believe that a lady will talk to a bishop at the dinner-table of prayer, or that a bishop will talk to a nobleman of "the grace of God." Even statesmen have been known to consult clergymen as to whether such-and-such a course is right—not expedient, but *right*. But the novelist chasing his butterfly epigram, and the lady novelist kicking violently in the midst of her hysterics, are, not unnaturally, a little apt to overlook the Realities.

It is the Bishop's freedom from self-consciousness which enables him to speak about "the grace of God," or the encouragement of prayer, without giving offence. I do not mean, of course, that he preaches at the dinner-table, or bangs the Salvation drum in the drawing-room. I do not mean that his freedom from self-consciousness

sets him seizing folk by the buttonhole to say "a word in season." No; it is this freedom from self-consciousness, his winning naturalness, his inherent grace of temperament, which enable others, however nervous by disposition, to approach him on such subjects with a sudden freedom from self-consciousness as liberating as his own. He is a man to whom one talks quite naturally about subjects which one keeps, perhaps, even from the friend of one's bosom. His freedom from self-consciousness enables him to be the same man at Sandringham as he is in the back parlour of an old woman in slumland. With such complete absence of self-consciousness there is no aggression of naturalness, no assertion of assurance. He would not go before a king, as a certain philosopher is said to have gone, in a velveteen coat with a pipe-stem sticking out of the top pocket. He needs no display of *brusquerie* to convince one that he is a real man. His reality is gracious and sweet; his naturalness is a thing that charms and engages. *Epieikeia* is his definition. Nothing needs to be donned. A Frenchman whom I met in the Bishop's house once expressed to me his pleasure at the manner of our host. "He is so much with the things in the world: he is not a recluse; he is just like an ordinary priest." And then—I must add this amusing stumble—said he, "Even in dress he is like the ordinary clergyman—the *garters* is the only things different." But it was the naturalness of the Bishop as much as the simplicity of costume that struck as remarkable this intelligent foreigner. And fortunately this naturalness is charming.

The other day I stood in the garden at Fulham Palace watching the Bishop taking his half-hour's exercise. He was playing tennis with one of his clergy. As I watched the lithe figure, all on wires, darting from side to side of the court, now close up to the net, now back on

the service line—the shoulders high, the head craned forward, the eyes keen and alert, the racquet moving with the mind—one of the men who stood at my side remarked upon the Bishop's skill. "Yes," said another who knows him well, "he is the most annoying man in the world to play with; he has no really deadly stroke, but the ball always comes back."

The ball always comes back! It is as good as Wesley's "but I being better mounted than he," in that famous account of a horseback argument with an exasperated unbeliever. The Bishop may not have any heroic measures for the reformation of the world, and he may not draw flooding crowds to hear him preach, but he is a worker in the court, and the ball always comes back. This is the secret of his success. The devil could never wear him down.

I once asked him if he ever found himself depressed and dejected by the appalling destitution, agony, and infamy of London. He told me that early in his life the problem of pain was an intolerable burden upon his mind, but that when he once realised that there is a purpose as well as a problem of pain, and when his mind found God's attitude towards creation in the words "He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver," all the paralysis of depression forsook him. And he maintains his spirit of joyousness in this atmosphere of misery and infamy by the realisation that no man can hope to do more than a day's work. "If one sat down and thought of the sum total," he said, with one of his quick smiles, "one would simply go mad. The thing is to make your weight felt each day as much as you can, and to remember that you are simply an instrument, and a very poor instrument too, in the hands of the Refiner." People who write about these subjects, and know nothing of the actual work of redemption, suffer from a pose of

mind which makes it seem that bishops and governors are responsible for all the sufferings of poor bedraggled humanity, and that an Act of Parliament, or an universal acceptation of their own self-invented interpretation of the gospel, would produce the most enthralling millennium. The workers will tell them that there are no heroics in redemption.

As to the Bishop's attitude towards legislation as a moral force, it is mainly this: Acts of Parliament will never make people purer, less selfish, or more religious, but Acts of Parliament may in some cases materially assist the efforts of the Church. In the matter of the Drink Problem he asks assistance from the State, but he also asks rich people to establish clubs where men and lads may enjoy recreation and refreshment without the temptation to drink intoxicants. In the matter of Rescue-work—a subject very near to his heart—he is seeking at the present moment to induce local authorities to exercise the powers already in their hands for the suppression of houses of ill-fame; but he is also organising and encouraging a society which is receiving every day scores of *les misérables* from the gutter of infamy. It is, with him, legislation and science and literature and wealth hand in hand with religion. Everything in the world which has power and authority ought to be on the side of redemption; but redemption must go on alone, and will ultimately be successful, whether the others ally themselves with it or stand aloof. This is his attitude.

What very greatly distresses the Bishop in this respect is the dissension among Churchmen themselves. The Church does not at present—but he is certain that one day it will — pull along as one body, with one definite object to attain. There are, unhappily, dissensions and even jealousies which hinder the power of the Church in the work of the world. It is not the

difference of opinion on points of ritual which is dangerous, but it is the spirit engendered by this difference. One cannot go even a very little among the clergy without feeling how miserable, how childish, how contemptible, and yet how supremely dangerous is this spirit of faction. In public controversies each side is polite and tolerant, with a brave show of Christian tolerance and no little display of philosophical equanimity; but when one meets the protagonists in undress, it is to hear this vicar dismissing his neighbour as a mere "Prot.!" and that vicar dismissing the other as a "Jesuit"—like so many old maids gossiping about their neighbours. It must be confessed that among too many of the clergy one finds men of this type. I know an exceedingly spiritually-minded man, an eminently devout man, who is so jealous of another's reputation that he refuses to do the smallest service towards making that reputation a greater power for good. I have heard others, hard-working and earnest priests in the East End, speaking about their own brother priests as though they were fighting on the opposite side, under the banner of Beelzebub himself. I have frequently come away from the East End with the impression that it is merely a battleground occupied by various little camps of theologians.

But if the Bishop is conscious of and distressed—as I believe him to be—by the unlovely spirit engendered by religious controversies, he is keenly sensitive to the cruel attacks made upon the clergy. It is remarkable that, in the present agitation about the Government's Education Bill, the defence of the Ministry against the attacks of Liberalism and Nonconformity has been a hot denial that the provisions of the measure make for clerical influence. This, of course, is the natural defence against the particular attack, but it is sad to think that

the defenders are without the chivalry to announce their conviction that the country and civilisation owe an enormous debt to the labours of these scorned and abused "parsons." Their attitude leads one to suppose that the clergy are like the priests of whom Napoleon said, that they who ought to be the first champions of the people were regarded by the people as their chief enemies.

The Bishop of London can tell a different tale. A Nonconformist minister who came over to the Church gave as the reason of his "conversion" that, serving on the council of a Mansion House fund for the relief of the poor, he found not one case came up for inquiry about which a member of the Church of England did not know all the details. Think of the intimacy with grief which such a statement demonstrates to those who ameliorate by Act of Parliament. It is, surely, a tremendous rebuke. The Bishop, as everyone knows, is beloved of the whole East End; and the least reflective of us must admit that we should sleep less easily in our beds but for the knowledge that a certain body of ill-paid, shabby, black-coated gentlemen from Oxford and Cambridge, on the other side of Aldgate Pump, is engaged in what we call "fighting the devil."

Among the duties that he loves, the Bishop numbers the visits he pays to his parish priests. Slowly he is making the round of his huge diocese, standing side by side with the parson on the little piece of London for which he is personally responsible. Rising at half-past seven in the morning, the Bishop, after prayers, sets about his letters, then receives visitors who come for advice or help, then perhaps attends one of his innumerable Boards; and after lunch, when he has stolen half an hour for physical exercise, away he flies to London House for interviews, afterwards to preside over a meet-

ing, then perhaps to attend at the House of Lords; and after a hasty dinner his carriage whirls him away to a service in some outlying parish, which is followed by a reception. It is here that he meets the vicar and his wife, chats with the parish workers, and preaches his little gospel of "worth while." It is a common occurrence for this man of enduring nerves to leave Fulham at eleven in the morning and to return again at eleven in the evening. And he enjoys every minute of his work.

In the victoria which bears him through his diocese the Bishop keeps a little electric lamp, which he sets upon his knee; and so, swinging through the streets of London at night, he devotes the time to reading. I like to picture him, this slim figure, close muffled about the neck, his hat jammed over his brows, the little lamp on his knee, glancing up every now and then over the book's edge with those shrewd, keen eyes of his, to mark the witchery of London's lights. What is the impression of it all upon the mind of this Worker, as he is borne through the roaring streets? Mr. Kipling's banjo, when it called up the lights of London to the minds of the broken rankers, rowel'd them afresh "towards the Devil and the Flesh"; and, perhaps, to the eye of the exquisite in his cab the lights of London glitter with something of the same spirit; to most of us they are beautiful and fascinating—and nothing more.

But the Bishop, to whom the soul of London is a jewel invaluable, must of a surety see something more in those lights than we can guess. "We must believe," he says, "that God cares for this city." And what does this faith mean? "I do not think it would be possible to go on for a month, breasting day after day the terrible evils of London, if one did not believe that God knows by name every child in London; that He cares—that it

is to Him a matter of the most personal concern — whether that little child in the slum is brought up properly or not." Thus he speaks to his soul as the carriage rolls through the streets. And on the kerb, waiting—waiting—waiting in the circle of a single street lamp—the sorriest spectacle on God's earth. He sees each individual child's soul; he sees each single street lamp. There is no witchery here.

So he goes home, this man who is a Worker if ever workman lived, depressed, not saddened beyond the minute, conscious that to the day must be the day's work, and trusting implicitly in the Shaping Hand. For one day he has made "some human hearts a little wiser, manfuller, happier,—more blessed, less accursed! It is a work for a God."

THE REV. WILLIAM BOOTH

GENERAL AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE SALVATION ARMY

"In these days people dislike humbug so emphatically that they suspect all goodness to be humbug, and denounce it accordingly. If by their fruits men should be judged, then the Booth family, men and women, have conferred honour upon their country, although some of their methods may be repugnant to good taste and even to good feeling. But it is open to question if great revolutions in morals are wrought by good taste."—*The Truth about the Salvation Army*, by ARNOLD WHITE.

DR. LIGHTFOOT, Bishop of Durham, declared that the Salvation Army had recalled to the Church one of its lost ideals—"the universal compulsion of the souls of men." "This," said the saintly Mrs. Booth, "is our great characteristic—pressing, urging, compelling the gospel upon the attention of men."

At the back of this, so far as I can see, is a particular attitude towards sin. One's conception of religion is very largely—is it not?—the result of one's conception of sin. If you hold, with Sir Oliver Lodge, that sin is merely a reversion to type, you are not likely to become actively religious. Or if you hold, with some Catholics, that sin is a wounding affront to the purity and benignity of an infinite Father, you will find all your consolations in the personal Sacraments of the Church. But if you regard sin as General Booth regards it — as the wrecker of human happiness, the destroyer of lives, the subtle and

devilish enemy of the human race—you will become the sworn enemy of sin, and seek in some way or another to meet it openly in the field—there, by the grace of God and your own right arm, to overthrow it.

This, it seems to me, is the explanation of the existence and success of the Salvation Army.

It sounds crude enough to say, that while the Church bids the world come to the gospel, the Salvation Army takes the gospel to the world; but truth occasionally is crude, and this is the truth. That man in a red jersey who stands at the street corner, expounding Scripture in a manner that shocks or startles you, is a tiny wheel in a vast machine such as the world has never known until now. Consider his work. During the day he is following some employment which earns him daily bread. It must be honest employment, and he is required, when the occasion demands, to reprove blasphemous language, loose talk, drunkenness, and gambling. "He cannot drink intoxicating liquor or use any narcotic, join in worldly amusements, dress in worldly fashion, or seek worldly fame or wealth. He must be honest, straightforward, kind, true, peaceable." He is required to "testify everywhere for Christ," and he is enjoined to give one-tenth of his earnings to the cause.

But after his daily work, after his service at the street corner, what becomes of this tiny wheel in the vast machine of the Salvation Army? If you follow him as the meeting disperses, you will find that he hurries away into the courts and slums of London. He enters a public-house, "testifies to Christ" in the tap-room, sells the *War Cry*, pleads with women and men who have already drunk more than is good for them, and then passes out again into the street. Near by there is a notorious evil-house, and thither he bends his steps. He goes in, and "testifies to Christ" before

blaspheming men and mocking women; he assures them that there is a greater happiness outside those walls, holds out hope of work and life and peace if they will but come away with him—speaks to them as the accredited agent of a power which has been raised up "from the ranks of the poor, by the labours of the poor, for the salvation of the poor." In the same way he intercedes with women in the street, in the same way he goes into opium dens, and in the same way stands at the portals of the crimp's house. Not an hour of this man's day but is given to meeting sin face to face, and fighting it.

And the Salvation Army is made up of such men throughout the world. Such men as this are its laity.

In thirty-one languages they "testify"; in more than seven thousand towns they "reprove sin." They obey their General in Iceland, in Java, in Uruguay, and in Zululand. They are a power in Europe and America; they cover the whole of Australasia; and there is scarcely a language of Africa in which they do not preach. There are Salvationists among the Matabele, the Maories, the Sandwich Islanders, the Tamils, and the Naiaks. North and south, east and west, the word of William Booth runs, and it is law. Before such a work as this, accomplished in the founder's own lifetime, the work of John Wesley appears amazingly small.

The 13,500 officers of the Salvation Army are men and women who have given up their employment and taken service in the Army without any certainty as to wages or the nature of the work that is required of them. They are not chosen unless they have received "a call," and they are well aware that a response to that call means a complete renunciation of the world. They place their lives unreservedly at the General's disposal.

Now, these officers do not read theology after the manner of others who have received a call, but they are trained and drilled in the work of salvation, just as a boy at the Royal Hospital in Greenwich is trained and drilled into seamanship. This is the master-stroke in the scheme of General Booth. He leaves nothing to chance, and very little to Providence. The men who are to do his bidding in the world are hammered into shape as thoroughly as Rome hammers out her priests, but with infinitely more worldly wisdom. The officers of William Booth are experts in "salvation." They know exactly how to get hold of Silenus, and the delicate work of approaching Lais fills them with no misgiving. They are specialists, these men and women. The sinner's mind is an open book to them. They can save a soul with very little more difficulty than an angler can hook a salmon. They have become fishers of men, exactly as the angler has become a fisher of fish.

With such officers, and with such a laity, the work of the Salvation Army is further perfected by all possible forms of decentralisation. It has, for instance, a special Drunkards' Brigade, for visiting the hives and haunts of the vicious. It sends its soldiers into saloons, and has even occupied a "turn" on the stage of a music-hall. It has men who go to and fro on the rivers saving human craft. It has a brigade of working-men acting as evangelists to their own class. All its meetings and processions are as regular as drills and parades. Special agencies are employed for saving soldiers and sailors. In the slums it has places of residence for "Godly Women who work among the poorest." Public-houses, brothels, lodging-houses, and "bad places of all kinds" are visited *regularly*. The prison door is watched, the workhouse is visited, and the street corner is "occupied for Christ" — *regularly*. In no department of this

extraordinary organisation is there anything left to accident or chance. What Huxley called "corybantic Christianity" is in reality the world's most scientific institution for soul-saving.

This, too, I would mention about the Salvation Army. It is not so emotional and sentimental as some people imagine. General Booth holds that what the East End requires is not higher wages, but instruction how to live, lessons in how to spend the money they now earn. In all his farm colonies, night shelters, houses for fallen women, labour factories, and institutions for the reclamation of ex-criminals, he inculcates the useful doctrine of right feeding. He puts the people who come to him on the plainest and wholesomest food, and shows them how they can buy a good dinner for a few halfpence. There is no pampering of the "fallen" in this Army; no fatted calf for the repentant prodigal. Everything is cut fine. No waste of money, no waste of emotion, no waste of sympathy. The sinner is saved, and put to work. He is given food, not luxuries. He is given a helping hand, not an armchair. It is a furious Army that saves him, not a philanthropic millionaire.

In another generation, when the man of science and the politician are appealing to a cleaner and soberer humanity, the work of General Booth will receive its rightful acknowledgment. In the present time we can appreciate but faintly the value of his work, and the personality of the man is here to confound and perplex us. He has been attacked bitterly, very often shamelessly, and he has kept silence. Such men as Dean Farrar, Sir Walter Besant, Mr. Arnold White, have championed him. At one moment the public has been told that William Booth is the noblest hero in the world, and at the next that he is a villain fitted only for a criminal's cell. For myself, let me say that I have never met any man who

so thoroughly confused my judgment, one who so baffled all conclusions concerning his personality. He produces upon his visitor not one impression, but fifty.

If you were to see that strange face of his leering at you from the window of an empty house it would fill your mind with phantom thoughts. If it looked out upon you from the doorway of a shop you would speed away from the certainty of a bad bargain. If it bent over you from a music-hall stage, proclaiming the torment of hell and the love of God, you would feel that a great company of the hosts of heaven held their breath for your eternal choice.

A great touzle of white hair sticking up from the brow and far out from the back of the head; a large, massive face the hue of old ivory, with iron-grey eyebrows that are now high up in the wrinkled forehead and now drawn down over the lids so that they become one with the lashes; a huge hooked nose that droops far over a flowing tangle of moustache, whiskers, and beard, whiter than the hair; cunning eyes, into which enigmatic smiles are for ever welling as far as the lower lids, and then, checking, vanishing backward into the secrecy of the mind; and the mouth . . . but those lips which might tell so much, might make certain what is now all confusion and darkness, are hidden by the flowing tangle of moustache and beard. We wonder what that mouth expresses.

He is robed in a dark blue dressing-gown, edged with red, the ends slack across the middle, disclosing a thick cloth waistcoat without buttons. The collar of the dressing-gown stands out far from the neck, giving the face the appearance of a vulture with head craned forward. He walks lamely, his feet in suede slippers, his hands never still, his eyes never at rest. His voice is deep, a little harsh, but exceedingly honest and cheerful. He has the Nottingham speech: makes *groodge* of

"grudge" and *sullvation* of "salvation," *oop* of "up," and hurries over aitches as things of no account. An unlettered man, and, as will be seen later, a man wholly unconscious of the movement of the intellectual world. But, in conversation, not a man of fire; not a fanatic; not a tremendous force. That is his mystery. A plain sort of man, with a cunning eye, rough homely speech, and a clumsy humour. And yet, is it not Lord Wolseley who describes him as the greatest organiser in the world? Make an unprejudiced study of his achievement, and you will be forced to the conclusion that you are face to face with one of the world's master minds.

He has been kept waiting half an hour for his tea on our account, and makes a pretence of annoyance. Our apologies are not accepted: they are not honest; we have come for a purpose, and nothing else matters. He knows that. He knows all about "Literature." And then, stumping over to the door, he bawls "Lancaster" down the passage of his little red-bricked villa, and a sweet-faced, grey-haired woman makes her appearance. He gives her a telegram. "Send it off at once — immediately: someone had better copy it out afresh; quick!" There is command, even impoliteness, in the injunction. But the sweet-faced woman—her voice the gentlest we have ever heard—accepts the commission without murmur, and departs on her service.

"You'll have a cup of tea?" says the General,—"coop o' tea," it sounds—and he is back at the door in a minute, bawling for Lancaster. "Tea," he says, "quick. Let us have it at once; I've been kept waiting half an hour as it is. Hurry up, now. What a thing it is to have the *Pall Mall Magazine* down at Hadley Wood!"

We sit down at the table, and Lancaster pours hot

water into the teapot, and begins to handle the teacups. A grim suburban parlour, rigid and plain, with a photograph of Salvation Army Corps over the mantelpiece, and the word "Hallelujah" in crochet on the wall.

"I can't make out the newspapers," says the General: "they give a column about a suicide, and five lines to one of my meetings, where five thousand people have attended, and paid for it, and thousands been turned away from the door. Where's their sense? What a pity they don't know what's about, and what counts! Is the tea made?" And in the same breath, still sitting, his arms shoot out on either side of his head,—"Lancaster" standing with bent head over the tea-things,—"O God!" he exclaims, with eyes shut, his head shaking, "bless this food which Thou hast provided for our use, bless it and make it for our good; and bless the words that shall be spoken, and the article that is going to be written, so that there may be a little less drunkenness and misery and crime and wickedness and devilry in the world, for the sake of Jesus Christ, our Saviour, who gave Himself for our salvation and wants us to be good. Amen."

And very softly I hear the "amen" of Lancaster.

"She makes good cakes, does Lancaster," says the General, without a stop: "have one. I eat bread and butter myself—to begin with! Now, you want to know how I started the Army? Well, it was some time after I had been converted— Do you know what conversion means?" He stops dead, searching us with shrewd eyes, the laughter seeming to sway at the lids.

"Isn't the time too brief for theological disquisitions?"

"Well, it was after I had been converted, and was a preacher, going up and down the country preaching and converting people, that I determined upon a desperate effort—to go down into the East End of London, and

fight the miseries and devilries there. It was the hardest field of battle. You see, I had always had a great sympathy with poor people—people who had no one to help them. Oh, the sins, and the sufferings, and the pains, and the griefs, and the wickedness of London! It was a hell—Hell! I got hold of a tent—all ragged and rent—and started preaching, all by myself. People up in Nottingham said I was mad. I went about and asked people to stop and hear me for a minute. My cathedral was the sky. I knew I could get at them if they would only listen. I was sure I could help them. I understand the people; I know what they want, and I can speak to them in words they understand. People in other parts got to hear of my work: a doctor, a barrister, and others. Folks then got to say, 'If you want to know about the East End, go down and see Booth.' But the ladies and gentlemen soon fell away. I don't know why it is, but they always do—nearly always. We have, of course, some men and women still who have given up money and high places in society, but they are comparatively few. Well, as I was saying, we got along by degrees, and we called ourselves the Christian Mission, and began to feel our way. Presently we got so big that some sort of organisation was necessary, and we met together to discuss what we should do. But you know what discussions are. One was for this, one was for that, and another for another thing. They wanted to have votes and settle things in that way—on the old-fashioned plan. So I saw how it was, and I said, 'Look here: you are all good men and women, and there's not a church in the land that wouldn't be glad of your services, and I'll undertake to find you places; but in this work there is going to be one authority, and that's mine, and I will not have time wasted in divisions

and debates and suchlike. What we have got to do is to work—not to vote.' And they all said, 'We will stay with you; we will follow you.' And that's how we came to march forward."

"Did you call yourselves the Salvation Army from that moment?"

"No; that came later. The Volunteer movement was springing up and growing popular, and my secretary was one day writing to some institution or other explaining what the Christian Mission was. I was looking over his shoulder. He wrote, 'The Christian Mission is a volunteer army'; I leant over him, took the pen from his hand, and scratching out 'volunteer,' wrote 'Salvation.' That was the beginning. After that, circumstances gradually made us what we now are. We had people working here, people working there, people working everywhere—little camps of them dotted all over the East End of London. To organise them was like organising an army. The movement required officers—captains and lieutenants for each post, a chief-of-the-staff at headquarters, and over all a commander-in-chief. We did not make ourselves the Salvation Army; that is, I did not sit down and draw a plan and say, We shall have a regiment here and a colonel; open fire yonder, and place a contingent in charge, and so forth. No—circumstances led us, and God raised up men and women to be leaders."

"What was the secret of your success?"

"Ah! that's a difficult question. Sincerity, I should say. Earnestness, devotion to the poor, conviction that Christ could save, and self-sacrifice to accomplish our aims are among the qualities that helped us to lay the foundations."

"But there are men in the East End equally sincere and devoted and earnest. I know many of them."

"Oh, that's true; and I have never uttered a word against them. But if the Church fails, it's because it's old-fashioned, and cold, and scholarly. That's what Dean Farrar said of it, when he was praising the Salvation Army. The Salvation Army goes out into the streets and catches hold of people, and tells them, 'God loves you, Christ died for you, and if you are living in sin you are damned.' There's no milk and water, no compromise; it's just the old-fashioned gospel of Jesus Christ."

"You preach the reality of hell?"

"Of course we do."

"Eternal torment?"

"Eternal punishment."

"But that is surely very horrible, very incompatible with eternal love?"

"Explanations! Explanations!" He holds his spectacles by the extreme end of the wires and beats with the glasses upon the table. "What's the use of asking for explanations, and worrying about interpretations? That's how work is stopped and creeds go to pieces. People worry their heads about how they are to explain facts and interpret facts, instead of taking the fact and using it. But what is punishment? To me, the man who spends all his days in music-halls and in dances, or in crickets and footballs and suchlike, is being punished. He may not call it punishment, but I do. He is missing God. He is going through life without Life itself. Don't you see? With us, we do not worry about such things. At our meetings we call out, 'If there's a man or woman here to-night who is a victim of drink, or living in adultery, or selfishness, and forgetfulness of the claims of God, or is robbing his master, or living a lie, let him or her come here to the penitent's bench and kneel down before all this congregation, and

call upon Jesus Christ to save his or her poor soul from eternal hell.' And we wait and wait, and, thank God! they come out, and repent before all the people."

"And afterwards? What do you do with them?"

"Never lose sight of them. They are our children from that hour. We take them to a private room, where their names and addresses are entered in a book. They are placed in a ward, with a sergeant to look after them and train them as soldiers. Some backslide, but *thousands* fight for Jesus all the rest of their lives."

He ceases to beat the table with his spectacles, and gets upon his feet. Four or five paces from the table is a French window, through which one sees a little green lawn drenched with rain, and sodden beehives in the distance. He paces backward to the window, leans against it a minute, and then advances to the table again. Thus he continues for the rest of our conversation; never still for a moment, his arms working, his head swaying and ducking and tossed on high, his body bent nearly double at one moment, and at another upright and rigid like a soldier on duty.

"With us, you see, it is all religion. We do not mix the soul's work with body's work, like some Christians. We do not spend all the week at cricket and football, and attend a service once or twice on Sunday. We are religious all the time. I preach nine times a week myself, and I am an old man. To most people—and to you as well—religion is the Worcester sauce to the joint: with us, it is the joint itself. We do not know anything else. Our life is in God, and saving souls is God's work. Then, too, we are emotional. We go to the heart. If you want to go upstairs you have got to get in at the door, and the door of the brain is the heart. We are warm. We are not cold and frigid and inhuman. We sing loudly and fervently, we pray loudly and

fervently, we preach loudly and fervently. All our work is as warm as the blood God has put into our veins. And real. We make it real. Not a thing to be spoken of in whispers, but aloud and unashamed. We go into the streets and wrestle with the drunks and the harlots and the murderers and the thieves. And look how it answers! We are all over the earth. And everybody who is right down—down as far as human bodies can go—turns to us at the last for a helping hand. Doesn't that speak?"

"Good testimony," we say; "but there's another point. How far does the Salvation Army approach the mystery of Christianity? Are you going to stay where you are, as a great body-snatching and soul-saving organisation, or are you going to depart from that point, and enter upon the path of spiritual development—mysticism?"

"Mysticism! There you touch a point. Yes, there is not enough mysticism in some religions: it's all sporting clubs and excursions and concerts. But mysticism is dangerous. It is not practical. Look at St. Francis. He was not practical. Why, the poor fellow died for want of proper victuals—died of a broken heart. Now, we *are* practical; we"—

"Forgive me; let me put my point in another way. How far do you think the Salvation Army is going to approach a rendering of those amazing words: 'The works that I do, shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do'?—and again: 'These signs shall follow them that believe: in My Name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover'? The words suggest a proof, a demonstration. How far"—

"You put your hand on a great mystery. It is impossible for me to give an interpretation off-hand. It requires thought. But light may come through unexpected doors. At present we have got to work, and we make people better. One of these days we may find time to expound our views on these things; but, before all, we have got to make sin less, crime less, ignorance less, all over the world! Look at the prisons, for instance: think of all the poor dear broken creatures locked up like wild beasts. It breaks my heart! And they could be saved, and brought to the feet of Jesus, if only the Government would let us go among them, as the American Government does. Oh! *This* country! *This* country! Foolish, cold, hidebound, wicked! We could save thousands of their criminals, and they lock us as fast outside as they lock their own wreckage fast inside."

"Don't you think," we venture, "that, as Thomas Holmes says, the prisons demand the care of Science first"—

"Science!" he hisses, lunging forward and thrusting his face close to ours: "science! F-u-d-g-e, fudge! The Lord Kelvin! Oh my poor soul, the Lord Kelvin! S-s-s-s-s-h!"

"But there are such things as criminal instincts, men who have inherited"—

"Of course there are! Criminal instincts? why, we have all got them. I have got them. My father was a Grab, a Get. He had been bred in poverty. He determined to grow rich; and he did. He grew very rich, because he lived without God and simply worked for money; and when he lost it all his heart broke with it, and he died miserably. I have inherited the Grab from him. I want to get." His arm shot forward, and the hand clawed at the air. "I am always wanting to

get. And the fact is that everybody inherits what you call 'criminal instincts' of one sort or another. But Science cannot save their souls. Salvation is my science. It makes a harlot clean, a thief straight and honest, a drunk steady and self-respecting, a selfish worldling into a lover of God and his fellows. That is our quarrel with the ladies and gentlemen: they do not believe in *conversion*; they cannot understand what it means."

"Now here's a difficult, a delicate question to put you," we venture to say. "When your work is finished —when *you* go—will the Army continue to advance, or will it fall to pieces?"

"It will go on. It will go on. We are an Army, and every day sees us more efficient. Look at our training schools and institutes. We drill men into soul-winners. One of my granddaughters is just going out to this work. She speaks French and German, swims, plays the violin, sings, reads—a thorough young lady, as you would say. What is she at now? Why, she is over at Barnet, fighting for God and souls in the streets and pointing sinners to Jesus. That is how we train our people—by system."

Throughout his speech, which did not rush out in a torrent, as the written words would seem perhaps to suggest, but came orderly, humorously, and in the manner of chit-chat, he was watching us with queer, searching, doubtful cunning in his eyes, and yet with quiet amusement, as though he had convinced himself of our inability to respond to his appeals. At another moment, however, he would pause in his most serious talk and search us with his eyes, as though expecting us to drop upon our knees and cry out that we were converted.

He came out upon the doorstep of his little red-bricked villa as we departed into the rain.

"Don't forget you've got a soul," he said. "Don't be like the Frenchman who prayed, 'O God—if there be a God, save my soul—if I have a soul!' It's a real thing, the soul; so is God. Ah, that's true enough. Good-bye to you—good-bye."

And as we doffed our hat he shuffled back from the porch to the door, where the sweet-voiced Lancaster stood watching us with those wonderful, calm, happy eyes of hers.

She helped us to feel that General Booth is a good man as well as a great man.

THOMAS HOLMES, MISSIONARY

"Science has to feel the way towards light and solution, to prepare, to organise. But the race owes something to one who helped to state the problem, writing up in letters of flame at the brutal feast of Kings and the rich that civilisation is as yet only a mockery, and did furthermore inspire a generation of men and women with the stern resolve that they would rather perish than live on in a world where such things can be."

JOHN MORLEY'S *Rousseau.*

IF you go into the North London Police Court some morning, you will see a slight, pale-faced, dark-bearded man, dressed in a suit of worn black, sitting quietly in one of the reserved seats, with his tired grey eyes fixed upon the prisoner's dock. He is the Missionary. He is there to save the prisoner's soul. He is paid by the Church of England Police Court Mission Fund to turn the hearts of our London rogues and vagabonds, and to guide their feet into the way of peace. It is his business in life to do this, as it is the policeman's to arrest, the magistrate's to sentence, and the gaoler's to punish. He is only one wheel, and a very small wheel, in the well-oiled, smooth-moving machinery of our English judiciary. Some people will tell you that it is a wheel unnecessary, a wheel that ought never to be there; and certainly the engineer who constructed the machine found no provision for it in the plans of the draughtsman. The man who withstands the law of England comes under the wheel that is named "Police"; he is caught up and tossed to the wheel that is called

"Magistracy"; and if that wheel does not fling him back upon the world, he is thrown and broken upon the wheel that is named "Prison." It is between "Magistracy" and "Prison" that Christianity has set up its interposing wheel of "Charity." Philanthropy, with its charming desire to do the right thing, feels that a gentleman in a black coat with a pocket stuffed full of edifying tracts and a facility in scriptural quotation should represent the religion of the Saviour of the Lost even in the face of the tribunal which civilisation has set up for its own honour and protection. And hence the Police Court Missionary.

Thomas Holmes is a name very much more familiar to the criminal and dissolute classes than the name of the Lord Chief Justice. He happens to be that lucky man who falls in love with his work; he is obsessed by it: his life is dedicated to its fulfilment. Jane Cakebread's dying words told the faith of our "irreclaimables" in this man. She was in a lunatic asylum, dying, and her old friend the missionary went to see her. She did not recognise him. "Jane," he said, touching her, and speaking in the homely accents of the North, "don't you know me? I'm Mr. Holmes." The poor creature's glazed eyes half opened, stared at him wearily, and then she spoke: "You are a liar. Mr. Holmes wouldn't leave me here." That is how they regard him: a man who helps, a man who never deserts. The wild and lawless women of London—"they become so perfect in their misery that they never heed their foul disfigurement"—come from prison to act as servants in his home. Hardened gaolbirds, straight from the cell, sit down with him in his house to discuss their chances for amendment. He has been locked in one of his own bedrooms by one of these guests—a drunkard raving with homicidal mania—and told to prepare for death. His home is the one ray

of light in London to innumerable men and women—against whom we bar our doors and windows—when the gaol gates open, and they are free—to starve.[1] When a gentleman in the prisoners' waiting-room called Thomas Holmes a canting hypocrite, he was knocked down by the fist of as evil and notorious an Irish girl as ever cursed magistrate and bit the hands of her warders. If you should happen to be waylaid by footpads, and you are not in a mood for fight, tell them that you are a friend of Thomas Holmes: it is a hundred to one you will go free. His name is a sort of charm among the ferocious pack of dissolute humanity who slink and snarl and strike through the dark streets of the centre of civilisation; and even those who have never seen him, never received a kindness from him, know that he is sacrosanct. A strange and lonely fame!

How, then, does a man, possessing such extraordinary influence, regard the problem of civilisation—the submerged tenth? He has penetrated farther behind the pretty scenery of civilisation, I verily believe, than any other man in the community. If anybody knows the black heart and the seared mind, it is surely this friend of burglar, pickpocket, dipsomaniac, and harlot. If we are ever to shake off the burden of abominable degradation which delays our pilgrimage of progress, here is the man who can best tell us the way that leads to deliverance. A competent clerk could rule London from a stool in the Home Office; but it is only such a man as Thomas Holmes who can help us to make it a city for national pride and inspiration. I venture to make Lord Rosebery the suggestion that when, in the days of universal efficiency, he sets Lord Kitchener in

[1] If only in a footnote, one must pause to pay a tribute of admiration to this man's delicate wife, who has given her home and her life to help him in his work.

Pall Mall, he should invite Mr. Holmes to take a chair in Whitehall.

Mr. Edward Arnold has published this man's experience of London's desolation,[1] and the world can read there, in as tragic pages as ever came from the pen of Charles Dickens, the tale of London's misery and the utter hopelessness of our present methods. When I first read this book I was filled with its sorrow; the second time, I realised what the author was seeking; and it happened that his aspiration was the very counterpart of a penetrating and far-reaching suggestion recently made to me by a distinguished man of science. I was conscious throughout the terrible and lurid pages of his book that this evangelist down amongst the drift and wreckage of humanity was calling, not to the Church, not to Philanthropy, not to the High Court of Parliament, but to Science. It struck me as a little remarkable that a man from a humble evangelical home, who began work in a Staffordshire iron foundry at the age of twelve—working fourteen hours a day for three shillings a week—who became a Sunday-school teacher and, after an accident, earned daily bread by teaching big-fisted colliers the rudiments of learning—always with a Bible in his hand—should live to write a book from a London police court that made so keen and convincing an appeal to the mind of Science. We met, and we talked; conversation deepened the impression I had drawn from his pages, and the reader shall judge for himself whether I am well grounded in the belief that this man possesses the key to the most grievous of our national problems.

Let me first preface this account of our colloquies with the notification that our subject divides itself into two parts. First, we have the criminal, and the present

[1] *Pictures and Problems from London Police Courts.* By Thomas Holmes.

system of dealing with him; secondly, the famished and the sweated poor, and the efforts of religious and philanthropic societies to render their lives endurable. Both these divisions are the natural halves of that appalling whole which confronts the statesman at every turn, whether he be at the Home Office, the War Office, the Admiralty, the Board of Trade, or the Board of Agriculture. It is the horse which legislation is ever putting behind the cart of education. It is the problem of the future of our race. And never, I suppose, in the history of these islands has there been more pressing need for a clean, right-minded, vigorous, and healthy citizenship. The workshops, threatened on every side by the foreigner, clamour for the highest intelligence; the colonies, whose rich soil has only yet been scratched, for lusty adventurers; the defensive forces for men of sinews and endurance; and if sociology has anything to tell us at this time of day, surely it is that the character of the nation stands in sore need of physical ability, sobriety of temper, and a deeper sense of its responsibilities. We may be very certain that the hateful processions of the unemployed and the panic cries against the aliens would be infinitely less if we could boast an efficient, healthy, and clean-living citizenship.

I began my first talk with Mr. Holmes by a "feeler." I was a little afraid that I might find his humanitarianism of a character somewhat sentimental and utopian. He undeceived me.

"Is there anything," I asked, "in the crusade against whipping?"

"Nothing," he said. "The whipping of boys is the most merciful of our present punishments. What would you do with a lad caught throwing stones at a passing train? Let him off with a caution? He would do it again. Send him to prison? God forbid No, the

prison is not only utterly unfit for boys of this kind, but the terror of it is the most useful deterrent to the juvenile mind. Whipping, after all, is the most salutary punishment for boys. It hurts for a sharp moment, it is remembered, and it has no demoralising effect upon the mind. The sort of boy who would be demoralised by whipping never enters a police court on a whipping charge."

"And prison, you think, demoralises?"

"It is the most senseless, brutal, and wicked of all human schemes for checking crime. Appallingly stupid!" The reader must imagine the Northern music running through the words. "When I think of men I know sitting in their dark cells at night — they put them to bed at eight o'clock! — I can almost cry with the pain of it. If the idea is simply to punish, the present system is admirable; it is so supremely devilish. But, I take it, the State, when it gets hold of a man who has broken one of its laws, desires to send him back to the world as speedily as possible, to work honestly and truly for the good of the nation. But what does the prison do? It crucifies a man, and hardens him past redemption. It intensifies his bitterness against society, and adds a horrible darkness to the chaos of his moral nature. Do you know these words of a prisoner?—they are worth remembering: 'I know how many nails there are in the floor within reach of my eye, and the number of the seams also; I am familiar with the stained spots, the splintered furrows, the scratches, and the uneven surface of the planks. The floor is a well-known map to me—the map of monotony —and I con its queer geography all day, and at night in dreary dreams. I know the splotches on the whitened wall as well as I know the warts and moles on the hopeless faces opposite me. My mind is a mill that

grinds nothing. Give me work—work for heart and mind—or my heart will lose its last spark of hope and my brain its last remnant of reason.' Think of those words for a night or two, as you move freely about the rooms of your home. And think of them when you wake to an open window and the freshness of a new morning. Think of them. And there are thousands of men penned in like this—whose minds are a mill that grinds nothing—every day in our Christian year. It is not sentimental rubbish; it isn't hysterical. Because, don't you see, a criminal is a human being, and in many instances of a most amazingly complex and bewildering fashion."

"You have found good men among them?"

"It's not that: it's the puzzle—the frightful puzzle."

"The puzzle?"

"*Why* they steal, *why* they sin, *why* they go straight into hell with their eyes open. I'm a missionary, and my business is only with the heart of a man; but I can't help seeing that the cause isn't in the heart, and I can't help feeling that science might be able to tell us where it is, and how to cure it. I've saved men for months: men who have done 'stretch' after 'stretch'—the hardened, crop-headed gaol-bird with the lost voice, the grey skin, and the hunted eyes. I've seen these men working hard at an honest trade, earning money, paying back the advances made to them at the start, and singing like boys over their work. And then—another ten years! Why? Their letters reach me—'I don't know why I did it, but I was compelled to do it.' 'Why cannot I be as your sons? Why should there be a power within me impelling me to do these things?' 'You know I have fallen, but you don't know the hundreds of times I have put the temptation from me.' I tell in my book of a man who had a mania, literally a mania,

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for stealing watches; also of a poor wretched woman who spent her days in stealing boots. Why is it that some people feel impelled to steal one certain article, and nothing else? There are many such cases. What is the psychological mystery? They wring their hands in the cell, and tell me with tears, 'I can't help it—I can't help it.' They wake up from a crime done in a kind of sleep, to find themselves locked up like mad animals. They live for weeks and months without the temptation; and then, suddenly comes the overwhelming force that impels them to some utterly unreasonable, and from their point of view utterly unnecessary, act of crime —and then prison."

I told Mr. Holmes that, in the opinion of certain foremost men, the day is coming when every criminal will be the subject of scientific examination.[1]

"That is what I pray for," he cried. "If only Science would say to the public, 'I can explain, and I think I can cure,' the public would respond—I feel sure it would. But Science doesn't speak, and the public doesn't believe that it can do anything. I wish Science would produce a great hero, as well as great *savants*: we're only waiting for someone who will dare. A prison, you see, ought to be an asylum for treating moral diseases. That is the great point. What do you want with a military governor? and are the prison officials—excellent men themselves—qualified in any pathological way for their infinitely delicate and difficult work? The doctors are

[1] "Are we satisfied with our treatment of criminals? Are we as a civilised people content to grow a perennial class of habitual criminals, and to keep them in check only by devices appropriate to savages; hunting them, flogging them, locking them up, and exterminating them? . . . Who can doubt but that a study of obscure mental facts will lead to a theory of the habitual criminal, to the tracing of his malady as surely as malaria has been traced to the mosquito?"—Sir Oliver Lodge.

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not specialists in mental disease, and too often, I fear, the chaplains know nothing of human nature. And these are the officials placed by the State over innumerable men and women who provide Science with one of the most interesting, as it is one of the most tremendous, problems in civilisation! How dreadfully wasteful it all is! Think of the money poured out, and the lives penned in! Mind you, prisons must punish. Society must be protected, and it would be folly to menace vice with no retribution. But, to harden men and women in viciousness, to make no effort to educate and develop the good in their natures—this is cruelty and madness."

"Of course there is the real genuine criminal, too obtuse to feel pain or remorse in a prison-cell?—I mean, the hopeless brute?"

"Yes; but remember the *majority* of cases are moral imbeciles—cases for the psychologist and surgeon, not for the military governor and the ordinary prison doctor. Remember — for the whole thing hangs on this — the majority of our criminals are curable. They are not the exception; they are not a few choice specimens. Please hold tight to that. And as for the real brute—well, how is it that he has dropped so far behind in the race? We know what makes the successful scholar, the skilful engineer, and the brilliant musician. What makes the criminal? What makes the cruel, hopeless brute? There is the effect: where shall we look for the cause?"

And that led to the second division of our subject.

"Have you ever realised what it is to live below the poverty line?" he asked me. "Not in the family of the well-to-do mechanic, with his club and his union; but right down — down in the kennels and cellars and gutters? Think what your manhood would have been

if your childhood had passed in a garret, where your mother made match-boxes for fourteen hours a day and at the end of the week earned nine shillings! In that room you would have eaten your meals—save the mark! —toiled over the paste-pot before you went to school and after you came from school, and then you would have crawled into a corner to sleep on a mattress with the rest of the family. That dingy room would have been your world, your environment. From it you would have taken your colour of life. Its influences would cling to your character—as the sickening smell of the paste would remain in your nostrils—for ever. You would never shake off that room. Go where you would, that garret would stick to your mind as the shell to the snail. How do you think you would regard life as an ill-educated, half-starved man, with that childhood behind you?"

"I suppose there are many such cases?"

"Many!" he exclaimed quietly, "why, it's the life of the poor. That is how the poor live. That is the life of the mass of the poor. The mechanic and the skilled workman with their good wages are worth the care of organisation, and the humanitarian with his theory of trades unions sees to it. They are not to be permitted, these aristocrats of labour, to work longer than eight hours a day; and they shall never be insulted with a wage lower than tenpence an hour. But where is the humanitarian who cares for the home-workers? Who will organise the women and children toiling over match-boxes, tooth-brushes, shirts, blouses, babies' clothing, fur jackets, mantles, artificial flowers—and your West End tailor's clothes? Who will be bothered to organise families who earn from nine to ten shillings a week? What profit is to be got out of this shoddy human material for the expenses of the organisers?

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No! And this is the problem of civilisation. Not capital and labour; but the home-worker—the poor."

"I thought a great deal had been done for the match-makers?"

"The public shares your confusion of thought—most unfortunately. You remember there was an outcry some years ago against the dangers to health incurred by the match-makers? Well, the outraged shareholders can now visit their factory, and go away with pride and benevolence in their kind hearts. They will find everything in an admirable condition—cleanliness, fresh air, healthy materials to work on, fair wages, and reasonable hours. But—who make the match-boxes? The firm are quite safe. 'We do not make them ourselves,' they reply; 'we buy them from a contractor.' The shareholders thank God, and pocket their dividends with a clean conscience. But the match-boxes are made by women and children, who find their own paste, fetch and return their work, and receive 2¼d. a gross—in some cases it is less."

"What is the remedy?"

"You remember that a religious enthusiast asked the public for a million pounds, and promised to save the submerged tenth? He took over the freehold of muddy humanity; and the other half of the world was glad to buy off its responsibility so cheaply. Well, what has happened? There is as much destitution and as much injustice in London to-day as there was when respectability put down its money. As many children die of starvation, and as many women curse God and die under the heel of the sweater. Then your municipal authorities, inspired with the same motionings of benevolence, buy a few rookeries, pull them down, and build up flats—for workmen earning high wages! All the way through this sorry business you will find that it is well-off and

organised labour that is cared for; the lean and haggard army of home-workers is pressed nearer and nearer to the river. The most democratic member of Parliament, for all his humane speeches, is only the representative of organised labour. Poverty and starvation are rotten boroughs—unrepresented."

"Is there no hope for them?"

"I believe there is," he exclaimed, the tired eyes hardening, "and I am devoting my energies to its fulfilment. That fulfilment is the dream of my life. It keeps me going. I have seen enough sorrow, depravity, and ruin to make me think of throwing up the sponge; but this ray of light which has come to me helps me wonderfully to go on pegging away. To be honest, I'm in love with it, and—I'm a bit of a fighter when I see the goal. I cannot tell you the whole scheme, because I am working with one who desires neither publicity nor sound of trumpets till the dream is something of a fact. But I can tell you a little. And first of all, let me tell you the genesis of the dream; for it is very interesting, and shows how God may work by the tiniest means to a great end.

"A little girl appeared before the magistrate charged with stealing food. She had stolen—she was a thief in the eyes of the law—in order that her brothers might not die of starvation. The case led me to seek out the child's mother. I found her in a pitiful dog-hole of a place—a widow, keeping body and soul together by making cheap blouses. As I talked to her, and my eyes ranged over the miserable home, I espied a scrap of dirty paper on the table. It was an account of how she had spent her last shilling: 'Tea, ½d.; sugar, ½d.; bread, 1¼d.; margarine, 1d.; oil, 1d.; firewood, ½d.; and a bit of bacon.' The case appeared in the papers, and attracted a great deal of attention. It made me acquainted with

a hard-headed philanthropist—the man of whom I have spoken to you. 'Do you know,' he said to me, 'what strikes me most about that widow's housekeeping account?' 'The poverty?' 'Not at all,' he answered; 'it's the horrible and senseless waste of it! Do you suppose she gets a full halfpennyworth of tea or sugar, or a full pennyworth of margarine? No. She loses on every purchase; she is bound to. The shopkeeper can't lose, so she must. Multiply the loss on that shilling by the number of shillings spent in the year. Why, it is frightful!' You appreciate the point of view? The more abject the poverty of the poor, the greater the price they pay for the meanest necessaries of daily existence!"

"Who can fail to see it, and feel it?"

"From that little scrap of paper came my dream. I saw the possibility of combining the home-workers into one corporate body: buying their food not by the hoarded halfpennies and farthings of their wages, but by the pounds of their aggregated earnings. Do you see what I mean? One woman earning ten shillings a week lives below the poverty line, and her children sink with her either to death or to moral chaos. But a thousand women earning the same wages produce five hundred pounds a week; and five hundred pounds a week will provide a thousand families at least with healthy fare, the means of sanitation, and the chances of health. All the necessaries of life, you see, could be bought wholesale. And so my dream is to organise the home-workers; not for strikes and lockouts, but for health, virtue, and happiness. I want to transplant them from their dog-holes and garrets—clean out of London—to some place in the country. Why not villages of home-workers, with an organisation of their labour—rooms lighted by electricity, machines driven by it, the fetching and carrying done by one common motor car? Why not make a

giant club for them? One thousand adult members to each club, and the weekly income five hundred pounds. Is that utopian or unpractical?"

"On the contrary."

"Well, that is my dream—at least, that is how I must hint it to you. I give you the shell of the idea, and from that only you must judge whether the kernel really solves the problem. Perhaps the announcement of the scheme will not long be delayed." The tiredness was quite shaken off now; I saw the fighter—alert, eager, quivering with energy; there was a glow in the cheeks and a fire of concentration in the eyes.

"Tell me," I said: "you find a great deal of excellence among people living in this sorry fashion?"

"Oh, the rarest humanity! There is no heroism can look it in the eyes. The most splendid pluck, often the most beautiful trust in God, and always an attempt to hide the abjectness of their lives. I went to see a woman once whose husband had gone to prison; when I reached the home there was light and music in her home—the basement: she was teaching poor children to dance at sixpence a week—and her own child lay dead in the next room, six feet from the cracked piano. And not only cases like that, but simpler, quieter, infinitely common cases; women who teach their children to pray to 'Our Father,' and to ask forgiveness for their little sins, 'for Jesus Christ's sake, our Lord'—while their earthly fathers are in gaol, or hospital, or on the tramp for work, and they themselves are keeping the home together on ten shillings a week, or less—often less.

"A great lady once said to me, 'I am sure women are better fitted for this work, Mr. Holmes; they see through the women quicker than men can.' 'Madam,' I said, 'I don't want to see through people. I want to

believe in them.' Other people will tell you that it's merely a question of drink. Drink, they say, is at the bottom of all the crime and misery among the poor. I, who am a life teetotaller, a fervent advocate of teetotalism, assure you that drink is not the cause, not even a cause: it is merely one of the effects. Drink does, undoubtedly, in the well-to-do, bring people down from sham respectability to open vice. It brought down the son of a famous general officer, himself once holding a commission in a crack regiment, to fighting with his dying boy for a trinket, and, on another day, to pitching the dead body on the floor that he might pawn the blankets and sheets: that is one of my cases. But drink, the problem of drink, must be looked on as an effect of filthy garrets, monotonous labour, and starvation wages. We breed our drunkards, just as we manufacture our criminals. The beginning of the cure, I feel confident, is a tremendous exodus from the poisonous slums and alleys to the open country.

"Oh, the nonsense people talk about the poor! I remember once a famous woman coming down to the East End, and telling an audience of her haggard sisters that one of the things that drove their husbands to the public-house was bad cooking. And then—excellent soul!—she proceeded to deliver a lecture on pretty and appetising cookery. I could have screamed with the irony of it! I longed to shout at her: 'Do you know what the poor cook with? They cook with a saucepan, a kettle, and a tin fork: demonstrate your dishes with their means!' But—half London is talking nonsense about the other half. People don't know; people won't trouble to know; they come to the problem with their fast-held theories ready-made for the solution, and they fit the problem to the theory. They don't want to know the real shoddy.

"But there are many ladies, of course, doing a great and silent work. Have you heard, to take one instance which touches the subject of the home-workers, of the Farthing League? A few excellent ladies in Richmond consulted me a year ago on the subject of doing something for the ground-down women, and the little Farthing League is the result. The League asks ladies to put into a money-box a farthing tax on every yard and every article they purchase at the drapers' shops which has the usual ¾d. as part of the price. Last year the League raised nearly £70, and by this means 104 women were sent to my Rest Home at Walton-on-the-Naze for two weeks' holiday, and four for a month. The ages of these varied from seventeen to something near eighty, and the rate of their earnings from 2½d. an hour, in the case of a widow with two children, to a penny an hour in the case of an unhappy creature who thus kept body and soul together by making tassels for umbrellas.

"By the bye, I must tell you a little story concerning this Rest Home. I once sent down a poor creature whom I had discovered nodding off to death over her match-boxes. When she arrived she seemed dazed by the sight of God's sea and the great wide laughing horizon. Some of us who were present watched her haggard face and the lustreless stare of her big cavernous eyes; and as we looked we were puzzled to see that her hands, as though striving to express her wonderment, worked ceaselessly and convulsively at her side. This went on so long that we gave up the theory of wonderment, and presently discovered the truth. In front of the sea, with the shrewd wind in her face, the noise of the waves on the beach, and all about her green downs and waving grasses—*she was making match-boxes.*"

"Tell me," I said, after a moment, "your own feelings

as to this work—the effect upon your mind of all this hideousness."

And then this pinched, fine-drawn man, with the dishevelled black hair, the utterly tired grey eyes, and the mouth that under its moustache and beard looks as if it is for ever biting the lead of an intolerable anguish, spoke to me of his own experience—made, as it were, his confession of bitter failure.

He came to London, at the suggestion of a well-beloved Staffordshire clergyman, burning to preach *Salvator Mundi* in the police courts and the slums of London. Hercules was never set such a labour; Mycenæ had no terror such as one day in a London police court. And this man had come with the Bible in his hand, a devout and passionate Christian, to preach the religion of love to the derelicts of London. He preached, he pleaded, he prayed. Not lightly could a man bred and reared in such a religious atmosphere as that of his Staffordshire home relinquish the idea that Christianity is the only solvent of hardened hearts. But Thomas Holmes had to admit at last that his preaching was in vain. He displayed his courage never more notably, I think, than when he stuck to his work at the moment of that discovery. Himself deeply and quietly devout, holding religion the dearest and most precious thing in life, he had to refrain his lips from speaking, and set to work to save first the body—the mere husk of the soul, in some eyes. It has not been easy, it has not been encouraging; but he is still marching breast forward.

I do not think there are many men in London doing more hopeless and bitter work than this missionary of a police court. I can think of few figures in the modern world so fast closeted with all that is dark and hideous as this lonely, sad-eyed man, who goes about hugging

a dream that he has solved the problem of London poverty. Think of all the tribunes of the people, all the philosophical Radicals, all the academic Socialists of our polite world, and declare whether the poor have a better advocate, one more likely to redeem them, than Thomas Holmes?

THE REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, M.A.

MINISTER OF THE CITY TEMPLE

"What can we do, o'er whom the unbeholden
Hangs in a night with which we cannot cope?
What but look sunward, and with faces golden,
Speak to each other softly of a hope?

Can it be true, the grace He is declaring?
Oh, let us trust Him, for His words are fair!
Man, what is this, and why art thou despairing?
God shall forgive thee all but thy despair."

FREDERIC MYERS.

"AT present," says Sir Oliver Lodge, "it is safest to walk by faith and inspiration; and it is the saint and prophet rather than the theologian whom humanity would prefer to trust." Elsewhere, speaking of prayer, the same great man has said, "If saints feel it so, they are doubtless right."

"I am afraid," wrote Lord Kelvin, in a letter to a clergyman, "I am absolutely no authority respecting books on theological subjects. I have never read any myself, being wholly occupied with science, which I find full of evidence of God. And I find no reading of theological books needed to keep me contented with the religion of my childhood."

If religion had produced as many great saints as it has produced great theologians, Christianity would now occupy a stronger position in the heart of the world. But religion does not easily produce saints. It has

become, is becoming more and more, a vast and intricate organisation, a tremendous machine roaring with all its wheels through the ways of men, and filling the stars with smoke and dust and noise, rather than with praise and hope. The pastor is become a drudge. Ill-fed, ill-clad, ill-treated, he is left to struggle as best he can with his parochial duties, and in the intervals of his visiting and his meetings he is expected to teach mankind the way to obtain the peace which passeth all understanding.

In the Church of England, the successful, the newly awakened Church of England, mysticism lies a-dying.

I venture to believe that mysticism will have its palingenesis, odd though it may seem, in the ranks of the independent churches. We are so used to sneering at the Nonconformist conscience, so pleased with the contempt contained in such convenient phrases as "The Dissidence of Dissent," that we are apt to neglect a fair study of Nonconformity, apt to shut our eyes to the growth and spiritual development of the unorthodox churches. Even the fiercest agnostic has a greater antagonism for Dissent than for the Church of England.

The young man who is now drawing all classes of the community to the City Temple is likely to correct this false estimate. People are beginning to realise that here is something more than a theologian, something infinitely more than a dissenter. There is a mysterious quality in his preaching, some subtle spell of personality in his words, which they do not easily find elsewhere. He is very real. He makes them very real. He makes the Invisible very real. He is a new thing in London life.

It is too early to call this man a saint, that great achievement of religion. We must call him a saint in the making, for humanity does not lightly bestow the

sublimest of its titles. A saint in the making—but, how comes the making? The answer to this question is just the difference meted out to its ministers by the Church of England and by Nonconformity. I know one noble-hearted man who has laboured for over twenty years in as grim a parish as you shall find in all East London, with a reward of four pounds a week, and with no hope of release or promotion. This is not the manner in which the despised dissenter treats his minister. "Here is a thousand pounds a year," says Dissent: "go and think and read and pray, while we are at work in our shops and counting-houses, and then come on Sunday and tell us the result of your thinking, your reading, and your praying." That way lies saintship.

To Mr. Campbell has come this great advantage. He is the minister of rich and liberal people. He is able to live in a comfortable house, able to dream away his days in a fine garden, able to enjoy immunity from all the petty anxieties of ways and means. He is kept by a certain number of busy men and women to meditate for them on the mystery of life; they do not expect him to pay society calls, they do not want him to organise soup kitchens, penny banks, Dorcas societies, blanket funds, penny readings, and the rest: they ask him to read and think for them, and once in the week, and twice on Sundays, to give them the result of his quiet meditation.

The first time I met this winning, this remarkable personality, was at London House. I sat next to him at luncheon, and fell to comparing his serenity and his quiet, as we discussed Mentchikoff and psychical science, with the activity and restlessness of my most lovable host, the Bishop of London. The one man was in the midst of the battle, a furious fighter at the

head of a struggling army; the other, an anchorite far removed from the strife, undistracted by its turmoil, unfrightened by its clash of arms, and yet in some mysterious way imparting strength and purpose to the sword of righteousness, and very near to the heart of the riddle.

The next place at which I met him was his own house, a few miles from Enfield. His motor car met me at the station, and drove me to this large and comfortable old house. The cell of the anchorite has put out wider walls, and hung itself with richer adornments, in these days; one does not readily associate the mystery of saintship with motor cars and a miniature park; one has to adjust one's mind to the altered condition of things before one can enter into and possess oneself of the reality of this saintship: but it is there, there in the making, just as it was in Bernard of Clairvaux and in Francis of Assisi.

The man's face convinces you. Earthly ambition has not lighted the large, lustrous eyes, nor given that serenity to the gentle lips. Something more than parochial work has been active in this life to produce the winning gentleness of his expression, the steady calm of his countenance, the quiet serenity of his voice. You feel instinctively that this is one who has more to tell you than you will find in works of theology, in newspaper articles, or in the elaborate pages of noveldom. He is real, and he makes the invisible real; the invisible is there written on his face. He is one of the few men who make their own reality more certain to you than your own.

We walked in his garden, and he told me how much it meant to him. The very trees and bushes are alive for him.

"Sometimes, when I arrive from London, exhausted

in mind and body, I come out here to breathe this peace; and "—he smiled—"do you know that I sometimes awaken, as it were from a sleep, to find that I have been standing for as many as ten minutes with a single leaf in my hand, looking down at it as though it were a friend?"

Yes, I could understand that: so he told me more.

"There is some blessing in God's beautiful world," he said slowly; "something that speaks to the mind with a voice. Nature is ever trying to say something, but the majority of people are too busy to stop and listen. I think it is good to stop and listen. No, 'listen' is the wrong word. Feel! feel what Nature has to say. And yet, how difficult it is to express in words what she does say, what she does mean! I know myself how great a comfort I derive from this garden, especially from the trees; but I could not tell myself what it is that comes out of the garden into me."

"Don't you think," I said, "that Matthew Arnold got near to the secret in his sonnet, 'One lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,'—the lesson

> 'Of toil unsever'd from tranquillity,
> Of labour that in lasting fruit outgrows
> Far noisier schemes, accomplished in repose,
> Too great for haste, too high for rivalry.'

Nature, at her tremendous work, is always quiet, always serene, always restful."

"Yes, perhaps that is the secret. No, a part of the secret: there is something more than peace in Nature, there is the presence of the invisible — the pulse of life. I said that every leaf was like a friend to me. Is it not true in science that tree and flower

and blade of grass are inheritors of life—not merely matter, but force and life such as we ourselves know, although in a greater and more wonderful degree?"

He showed me the noble cypress under which Charles Lamb is said to have drunk tea, and laid his hand upon the trunk in the manner of a caress. In one corner of this beautiful old garden we came upon a rose tree, with two pink flowers gleaming against the frosted leaves of the trees that sheltered it. "Roses in December!" he said with joy, and picked them for me. "It makes life so much easier for one, this garden," he said; "it gives one the mood to meditate. I have never been so happy before."

"You haven't got so far back to Nature as to follow Bóndaref's injunction, and dig for salvation?" I asked, with a smile.

"The Russian? No. No, I am opposed to that school. I cannot follow Tolstoy. To suppose that we must turn our backs upon the cities and markets of civilisation, and return to what Bóndaref calls the first law,—'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,'—is to deny God's presence in the world, God's purpose in the activities of man, God's hand in ours, leading us on. I feel God too closely associated with our destinies to dream that He has left us to go out of our way all these splendid and difficult centuries. Browning saw farther than Tolstoy. The present is not the ruin of something perfectly planned by God, but a step towards the realisation of the complete plan."

In this sentence one may find, I think, the keynote to his theology—God-with-us. He sees in sin and in sorrow and in pain, not a devil, nor yet a limitation of God's power, but God Himself. It is all part of the plan — God expressing Himself through humanity. "God became man that man might become God."

I once asked him to tell me the difference between the good man and the saint.

"I think it is this," he replied. "We begin life by being innocent, we proceed upon our way and win to goodness and nobleness. Some people stop there. They win goodness, and cling to the prize for the rest of their days. It is not thus with others. They continue the circle; they go first from innocence to nobleness, and then from nobleness on to innocence—and become as Christ's little child. Don't you think He meant that we were to advance from the mere goodness which holds its own against evil to the innocence of experience wherein the old evil becomes utterly impossible? Innocence without experience is not the holiness of innocence with experience. I often think that a man may say, who has conquered a sin and reached a stage at which it is impossible for him to do that sin again, that it is as though it had never been committed. One only reaches that stage through Christ, and that is His forgiveness of sin.

"Holiness," he continued, "is concerned with what we *are*; goodness with what we *do*. It is character, with a fragrance. Personality, personality—Nature is nothing but personality! What Mr. Morley told you about Mr. Gladstone is true, and a confirmation of the faith. What was it in that man which made people brace themselves up, physically, morally, and intellectually, when he entered a room? Can the materialist explain that? I do not think he dare even begin to admit it. And yet, as we go through the world, as we study history—such a history, for instance, as Napoleon's—do we not see that the great force in the world, always and at all times, is this same mysterious personality, this distillation upon the world of what we are? What Napoleon did was as nothing compared with that which he was."

In the same human way he regards prayer. It is not a chance operation, not the activity of a few good souls. Prayer is the will of all humanity, the force of every personality. No one can help praying. The stockbroker who rushes into the City Temple on Thursday morning is told that he prays more consistently and more strenuously than many a religious man.

"But I do not pray at all!" exclaims the stockbroker; "I do not believe in prayer, and never have."

"My friend," says the young minister, "you are praying every minute of your busy life—every minute is an effort of your will towards success."

There are good and evil prayers, he tells his congregation, selfish and unselfish prayers, holy and devilish prayers, and every man must be praying the one or the other. Do you desire that cheating and chicanery and meanness and cruelty and injustice and wickedness should triumph, and do you work in that direction?—then your prayers are evil. Do you long for the victory of honesty and kindness, of right and justice, of sweetness and light, and do you strive to that high end?—then are your prayers holy. Every man must pray, on this side or on that.

I asked him how he accounted for his success as a "speaking man," how he accounted to himself for the attraction he exercises on minds of all culture and people of all classes.

"I think," he answered, "that people come to the City Temple because I try to make my sermons real. People read newspaper articles; why should they not listen to sermons? Religion is as real as politics. In the City Temple we try to make religion as real as anything else in the world. We do not ask people to express their faith in formulæ. If anybody wishes

to become a member of the church, I ask him only to affirm this declaration: 'I believe in one true God, the Father Almighty, and in His only Son our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Spirit, who gives life.' He is not required to wrestle with any doctrinal expression of Christ's divinity, or to give utterance to any definite pronouncement on the Trinity in Unity. We believe in one God, in the Way-Shower Jesus Christ, and in the Spirit of Truth which remains with us always."

In this place I cannot do better than quote certain passages from one of his sermons dealing with the humanity of Christ. The preacher is meeting the objection of the man who exclaims in the midst of theological finesse, "Oh, simplify the matter at once, and let us say, Here was a man, the greatest of men, the noblest of men, the purest of men, one who has given us vision of God, but still only a man."

He accepts this argument, but asks whither it leads—

"What is a man? The difference between man and man is all but infinite. The difference between a Robespierre and a Cromwell, for example, in moral stature, is immeasurable. The difference between a Charles Peace and a Charles Spurgeon cannot be expressed as comparison, only as contrast. The difference between a Voltaire and a Wesley is all but infinite. 'Only a man' — but it makes a great difference which man. . . .

"Man is a fragment of divinity, and he never can forfeit his origin. How much of God does a man contain? That is the way in which to measure his humanity. 'Only a man'—may he never cease to

be a man, too, when his manhood towers up and up till it touches God, and reveals God. We are mistaken when we try to draw any line between that humanity and the God that created it. . . .

"The difference between man and God is a difference not in kind but in moral height. From the side of God there is no line drawn between humanity and Deity at all."

But this alone will not content. If there is infinity between Charles Peace and Charles Spurgeon, there is infinity of infinity between Christ and the purest of His saints. "Jesus is only a man, but He is the Man of men; Jesus has enfolded humanity." He proceeds to ask how the disciples regarded Christ—

"Before ever church councils were heard of, disciples were putting into life and practice what they knew of God through Jesus Christ. 'Master and Lord,' they called Him. 'Ye say well, for so I am,' He replied. 'Master and Lord,' but 'only a man.' 'Shew us the Father, and we shall be satisfied.' 'I and My Father are one.'

"Supposing you had never heard of such a man as Christ, reigning for and through and over humanity, humanity would be asking for Him to-day. This is exactly what you are looking for. We have never seen a Man but once. I have seen many attempts at manhood, but I have never seen a Man save in the New Testament. 'Behold the Man'—*the only one.* When I have said that, like Thomas, I have cried out, 'My Lord and my God.' Fulness of the stature of manhood brings me God, all the God I am capable of receiving, and still the Christ, who is

the Humanity of God, is looking up into the face of the Father."

From this it will be seen that fourth-century propositions about the Eternal Son of the Eternal Father do not concern this preacher. He is a mystic who has emerged from the schools a mystic still. Oxford has given him of her sweetness and of her grace, but she has not overwhelmed him with the ancient dust of her philosophies. He is human in all his fibres; the cosmogony of Christian science moves him to a smile, but he is a mystic. To him, prayer is most real. He has received such answers to his prayers as the world would not believe, and he has known the prayers of others answered in a like degree. He believes, too, in long and constant meditation, in the closed eyes of mysticism. Religion is his life.

The greatest influence in his youth was Dr. Paget, now Bishop of Oxford. That good man almost confirmed Mr. Campbell's intention, when he went first to Christ Church, of taking holy orders; but the Prayer-Book came between them, and Mr. Campbell announced himself an Independent. The Congregational service appealed to him, its absence of theological propositions won him. He is a Congregationalist heart and soul; but, I think, a new force in Nonconformity.

I could not help thinking, when I first went to the City Temple, how great a change is coming over Dissent. As I looked down from the gallery upon the sea of upturned faces, I saw there many grim and granite minds, many hard and ruthless hearts, many a Balfour of Burleigh. And there, on the high platform, with his two hands resting on the open Bible, his body bent forward to those old Puritans, was this youth in Master of Arts gown, with the white hair, the large dark eyes, the sweet

mouth, the soft winning voice, telling them in his musical Scots tongue that their hymns of earth's "dreary" pilgrimage, of life's "sad round," were false—that to the man who really knew the mind of the Master life could only be joyous, victorious, serene.

There is a change, too, in the laity of Nonconformity, in the youth of Nonconformity. It is true that the ministers of Dissent, for the most part, are anti-Imperialist, anti-Church, and before all things anti-Chamberlain; but this is not true of the rising generation, of those who feel themselves fenced out of the Church of England by her rubrics and her creeds. Among these people, the inheritors of the Puritans, are many sober, level-headed Imperialists, reading the mission of England in the world with larger, other eyes than their forefathers, and standing free from the narrowness and grimness of their past in all the activities of life.

You have only to attend a service at the City Temple to realise this awakening of Dissent. Is it a foolishness that I should see a warning for the Church of England even in the wonderful cleanliness of this church? The mind of man is affected by such things. If our ships of battle were not cleaner than a collier we should have less faith in the intelligence of our sailors. A church where a man may put down his hat and take it up without dust, a church whose paint is clean, whose floor is swept, whose windows are bright, conveys something to him, puts something into his mind, which predisposes a man in favour of what he hears there.

What he hears there is, for the most part, music—glad, triumphant music, trained voices of men and women singing the best anthems, the noblest hymns, the greatest chants. It is all "public worship," this service, no long prayers, no repetitions—vain or otherwise—no long reading of Israelitish battles or Johannine visions.

There is one prayer, prayed by the minister, two brief lessons selected from that part of the Bible which always holds humanity spellbound, and the sermon. The effect of the sermon, the crown and splendour of the service, I shall not attempt to describe. Save one man, and he the neglected of the Church of England, I have heard no one preach like this Congregationalist from Christ Church.

His view towards the future is one of solemn optimism. Sabatier has expressed this view in memorable words: "If wearied by the world of pleasure or of toil, I wish to find my soul again and live a deeper life, I can accept no other guide and master than Jesus Christ, because in Him alone optimism is without frivolity and seriousness without despair."

He told me that he could not understand the view of Sir Oliver Lodge,—expressed further on in this volume,—that agnosticism must do a larger and more terrible work of destruction before science and religion bow down before God at the same altar.

"Surely," he said, "the attitude of science has changed in favour of religion. I am old enough to remember the fierce hostility of agnosticism. I read sufficiently now to know the wistfulness of agnosticism. Mr. Beerbohm Tree asked me to a supper-party one night, after *Richard II.*, at which there were several prominent men in the intellectual world. I found that only one was positively without the religious sense. Everywhere, I think, there is a turning towards religion, a looking to the Cross, and past the Cross to the hope of eternal Love."

He holds that the next great world-shaking miracle will come from science—that it may come soon; but he as strongly holds that theology will have to translate the miracle to humanity.

"Science at present," he said, with a smile, "has the ear of the world; but religion will have its ear as well as its heart in that great day."

I asked him how he viewed his life of meditation and of serene comfort (albeit he lives with extreme simplicity), in the midst of a world so full of poverty, hunger, nakedness, and cold.

"When we were poor," he answered, "my wife and I determined that if ever we became rich we would have a beautiful home, the most beautiful home that we could find, and that we would make it a joy and a delight. Not only for ourselves," he added, with a smile, "but for others: a home where people could come and stay, and be happy and at rest—people who need happiness and rest. And so we are always crowded here. Our house is always full, and chiefly full of happy children. It is good for them, and it is good for us.

"But," he added gravely, "I am not sure that another call may not come. At present I am the preacher, Carlyle's 'speaking man'; my church, a canonry; my mission, sermons. But from the world you speak of, the world of want and misery, the world of battles and fighters, there may come a call which will carry me away to other work—I cannot say. At present, it does not come."

Perhaps we hope that it never may come. Such men as this, to whom Science listens while she stops her ears to theology, are the rare need of mankind, the hope of religion. Inside the Church and outside the Church humanity needs the mystic, and we are happier leaving this soul to his beloved Browning, his restful garden, and to the meditation of his heart, than in hearing that so many children attend his Bible-class, and that the offertory last Sunday was such-and-such.

"All men," says Emerson, "are commanded by the

saint. The Koran makes a distinct class of those who are by nature good, and whose goodness has an influence on others, and pronounces this class to be the aim of creation; the other classes are admitted to the feast of being, only as following in the train of this."

> "Go boldly forth, and feast on being's banquet;
> Thou art the called,—the rest admitted with thee."

Had I the power, I should like to write an article with some such title as "The Place of the Saint in Science" —an article which had for its thesis the reality and importance of saintship, arguing that the saint is as much a subject for scientific investigation as a crystal or an earthworm, and proving from the utterances of scientific men the vast respect entertained for holiness by those who are charged with being the enemies of theology.

MR. JOHN MORLEY

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE JOHN MORLEY, O.M., M.P.

"For all this, I reverence truth as much as anybody; and when it has slipped us, if a man will but take me by the hand, and go quietly and search for it, as for a thing we have both lost, and can neither of us do well without, —I'll go to the world's end with him :—But I hate disputes."

Tristram Shandy.

EVERY public man I have ever met contradicts in some fashion his own popular impression. And of all these contradictions the most complete, as it is the one I love best, is that offered by Mr. Morley to an undiscerning world. He is, in a word, and at the outset, the antipodes of that cold and frozen philosopher who surrounds himself, in the popular imagination, with a barrier of obstructing ice, and gives to the rest of the world, as M. Filon has said of him, light rather than heat. A strange doctrinaire, living out of the world in fact, seeing that forty years ago he prophesied that nothing could prevent the Mayor of Birmingham from becoming one of the greatest figures in the world.

Our fathers had a word which beautifully describes John Morley. He is a *blithe* soul. Blithe, I mean, in its full meaning: that is to say, he is at once joyful and gentle, glad and kind, merry and merciful. It is a great word, and it describes a great man. Blithe, in its Anglo-Saxon sense, of a man tender and compassionate and merciful, and withal gay, joyful, and content: this is the word which describes John Morley.

He is intensely human—an Uncle Toby among

philosophers, in heart (and if you be extremely Tory you may say in head as well) a Don Quixote among politicians. No man's face lights with a merrier laughter, no man's voice expresses a deeper sympathy. Some human magic about the man makes every spoken word of his—even the light quip or the playfullest turn of phrase—good and memorable. To feel his hand on one's shoulder, and to hear him say "God bless you," in valediction, is to experience a deeper emotion than one would care to express. There is something real about the man, something noble, something charming—something very human. And this more than all—there is contagion in his nobility.

Ruskin used to regret the sunsets he had never painted—wasted sunsets. In some such vain and foolish fashion I find myself regretting the lost blithe words of John Morley's intimate Yea and Nay. Squandered coins and the spilt milk of innocence can scarcely mock the ruined spendthrift more than these lost words mock and upbraid me now. For there is that in John Morley's spoken words which you do not find in his books. I cannot say what it is, but I know when I go back into memory and strive to collect these half-remembered, half-forgotten words, that I am seeking for something more precious than gold. Blougram's dinner-talk was better than his sermons; and what remains to us of Johnson save his talk? I think, perhaps, in Morley's case, it is his tenderness, his compassion, and his humour which invest his conversation with a certain magic not to be found in his books. He is tender and compassionate in his books, God knows, but it is the tenderness and compassion of the philosopher, embracing humanity as a man embraces a lady in a dance. In conversation he embraces humanity as a mother embraces her child, half in laughter, half in tears.

A man loses something of his personality when he talks with a pen, and it is the personality of Mr. Morley, rather than his writings, which has won for him the affection of the House of Commons, and which drew Mr. Gladstone to lean upon him in dark and disastrous times.

I remember asking him once about personality. What is that mysterious influence which distils from a man's presence, and before a word is spoken makes its impression on the mind? He answered in familiar words with him—the face full of smiling inquiry, "I wonder—I wonder!" And then he told me about the extraordinary personality of Mr. Gladstone—"Mr. G.," as he ever calls that great man.

"If he came in at that door at this minute," he said, "we should both sit up in our chairs, pull down our coats perhaps, finger our ties a little, and straighten up our minds. We should not speak quite so rashly, quite so much on the moment; we should think more, exercise a keener choice of words, and consider upon the turn of conversation. We should find ourselves—supposing we were so inclined—unable to say anything harsh, or cynical, or ignoble—certainly nothing ignoble!"

I told him that I once entertained the notion concerning himself that one had to be prim in conversation, and to sit bolt upright before him outside a zariba of chilling dignity.

He laughed in his happy manner, and shook his head. "No, no," he said; "there is no zariba. But I will make a confession to you: there is one thing I cannot bear, and that is being bored! I suppose," he added reflectively, "that I am not a very gregarious person. I am fond of solitude. I am fond of books. I am very fond of work. But I like with all my heart

good talk, talk that interests and amuses and perhaps stimulates. But not a bore."

He told me that he is careful of his time—not so careful, perhaps, as Mr. G., to whom every second was sacrosanct—but still very conscious of the wisdom of a wise economy of time. "I waste plenty of time," he said, "but I like to waste it in my own way, not as other people waste it for me."

There is a popular notion that Mr. Morley prefers his library to Westminster. Mr. Chamberlain concluded his reading of Morley's *Cromwell* with the wonder that such a man, who might be anything in literature, should fight for a place on the hustings. Many of my own friends who are ardent Conservatives and fervent admirers of Mr. Morley's books express an identical opinion. Mr. Morley's view on the same subject is typical of the man, and as straight a key to his personality and his attitude of mind as any I know.

"Don't you think," he said to me, "that we are apt to make too much of literature? Literature, of course, is great and splendid, but it is only a part of life—not life itself. I don't know," he said tentatively, "I really don't know; but supposing you were asked this question, 'Would you rather have passed Mr. Gladstone's Irish Land Act, which brought a certain amount of concrete happiness to a whole nation—a small nation, perhaps, but still a great number of men, women, and their families—or would you rather have written Locke's *Human Understanding*?' Supposing you were asked that question, now—what would you say? Which? I wonder!"

The Socratic inquiry, let me explain, was put in that familiar manner of his, expressing uncertainty and doubt in his own mind—a sort of feeling towards elusive conclusion.

I made bold, and replied, "The Irish Land Act."

"I think so," he said—"I almost think so. It is difficult to say, but I almost think so. Of course, literature inspires and stimulates action, and has its own indirect influence on the affairs of humanity; but still, how many books have had any profound influence on the world? Professor Bury said of Wolff's *Prolegomena* that it was one of the six books that had had most real influence on intellectual evolution in the last three hundred years! Think of that!"

And then, putting me a poser, a long finger pointed at me, the eyes smiling—"Who are the other five?" he demanded.

Well, the other five are given by Mr. Morley in the last volume of the Gladstone biography: Descartes, Newton, Locke, Kant, Rousseau. It is his own list, and the only criticism on the selection, if I remember rightly, was the omission of Leibnitz.

"No, literature and politics ought to go together. The author has duties outside his study. He is a citizen, he is a man, as well as an author. He ought not to shirk those duties. If he thinks he can help other people to be a little happier, or a little better, in his civic capacity, he ought to exercise his powers in that direction. That was the tradition of my period at Oxford, and George Meredith drove it home into my mind afterwards in long walks over the Surrey hills. 'Study Nature—live in the open,' that was the burden of his song. And John Stuart Mill's message to me was, 'Don't dream—act your part.' Carlyle was an influence, too, in his own queer fashion: 'be Real, don't be a Sham,' and all that. Not so easy, not so easy—for a politician!"

In the case of the Gladstone biography, Mr. Morley regards his task as only rendered possible by actual

knowledge of political life, and not only of political life, but of the inside of a Cabinet. This is, however, a particular case. His view of the whole subject is that a man must live in the tide of events to write about them, and that the duties of citizenship and of a common humanity are serious charges.

How, then, has he regarded these long years of political inactivity, the laborious days consecrated to the Life of William Gladstone?

"You must feel like a man who has come to the top after a long dive," I said to him, a day or two after the biography was published.

"Rather like a man who has been down a mine, hewing coal, on his back!" he made answer.

"Did you adopt Charles Booth's plan," I asked, "and employ an army of clerks to sort documents and arrange papers?"

"No," he smiled—"no. I had good help to arrange papers, to hew out of the quarry the Carrara marble for Michael Angelo's chisel, as it were—you note, I hope, the modesty of my figure!—but the work was done single-handed, bit by bit, from the first page to the last. Hard work, real hard work. And yet, I'm not sure I don't miss the regularity of sitting down to the desk every morning at nine o'clock—the task appointed, the work waiting for me, the day mapped out. I am not sure."

I talked to him about the moral influence of books, the influence of books on conduct and character. I told him the judgment of a thoughtful man, that the best sermons of our time were to be found in Morley's books, sermons which would live when fashionable divines were forgotten.

"No," he laughed, "that is all wrong. You remember the French story of the monk who was a great friend of the devil's—quite an old story? One Sunday the monk

found himself too ill to preach, and the devil appearing in the sacristy, he persuaded that obliging person to go into the pulpit and harangue the congregation. The devil preached a most masterly sermon, covering himself with shame and confusion. 'How now?' said the monk, when the devil came down: 'you have pretty nearly ruined yourself with that sermon.' 'Oh dear no,' answered the devil: 'no harm done, no harm done; there was no *unction* in it.' There is little unction in my poor books. And there ought not to be," he continued energetically; "it ought not to be all preaching."

This appreciation of action as compared with literary composition helps me to understand John Morley. He is a very brave man. To make a speech is something of an illness to him, the rough-and-tumble of the hustings is not greatly to his taste, but he goes into it all because it is right so to do. He admits the exhilaration of addressing a vast audience, and when once the speech has begun he enjoys the battle with a warrior's zest; but the hour before the battle is grim.

I have said he is a brave man. A friend of mine—a political opponent of John Morley—once said to me, "I am sorry for John Morley: he is a religious man without a religion." This is not quite true. Mr. Morley has a religion, the most difficult of all religions, a devotion to truth, and he serves that God without apprehension, and with a good courage. The horror and the loathing with which so many of the best agnostics come at last to regard the thought of their own destruction are almost unknown to him. Some of the greatest and best men of our time have talked to him on this subject, have uttered their fears and their anguish to him, and he has listened with sympathy and tolerance and gentleness, but he has never, I think, quite understood their terror.

In the biography of Gladstone he tells the world in a

single sentence that he never discussed religion with the man who in his latest years expressed a desire to live in ever closer "sympathy and communion" with John Morley. Lord Ronald Gower, writing of Gladstone in *Old Diaries* (1896), tells us: "Of John Morley he said that, well as he knew him, he had no idea what his religious views were." There was, however, one occasion on which the subject was almost entered upon, certainly approached. Mr. Morley was staying at Hawarden; and going into the "temple of peace" one day, he found Mr. Gladstone lying upon the sofa with his own *Diderot* in his hand. He experienced for the moment a kind of shock. It was years since the book was written, he had forgotten all that was in it, but he remembered enough to think that the book was absolute negation. Mr. Gladstone lowered the book to his lap, and looked over his spectacles—

"Are you still," he asked, "as firm a Determinist as you were when you wrote this book?"

Mr. Morley paused for a moment, and then, standing very upright, with the head carried high, as is his habit, "Yes," he answered; "I am." The head drove in the divided sentence with two hammer-taps of emphasis.

Mr. Gladstone's only answer was one of those well-known deep-chested "Humphs," which was neither sigh nor anger, but a conclusion of the whole matter. And "religion" was never touched upon again.

But what is Mr. Morley's view of immortality? How does he reply to the anguish of Herbert Spencer, and to that almost terrible, comfortless, and grim cry in the letter of his friend Thomas Huxley? Let me quote the letter first—

"I find my dislike to the thought of extinction" (wrote the fighting agnostic in 1883) "increasing as I get

older and nearer the goal. It flashes across me at all sorts of times with a sort of horror that in 1900 I shall probably know no more of what is going on than I did in 1800. I had sooner be in hell a good deal—at any rate in one of the upper circles, where the climate and company are not too trying. I wonder if you are plagued in this way."

I wonder!

I spoke about my own "curiosity" for another existence, the insatiate desire to thread somehow, in some condition or another, the ultimate mazes of How and Why. He understood that spirit. Almost in a rush I remember his saying that if he could see in any field of science a hope of explanation he would follow it to the exclusion of everything else. But he checked on the instant. "Should I, though?" he asked. "I wonder! There are so many things beside."

It was on this occasion that I mentioned the work of Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir William Crookes. He had been talking to me of Spencer's conception of infinite space, and I told him that Sir William Crookes had once rapped a wooden table at my side and told me that the distance separating the electrons of which it was composed relative to their size was greater than the distance separating the planets of our solar system.

I can see his face now as I write, alert and eager and full of inquiry. He listened intently, the eyebrows high in the wrinkled forehead, the eyes straining in question, the lips seeming as if they were inspiring the words. That is how he listens to the least of us.

He made me repeat the formula. "Wonderful," he said—"wonderful! But how do men of science feeling out, as you say, from the physical world derive any comfort from knowledge of this kind? Surely such a saying

as that of Crookes makes us all feel—I, J. M., and you, H. B.—each single man of us, that we are but particles of matter, less than electrons, inhabiting a world less than an atom in a system smaller than a grain of sand? How small it makes us, how unimportant, how insignificant!"

"But," I replied, "as I understand conversations with Lodge and Crookes, the effect of this pushing towards the finality of matter is to destroy one's notion of size. There is neither big nor little, neither great nor small; just one infinite whole. If Crookes's formula is correct, the whole universe to larger other eyes than ours must present an appearance as whole and one as a table presents to us."

He listened intently, and led me to talk of the work of Oliver Lodge—work which I endeavour to write about further on in this volume. He was greatly interested, and showed the true humility of the agnostic before the mysteries of creation; but I do not think he entertains the faintest expectation that science and religion will ultimately converge and be one. To detach consciousness, personality, Ego, what you will, from the action of the brain—from memory, for instance—and at the same time to preserve identity, presents to him, I think, sheer impossibility.

I asked him what his comfort was, how he supported the burden of all this unintelligible world, how he justified unselfishness and righteousness in a purely material world. His comfort is that the world grows better, that man is happier in doing good than in doing evil, and that life—even as we know it now—is good.

But he is not to be regarded as a crude optimist, as his own man-of-the-world—"that worst enemy of the world." I have seen his face contorted with sharp pain as he talked about the sufferings of humanity. I told

him of Charles Booth's map showing by a great splash of sombre colour how vast a number of people in London live on the verge of hunger.

"But have you ever thought," he said, in a sort of awed whisper, "that the mass of the world is always hungry? Hunger and Fear—these are the familiars of the great majority of men and women and little children. We forget in the midst of our comfort that there are millions and millions of mankind who have no provision made for their next meal. Then think of the animals in the same condition, hunting in some sort of agony for food. Mr. G., I remember, used to quarrel with Tennyson's picture of nature 'red in tooth and claw,' and perhaps he was right. But fear—the constant fear of the quarry—surely that is universal, and the hourly search of animals for their prey—surely that is universal too."

He does not, however, dwell on these subjects. The reader may remember that the Bishop of London told me he pushed the thought of London's hunger and pain out of his mind, because to think about these things meant madness. John Morley, without the same spiritual consolation, keeps the thought of the world's pain out of his mind, perhaps for the same reason; but the thought colours his whole philosophy, and is, I believe, the inspiration of all his political and literary activity. He has described himself as "a cautious Whig by temperament, a Liberal by education and training, and a Radical by observation and experience." He is a spiritual force in politics, making for sympathy and for righteousness, for charity and for self-abnegation. "It is certainly not less possible," he exclaims, "to disbelieve religiously than to believe religiously." He is touched to great ends, feels towards a heaven not made with hands, and constrains lesser men to fight with him for the purest ideals, for the humblest and commonest purposes. Who

has expressed greater contempt for the moral code of the lowest politician than this good man?—"Think wholly of to-day, and not at all of to-morrow. Beware of the high and hold fast to the safe. Dismiss convictions, and study general consensus. No zeal, no faith, no intellectual trenchancy, but as much low-minded geniality and trivial complaisance as you please."

A man of the simplest life, hating ceremony and ostentation,—even a little unhappy at the hugeness of his library,—whose walls have expanded to house something like a dozen thousand books. It is there, in this room of books, that you see the real Morley. A slight man, with high square shoulders, who moves with a little skip in his walk from shelf to shelf, reads you extracts from favourite volumes with a winning smile, the kind eyes glancing at you over the rim of his glasses, the mobile lips breaking easily into laughter, the constant cigarette smouldering between the fingers of an uplifted hand. He points out to you, with his irresistible humour, the fitness of his furniture. There is the beloved piano in this room, the ample box of cigarettes "straight from Egypt," a picture of Gladstone, a picture of Mill, a photograph of George Meredith—the "Phœbus Apollo" of his youth; and above the books a precious set of Piranesi's engravings bought for five liras apiece! Over the mantelpiece Millet's picture of Industry, one man sawing a huge log of timber, another looking on—"myself at work on Mr. G., and my secretary at the other end of the saw!" Above this, a picture of sea crashing over rocks and hurling spray up to the stars —"the life political: nature's turbulent mood of the hustings!" And the room itself he calls, because of its size, "one of the follies of the wise."

Delightfullest of hosts, kindest of friends, gentlest of men. His words are those of a prophet and teacher, his

face is that of some mothering woman who has learned to smile in the face of overwhelming sorrow. The best in the two sexes have converged in his personality. Like Father O'Flynn, he is "powerf'llst pracher and tinderest craychur," a man infinitely respected by men of all parties, honoured by the noblest souls in the Church, and loved deeply and sincerely by those who know him.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

". . . but why do I attempt to reason with you? do I not know you for conceited creatures, with one idea—and that a foolish one;—a crotchet, for the sake of which ye would sacrifice anything, religion if required—country? There, fling down my book, I do not wish ye to walk any farther in my company, unless you cast your nonsense away, which ye will never do, for it is the breath of your nostrils; fling down my book, it was not written to support a crotchet, for know one thing, my good people, I have invariably been an enemy to humbug."—*Lavengro.*

"I THINK the man with a future is Chamberlain." This was Matthew Arnold's opinion in May 1887, when party politics were in something of the same state of confusion as they are likely to be next year. Matthew Arnold was a keen observer, and he had the advantage of knowing more or less intimately the politicians of his period. His judgments were formed not only from a study of speeches, but from a knowledge of the personality behind the speeches. He knew the Mr. Chamberlain of whom the public may almost be said to know nothing. He was acquainted with the character of the man, the tone of his mind, the poise of his soul, almost the affections of his heart. Of these things, I believe, the public know little.

And yet how large a part is played by the personality of politicians! Mr. Gladstone's home life, for instance, may be described as the travelling scenery which accompanied him to every stage he ever played upon. The people were infatuated by the man, by the loftiness

of his character, by the simplicity of his life, by the devotion of his domestic hearth. A photograph of Mr. Gladstone with a granddaughter upon his knee was worth thousands of enthusiastic votes to the Liberal Party; even the most cautious and sapient of his supporters were carried away, were borne safe over the turbulent seas of his rhetoric, by acquaintance with that wonderful and beautiful personality.

I remember asking Mr. Chamberlain once whom he regarded as the greatest man he had ever met. He answered, with quiet and as it were reverent sincerity, "Mr. Gladstone — a marvellous, an extraordinary personality." Then he added,—I can recall the very words,—"And yet, when one reads again those Midlothian speeches which once set everybody on fire, it is astonishing to find how very little real and solid substance they contain. One realises in reading those speeches the extraordinary spell of his character."

The mass of people in this country know Mr. Chamberlain only as a gladiator of debate. They have definite notions on that point. They have views almost as clear, perhaps, on his fondness for orchids, his aversion from physical exercise, and his taste for big cigars; but they are chiefly content to "back Joe" because he is a hard-hitting and joyous fighter, and because he has kept up his end cheerfully and courageously against the most bitter and inveterate attacks of those who hate him. Mr. Chamberlain has never had to rely on any knowledge of his home life—indeed, that home life has often been misrepresented—for his popularity with the electorate. He has stood before the public on his attainments, and has steadfastly set his face against any shorter cut to the affection of his countrymen than the difficult road of solid work.

But at the beginning of a historic struggle it is permissible — it may even be useful — to give the public some sort of picture of the man destined to fight in the very forefront of the battle—some sketch, however inadequate, of the personality and character of the statesman who is appealing to them to amend and do away with that which they have grown to regard as a fundamental law, a basic principle, of our national life. I have never "interviewed" Mr. Chamberlain. I have never sat with a notebook on my knee, subjecting him to a political *viva-voce* examination, or fished dexterously in the waters of formal conversation for some momentous Cabinet secret. I have met Mr. Chamberlain as one meets ordinary men, I have listened to his chit-chat, have walked in his garden with him, and seen him with the same amount of freedom as one sees a fellow-guest in a country-house. Moreover, I am acquainted with some of his friends, and have often heard him discussed with the same frankness as that with which he himself is in the habit of discussing affairs of state. From this rough-and-ready palette, and from nothing else, the present picture is painted.

I have spoken of the frankness with which Mr. Chamberlain discusses affairs of state. Frankness I should set down as the most striking of his characteristics. The popular notion of secretiveness, of sinister plotting, of Machiavellian subtlety, is as false as the caricature which presents him as a lean and hungry-looking man with thin lips and sharp, querulous chin. Mr. Chamberlain does not plot; he does not whisper black thoughts to his subliminal consciousness. When the public supposed him to be hatching diabolical surprises, just before his resignation, he was taking new meadow-land into his garden, and thinking nothing at all of the "campaign of rhetoric."

I remember reflecting, with a smile, upon certain leading articles in a Liberal newspaper as I watched this "Cassius" in lounge suit and billycock hat as he stood among his workpeople looking at the progress of his new garden.

"Do you think of your work while you are gardening?" I asked him.

"Good gracious, No!" he said, smiling delightedly. "My garden is my forgetfulness."

Mr. Sidney Whitman has often described to me Prince Bismarck's love of the land about him and his devotion to the simplest flowers. "One talked agriculture and politics in the same sentence," he told me. The description applies equally well to Mr. Chamberlain. Any knowledge I have gained of his views on politics has been gathered in the midst of desultory talk, at a time when he was resting from his labours and enjoying his "recreation ground" at Highbury. Like Bismarck, he loves old trees, tumbling lawns, a garden seat, and all the infinite vivacity of nature. With something of a like detachment he talks about politics and flowers in the same breath, never leaving the flowers, however, unless some question of his companion switches his mind away to the more troubled field.

And this leads me to the second most striking of his characteristics. Mr. Chamberlain is one of the most restful men I have ever met. There is no flurry or haste or bustle in his manner. He is what our grandfathers would have called "a dry stick." His voice in conversation has a quizzical tone, his wit is dry, his manner is that of a shrewd and somewhat bored observer rather than that of an active participant. He leans back in his chair, sitting rather low, his hands folded, his eyes studying those about him with quiet, contemplative interest. He never appears eager to

make a point in conversation; and one only becomes aware of the quickness and wakefulness of his mind by some shrewd remark which brings general conversation back to the point from which it first set out, or to some definite conclusion. He loves talk, likes to sit at his table while the family—a singularly clever family—discuss matters of moment or questions of only academic concern, listening to them with quiet interest, and now and then interjecting a remark which knits up the ravelled threads of conflicting ideas. It is interesting to mark the manner of his correction of any particular idea of his children. "Pardon me," he says quietly, "but I think you must be wrong."

At this point one may be allowed to say, without laying oneself open to one of Mr. Chamberlain's greatest objections to modern journalism, that the home life at Highbury is of the most pleasant and happy character. Mrs. Chamberlain, to whom the Colonial Secretary owed no small measure of his social success in South Africa, is one of those gentle, sweet-voiced women who make their guests welcome without words and at home without fuss. She is the kind of woman who looks ever her best in an old garden, under a green tree. The home life is simple and unaffected, dignified rather by the intellectual tone of the household than by any outward pomp of circumstance, and conversation—even table-talk—never degenerates into the mean or the commonplace. One of Mr. Chamberlain's friends declares that the united and deeply affectionate household of Highbury has been the statesman's principal support throughout his stormful and momentous life, and I am very certain that no one can form an adequate estimate of Mr. Chamberlain's character until they have seen him in the midst of his family.

Perhaps a small thing has tended to obscure this

gentle homeliness of the hard-hitting politician. I remember a lady saying to me once, in the midst of a conversation about Mr. Chamberlain, "But how can a man have a healthy mind who loves those horrible orchids?" The picture of a statesman who rushed from Westminster to a hothouse scrambled over by these fantastic exotics was more than the lady could gaze at with English eyes. She set Mr. Chamberlain down as a man with an unhealthy taste and a kind of hothouse mind, foreign to the breezy fields of English thought. She distrusted him, and, killing the greenfly on her roses, wished, no doubt, that she could serve Mr. Chamberlain in the same hangman fashion.

I recalled her remark years afterwards at Highbury. There, in a glorious disarray, like the garden of that other great Parliament-man, that tender and beautiful soul, Andrew Marvell—

> "the flowers and trees do close
> To weave the garlands of repose."

The lawns slide away from the terrace, and go falling and tumbling among old English flowers, winding in and out of the trunks of far-spreading trees, dipping like swallows to the brim of cool pools, rising again to the shade of clustering arbours, till finally they melt into the green distance of the farm—

> "Annihilating all that's made
> To a green thought in a green shade."

It is essentially an old English garden, and every foot of it is the work of a man who is supposed to fill his vases, his bowls, his buttonholes, and his two hands with the pagan orchid. He has planned all the beautiful gentleness of this garden, and I believe that he loves it

with a greater zest than the whole company of orchids in his glass-houses.

"What pleases you in the orchid?" I asked him.

"The difficulty of getting them, keeping them, and breeding them," he answered. Then, quickly, "But some of them are beautiful in themselves." He laughed good-humouredly at the notion that his love of flowers was given all to these rare and curious exotics.

Mr. Chamberlain as the husbandman of an old English garden, the lover of herbaceous borders and arbours trellised with clambering roses, is not, however, so startling a picture as Mr. Chamberlain the generous enemy, the loyal colleague, the champion of the regimental officer, the defender of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and the frank, clean-hearted, open-handed electioneerer. Yet in this light I can paint him in my picture, and such he is known to be by all his friends; for, as I have said, Mr. Chamberlain discusses the whole field of politics with an openness, a frankness, and a delightful ingenuousness which would confound his enemies could they but sit at the same luncheon table.

On one occasion I mentioned to him that Mr. Winston Churchill had prophesied a sweeping victory for Free Trade. He smiled. "It may be," he answered; "but I have not yet begun to prophesy."

I asked him who would lead the Liberals in the event of a Unionist defeat.

"I don't know," he answered grimly; "but I know very well who ought to lead them."

"Who?"

"Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Who else has done the work? Who else has borne the brunt of the fighting? I don't like his views, but I respect the man. He has fought, on the whole, openly and frankly for Little Englandism. I can understand his methods."

Then he added—and I present this sentiment to the gossips who prophesy for Mr. Chamberlain the leadership of the Liberal Imperialist Party—"But I can't understand, and I don't like, the methods of the Liberal Imperialists."

The man Mr. Chamberlain hits hardest at in his speeches, the man whom he appears to take a savage pleasure in beating to his knees, is very often the man for whom he has a respect and perhaps even a personal regard. He is, for instance, the warm friend of that most noble and gracious Liberal, Mr. John Morley; and yet he has attacked the Morley gospel pitilessly and even cruelly, while he has said very little about the newer gospel of Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey—for which he has a profound contempt. He understands the aspect of what is called Little Englandism thoroughly and sincerely: he knows the point of view, sees the sympathy of the thesis, even appreciates some of its nobler motives; but he regards it as bad policy, as suicidal to the interests of Englishmen, and as dangerous to the peace of the world. In Liberal Imperialism he sees nothing but a political move, a rather clumsy move, and certainly one which is not very honourable.

One of the most persistent, as it is one of the most malignant, rumours which have attached themselves to Mr. Chamberlain is that base and unworthy tarradiddle which presents him to the world as a conspirator against his colleagues, and particularly as a green-eyed traitor to Mr. Arthur Balfour. Mr. Balfour, says the journalistic gossip of the Lobby, is a weak man, and Mr. Chamberlain is a strong man.

I would that these gentlemen could get their eyes a little nearer to the heart of things than the keyhole, and their ears a little nearer to the truth of things than the backstairs. Mr. Chamberlain is not jealous of Mr.

Balfour, and he makes a mock of those stupid people who regard the Prime Minister as a weak man.

"A weak man!" he once exclaimed to me. "Who but the strongest of men could have got the Education Bill through the House of Commons?"

He is perfectly frank about the difference in temperament between Mr. Balfour and himself, and, moreover, Mr. Balfour knows perfectly well what this opinion is: how else could they have pulled together so successfully all these stormy years? Mr. Balfour is a strong man, in Mr. Chamberlain's opinion, who approaches all questions with caution and in a perfectly justifiable philosophical spirit. He himself goes a directer route, straight to the point, as behoves a man of quick perceptions and astonishing grasp of intricacies. But there is no divergence of opinion, no antagonism of purpose, no clashing of personality. They are two men approaching a definite end by different routes, each conversant with the other's methods, and both united in the bonds of a common respect and affection. The State could hardly be better served than by these two great leaders, the one acting as a spur to the other, and he in his turn acting as a check on his companion. They represent in an excellent degree the two minds which have combined to make England great—the philosophical and the cautious mind, and the bold and adventuring mind. Between them is no enmity.

During the past few weeks an effort has been made to represent Mr. Chamberlain as the martyr of the War Office, and as the rebellious colleague who over the report of the War Commission rubs savage hands and says, "I told you so." This is a false picture. Mr. Chamberlain lays no claim at all to having foreseen the course of the war with clearer eyes than his colleagues, and he does not attempt to escape from what is described

as the Government's unpreparedness for the war. To have mustered a bigger army, and at an earlier date, would have been a most dangerous policy. Mr. Chamberlain's attitude on this matter is clear and distinct. There would have been strong party opposition and angry debates, in which the Government would have been furiously accused of aggressive intentions. The Boers would have accepted this view, and would have found in it reason and justification for taking the offensive. As long as there was the faintest hope of a peaceful settlement, it would have been wrong to give any excuse to the Boers to begin the struggle.

It might have been different if the political parties had been agreed on the policy to be pursued. In such a case the Boers might have felt that it was too hazardous to affront the might of a united people. But this was not the case. It is said that when matters became critical, months before actual hostilities began, the leaders of the Opposition were approached with the hope of arranging common action outside the lines of ordinary party conflict. The offer was declined, and the Government were given to understand that they must act on their own responsibility and without any assured help from their political opponents.

In such circumstances open preparation and public discussion would certainly have precipitated a conflict that we now know to have been inevitable, but one which the Government were anxious, to the very last, to avoid, if that could be done without the sacrifice of national honour and interests.

Then, in spite of all conflicting reports to the contrary, the Government did not receive the best advice from military experts. One famous general gave it as his opinion that the war would be over in six weeks! With such advisers as these, can the Government be

blamed, justifiably blamed, for their caution and their "unpreparedness"?

On the subject of the Army, I should like to quote, for the comfort of that body of Englishmen who since the war have been exposed to every kind of mockery and insult from the vulgar, Mr. Chamberlain's opinion of the British officer. I was once sitting with others in the company of Mr. Chamberlain when the subject of conversation was a comparison between the naval and the army officer. He remarked that the Army suffered from what soldiers call "gangs," and said that in the Navy one never heard of the "Channel Gang," or the "Mediterranean Gang," or the "China Gang." Then someone suggested that the naval officer was caught before he had time to reach the "swagger stage" of youth—was a sailor before he was a man. At the mention of the word "swagger" Mr. Chamberlain interrupted.

"I don't believe that charge of swagger," he said. "There are, of course, individual cases, here and there, but it is not true of the regimental officer generally. I have seen them, in Africa and in Egypt, these young men, working hard from morning to night, taking a consuming interest in their work, learning the language of the country, and showing, quite evidently, that they are in deadly earnest. They are excellent servants of the State, and do their duty in a fine spirit."

And now for Mr. Chamberlain as an electioneerer. Is he the crafty, subtle, "Empire-crabbing" plotter of a too Liberal imagination?

Mr. Balfour has suffered from the caricaturist who has literally hypnotised the British public, by means of the familiar picture of weary head and aimless, tired legs, into the belief that the Prime Minister is a weak man. Mr. Chamberlain has also suffered from the caricaturist

who has presented him to mankind as a veritable lean and hungry Cassius, with bitter, acrimonious lips, fierce, petulant eyes, and a chin sharp enough and angry enough to stab his own familiar friend to the heart. Even Mr. Chamberlain's admirers among the public regard him as one of those "sleek-headed men" whom Cæsar characterises "dangerous." But the picture is false.

Mr. Chamberlain, in the first place, is not a thin man. For his height, he is substantially clothed with mortal flesh, and has features which correspond with his bulk. The nose is broad and strong, even solid, denoting strength and power rather than eagerness and activity. The lips are markedly full, a little bitter perhaps, not, however, vengefully acrid; they suggest the repose and quiet of a cynic, but they break easily and frequently into honest smiles. The chin is broad and strong, full of alertness, but steady and restrained. The eyes, which are the most notable features in his face, are grey and shrewd and kindly, with dark lashes shading them, the upper lid drawn tight across, the lower bagged and infinitely lined. They are rather tired eyes, and only when the laughter comes into them do they reveal the mind's agility. His complexion is bronzed, with beneath it that tint of greyness which is so strong and dominant in the face of the Bishop of London, and in almost all hard workers. He is a small man, of unobtrusive build, with a quiet manner, a dry voice, a swift smile, a quick glance. The face is charming, in some respects beautiful; but the power of the man, the strength and greatness of the mind, is seen chiefly in the poise of the head. This carriage of the head is remarkable. It is a stoop, but the stoop of an animal about to spring; it suggests watchfulness, tense energy, alertness of an almost inhuman character, but, by the same token, perfectly quiet and secure alertness. It

is the kind of head which one cannot imagine thrown back either in righteous indignation or in justifiable pride. It is essentially a watcher's head, the head of a man never carried away by gusts of emotion, always intent upon something ahead, the present steadily seen in the recesses of a quiescent mind. As one walks side by side with Mr. Chamberlain, his head seems to be just a little in advance of one, stooping, but with the eyes looking steadily forward. He walks quickly, with a spring, enjoying the exercise in which he is popularly supposed never to indulge. His limbs move easily and freely, the whole body active and glad; it is only the head which suggests absolute strength and intellectual security.

Such a man is not a plotter. General Viljoen told me on one occasion that he would sooner deal with Mr. Chamberlain than with any man in England. Such is the impression he makes upon all those with whom he comes in contact. This perturbation about Free Trade is merely a matter of focus, not of hocus-pocus. His opponents are arguing from To-day; he from To-morrow. All the pother about Board of Trade returns is on their side, and they have recourse to tables of quinquennial and decennial periods of trade, to diagrams of commerce suggesting the mountain ranges on popular atlases, in order to prove that Britain has never been so prosperous and Mr. Chamberlain never been so wrong. But Mr. Chamberlain, with that stooping head of his, is looking beyond to-day into the difficult world of to-morrow. He is not arguing from the day-book of the factory or the journal of the counting-house, but from the movement and trend of the world's activities which are fast shaping new eras for mankind. He is accused of "crabbing" the Empire because he has lifted the veil. He is accused of being reactionary because he has looked ahead. He has,

in a word, produced the phenomenon in this generation of an Idea which is a preparation for the future. You can almost hear the brain of England humming as it tries to think out this new thing.

If he were a plotter, why did he bring forward a new fiscal proposal in a period of commercial prosperity? He might have waited for the cycle of bad trade which is surely coming, and in a state of national panic rushed through a new tariff. But he has been frank and honest in this matter, and in the midst of plenty has called out for preparedness and action to meet the possible lean years. He may be wrong: none of us knows yet the full nature of his proposals, the country has given him no mandate to present it with a policy, and there are still a hundred considerations of detail to be weighed and reflected upon; but to say that he has sprung this thing upon the nation, to say that he has acted for a *coup de main* in his party, is to say what is grotesquely false and what is manifestly unfair.

Mr. Chamberlain will give the working-man no diagrams in his speeches, and will formulate no cut and dried plan, as the papers have asserted. He will approach the working-man, not as a professor, not as an expert—"one who knows nothing else"—but as the working-man likes to be approached. He will give him a principle. Broadly, the position he maintains is this: England alone cannot compete with a hostile world; England as the centre of a co-operating Empire will renew her youth, take on a new life, and grow to greater power and honour. The Colonies have forced the idea upon him, have thrust the work of unifying the Empire into his hands; whatever happens, he will fight for this ideal, either as a whole or in detail—that is to say, either an immediate system or a gradual system of preferential tariffs; and he is certain of ultimate victory. His belief

in the sagacity of the constituencies, when they are appealed to on a high question, is firm and strong. When Lord Salisbury shook his head over the last General Election, Mr. Chamberlain assured him of victory, and prophesied, within a few figures, the increase in the Unionist majority. He has no distrust of the people.

"Constituencies," he once told me, "are selfish at by-elections and unselfish at general elections. Mr. Gladstone triumphed when he appealed to the unselfishness of the people on any great and noble idea; he failed when he offered to do away with the Income Tax."

Shall we say when the crisis comes, as Matthew Arnold said sixteen years ago, that "the man with a future is Chamberlain"? He enters upon the campaign in wonderful health, with quiet assurance of ultimate victory, with a certain knowledge of the ideal for which he is striving, and most firmly convinced of its righteousness. He is amused by, and perhaps a little sorry for, the timorousness of certain Unionists who have long affirmed their faith in the principle of preferential tariffs, and are now frightened and alarmed by the details as unfolded in the tables and diagrams of the Free Traders. He is, however, no lover of big majorities, and desires above all things a party compact of brave and hard-headed men, ready to work steadfastly for the unity of the Empire in the face of obstruction and vilification of the sternest kind. He himself is quite fearless, and quite ready to wait for the triumph of his idea.

"Do you feel all this personal abuse and calumny?" I asked him, in his garden.

He smiled. "Well, one would rather have it otherwise, perhaps," he replied; "but, since it is there, well—!" He shrugged his shoulders, and the next moment was showing me a new vista in his garden.

He has respect for criticism, and reads at least one of the Opposition journals, but he has ceased to read the *Daily News* because it is "merely abusive." His friends criticise his scheme freely, he reads any serious and worthy criticism from his opponents, but he has ceased to take the smallest note of any personal abuse or merely vulgar slander.

When he is not studying his garden, or smoking a contemplative cigar in the long glass corridor upon which the numerous hothouses open, this man of energy and action likes to sit quietly in his library with a French novelist in his hand, particularly Dumas, or our own English Stanley Weyman, quite unmoved by the storm about his ears, and wholly rewarded for his labours by the aroma of a peaceful cigar.

No quieter man enjoys liberty under the beneficent reign of King Edward VII. than His Majesty's late Secretary of State for the Colonies. Let the reader at least disabuse his mind of the theory that this great fighter is a man in a hurry, a furious driver of new ideas, a panting smith "in the quick forge and working-house of thought." Mr. Chamberlain, however great his faults, is not "pushful." Like a good Anglo-Saxon, he rejoices in hard work; like a man of genius, his brain is ever teeming with ideas; but his nature is gentle, his disposition is placid, and he never lets haste topple over the heels of discretion in the despatch of mortal thing. One would obtain, perhaps, the best testimony to the lovableness of his character from the Colonial Office, where this furiously abused statesman was held in the highest honour and served with a personal affection.

Strong is he, but with a strength that makes—outside the narrow walls of our national babble-shop—for admiration and affection. A great Minister, a punishing debater, a shrewd politician; but above all

things, to those who enjoy his friendship, a loyal and kind-hearted Englishman who loves chat, the company of pleasant people, and the peace of his garden.

Justum et tenacem—

> "No rabble clamorous for the wrong,
> No tyrant's brow, whose frown may kill,
> Can shake the strength that makes him strong."

SIR WILLIAM VERNON-HARCOURT, M.P.

". . . it is necessary to roam the world, as though on probation, in quest of adventures, in order that by achieving some we may acquire name and fame such that when we shall go to the court of some great Monarch, the Knight may be already known by his deeds."

"This is the Knight of the Sun."

Don Quixote, part i. chap. xii.

IF only to see Sir William Vernon-Harcourt in retirement, Browning should be living at this hour. Here is a man who turns his back upon the conflict while the head is yet erect and the broad shoulders yet unbowed; who moves away from the familiar and historic high-places of Parliament while there is no man to take his place, no pressure from the swelling ranks of youth bidding him begone from the conflict; who is giving up the life he desired above all others in his nonage and moulded to his will in manhood; and yet, this is a man who, as he turns his back upon it all, and goes quietly into the shadows of retirement, tells you that he has no regrets, that all has happened as he expected, and that "the best is yet to be."

It is not that this robust veteran has the mystic nature, and is conscious in his age of the inadequacy and littleness of politics. He loves politics still, like a mistress; he has small patience with those who would minimise the politician's importance, and he does not pretend that the peace of meditation and the serenity of tranquil communion with the invisible are more likely

to sustain his soul in retirement than in the days of his conflict. No; he goes out of the battle, a warrior still; and if he drops no tear upon the sacred oak or does not linger like a sick poet in the lobbies of the House of Commons, still his heart is back there in the arena, even while he tells you, in his large, comfortable voice, that he has no regrets.

As I sit and watch him in these early days of his retirement, I find myself wishing that an artist were here to paint him as I see him, and some Boswell were at his elbow taking ceaseless notes of his slow and comfortable talk. Then the world might be given a little volume which would put into its possession a charming picture of this large and stately personality, and so preserve to ages of greater noise and greater hurry the memory of a really great and representative Victorian.

He sits very upright in his big chair, his long straight legs stretched at full length across the hearth; one arm crooked up so that the hand may toy with the glasses against his cravat, the other arm lying slackly by his side; and as he lies there, filling and overflowing the big chair, the firelight plays comfortably on his genial face. The countenance is massive and heavy, of a deep colour, with strong lines, many puffs and bags, and great fulness of flesh. A fringe of grey hair runs down the cheeks and under the ample chin. The fine and oft-rumpled hair on his head is of that stubborn grey which refuses to grow white. Heavy eyebrows overhang large, smiling, generous-lidded eyes; the strong but not assertive nose droops over a small upper lip, and the nostrils are wide-spread. His under lip—expressing bitterness only in caricatures—protrudes beyond its fellow, formed for laughter and fine talk rather than for petulance or weariness. The whole countenance is expressive of good-humour and rich

content; it shines with the light of an equable temperament; it breaks easily into smiles, and shadows drift across it only to become luminous with the warmth of his genial soul; it is the face of a man who has done what he wished with life, who has had his way with fortune, and who has carried health and strength with him all the long journey, so that pessimism and sadness of soul have never dulled the brightness of his zest for existence. A vigorous, slow-living, deep-breathing Englishman, one who hates sentimentalism, who quotes Virgil as he crosses a ploughed field, and tells good anecdotes across the nuts and wine.

What impresses most in this happy man is the natural charm and easy grace of his manner. However interesting his chat, however profound his observations, one is always most conscious of the pleasantness and delight of his manner. It is not only the large, hearty voice, which rolls out with a full sound, carrying with it that ingratiating note of intimacy and slippered ease which makes conversation with him a period of refreshment and repose; and it is not only the light that shines in his eyes, and the smile that dwells at the corners of his mouth—it is something psychical, something in the nature of the man; and this personal force shines through all else, penetrating, interpenetrating, and informing his presence, and so making his companionship a boon and a possession. It is impossible to convey the spirit of his manner, and yet it is this very spirit which most makes one feel that the democratic gladiator of popular impression is in truth the last of the leisured Tories.

No young men of the present generation have this same charm of manner. Even those who move in Courts suffer from the sick hurry of the age, and their charm and their urbanity are impressed upon

one rapidly and by jerks, as though life is too quick for the making of acquaintanceships or the establishment of intimacies, as though souls that cross each other's paths in these times must bow politely but quickly, and pass on. But in my old statesman with the stubborn grey hair there is no hurry. He inhabits a more spacious world, and looks out on a wider eternity. I have seen him greet a complete stranger with so kindly and so leisured a dignity that the new-comer was at his ease in an instant, and conversation began in the centre and not on the fringe of interest. He is a man with the old stateliness of manner, the inheritor of a dignity which cannot be manufactured or assumed; and in his society one gets away from the spirit of the age, and feels that life itself is dignified and stately and calm.

I do not mean that he conveys the impression of Browning's nobler poems, that life is splendid and magnificent. On the contrary, there is nothing at all of this fighting spirit in the personality of Sir William Vernon-Harcourt. You do not see the hustings when he talks at the fireside, and you do not hear the rattle of the ballot-box through his words.

One is almost tempted to forget his history, and to imagine him as a man who has always taken life easily, so full of serenity, leisure, and good-humour is this impressive manner. But, in fact, he remains to the end of his days a keen fighter, a man who appreciates shrewd blows, and one who rejoices in great work. A chance word will revive the memory of some ancient conflict, and the eyes of the warrior light up with joy as he recalls the issue of the struggle. He does not suggest to me the prophet burning with the wrongs and injustices of the people; but this impression is due only to his natural aversion from violent

conversation. In his heart of hearts he remains, I believe, the true friend of the unfortunate classes of this country, and his soul is moved within him by the ignorance, destitution, and spiritual stupefaction in which so many of the people in Great Britain spend their lives. But the picture that fills my modest canvas is that of the warrior fresh from the battle, who flings himself into an easy-chair by the fireside, delivers his soul up to the delights of home, with neither an angry word for his enemies nor a passing reference to his own achievements.

In this manner he impresses himself upon me as I sit at his fireside and listen to his engaging talk. If he had not detested "interviews" all his life, and in the fighting Eighties had yielded himself into the hands of some cross-questioning interviewer, the impression might have been different. But for me, honoured with his friendship and admitted to his fireside talk, and with no interviewing questions on my lips, this rare and charming personality has never been anything but a benign and gentle soul, living his life gladly and cheerfully, without bitterness or animosity of any kind, and doing his work in the world as though he loved it.

The innate Conservatism of this Liberal statesman reveals itself in his wholesome detestation of the Closure. To him the House of Commons represents the only platform for discussion—full and honest discussion—of affairs of state, and he looks with dislike on the spirit of slovenliness and haste which would rush measures through at the will of a Minister or in the hour of need of a sick Government. Here again one finds the old spirit of order and thoroughness, the aristocratic aversion from bustle and breathless speed. If he had to pull down a church or a brewery I am sure he would perform the task in such a fashion as not a single head should be grazed by the tumbling stones.

He reposes full faith in the beneficence of self-help, self-reverence, and self-endeavour. His own vigorous life has taught him this. People are apt to forget that this strong figure in public life came to the front and rose to the hill-top by its own labour and by its own will. In spite of his lineage, he owes nothing to birth or to patronage. He was bred in a country rectory, he never went to a public school, and he had no fortune to carry him into Parliament. But Parliament was the goal of his desires—he once told me that among his earliest recollections was this determination to enter the House of Commons—and as soon as ever he felt his feet he made his dispositions to attain the seemingly impossible.

He worked like a Trojan at Cambridge, won honours, made his mark at the Union, and then went to the Bar. He did not go to the Bar with any intention of winning and keeping its big prizes; his whole heart was given to politics, and his sole object in going to the Bar was the businesslike and praiseworthy intention, dear to Doctor Johnson, of earning money. As soon as he had made enough money to support himself as a Member of Parliament, he turned his back upon one of the most brilliant and triumphant careers at the Bar, and entered the field of his desire.

On one occasion I remember telling him how Lord Ronald Gower had described to me Lord Beaconsfield's summing up of Mr. Disraeli's romantic career. "Is all the triumph and splendour a full satisfaction for the toil?" asked Lord Ronald. And with slow-nodding head, the hands held over the fire, Dizzy made answer in a far-away voice, "Dreams—Dreams—Dreams."

The Squire has no such regrets. Looking back to those early days, when he left the country rectory and went to Cambridge, and following in memory the difficult progress from the University to the Bar and

from the Bar to Parliament, he has nothing to regard as vain or valueless.

"No," he told me, "I have nothing to regret. Everything has happened as I expected—only later. A little later than I expected."

A man of less robust character might, I think, lament in the evening of his days that lack of fortune which postponed his triumphs a little later than he had expected. But Sir William smiles as he says "a little later"; he is quite content with things as they are. It is, I think, a fine picture, this resolute and vigorous man approaching the Eighties with a glad heart, and with no other complaint against fortune than this more or less unimportant tardiness in the bestowal of her rewards.

It was this generous and large-hearted nature which commended Sir William Vernon-Harcourt to Lord Beaconsfield, and made of these two protagonists of debate warm and even affectionate friends. It is interesting to hear Sir William talk about Lord Beaconsfield, and I would that I might persuade him to spend some period of his ease in writing a little monograph of that remarkable man. For Lord Beaconsfield, as Sir William has told me, was a man who talked best when he was alone with a single friend. If five or six people were present he would sit more or less silent, with folded hands, half-closed eyes, and locked lips. But in the society of one friend his heart opened, his soul expanded, and the most secret and sphinx-like of men became suddenly raconteur, gossip, confidant, and historian.

But it is not only with Lord Beaconsfield that Sir William Vernon-Harcourt has been able to live on terms of the most perfect amity. He is the very warm and admiring friend of Mr. Arthur Balfour, however sharply he may have quarrelled with him across the floor of the House of Commons. It is, perhaps, not quite common

knowledge that the surprising smoothness with which the House worked under the leadership of Sir William was due to the perfect and friendly understanding which existed between himself and Mr. Balfour. He consulted Mr. Balfour on every really essential point. This friendship has endured and ripened with time; Sir William has many fine and chivalrous things to say of "Arthur Balfour," and in his turn Mr. Balfour has the highest regard for the character and the great abilities of his old enemy.

Sir William is not frightened by the bogey of a deteriorating legislature. He is not of that order of mind which exclaims, "There were giants in those days." The House of Commons, for this contented optimist, is still the safe and honourable debating ground of national interests, its only danger an unscrupulous use of the Closure. He sees in Parliament the great virtue that *there* brains count, and money is of no value. "It is not so in Society," he said to me, a little sadly; "but in the House of Commons the Labour Member with something to say means infinitely more than the millionaire." Parliament is inexpressibly dear to this man, and as he leaves it he might be tempted to exclaim that its glory had vanished and its beauty had departed from it. But so sunny is his nature—even his quotations are always happy!—so full-hearted his trust that "the best is yet to be," and so sure is his faith in the level-headed common-sense of his countrymen, that he can compare the House of Commons of to-day with the great Parliament of Dizzy and Gladstone, and declare that All's well.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.

". . . the most fatal of all neutralities is that which results not from choice, but from irresolution; that is to say, when, without making up your mind whether to take a side or no, you so behave as to give no content even to him by whom at the moment your mere assurance of neutrality would be welcomed . . . it results from those who have to resolve being so divided in their counsels, one man urging one thing, another something else, that they cannot agree to one opinion prevailing over another. And this it was that ruined our Government in 1512."—GUICCIARDINI.

A FRIEND of mine who was staying at Dalmeny some year or two ago, when Mr. Winston Churchill was among the party, has told me of the manner in which Lord Rosebery quizzed the young member for Oldham on that occasion. Was it a question of Velasquez, or astronomy, or crops, "Pray do not let us come to *any* conclusion," Lord Rosebery would say, "until we have asked 'the Boy.'" Omniscience was attributed to him; and age, experience, and fame bowed before him with reverent humility.

"How did he bear it?" I asked.

"Excellently," replied my friend. "A very old head on young shoulders."

Well, the shoulders are growing old now, and certainly in appearance there is nothing of "the Boy" left in the white, nervous, washed-out face of the member for Oldham. He walks with a stoop, the head thrust forward. His mouth expresses bitterness, the light eyes strained watchfulness. It is a tired

face: white, worn, harassed. He talks as a man of fifty talks — a little cruelly, slowly, measuring his words, the hand for ever tilting the hat backwards and forwards or brushing itself roughly across the tired eyes. Essentially a tired face, the expression one of intellectual energy which has to be wound up by a rebellious consciousness. There is, indeed, little of youth left to the member for Oldham, if we except a waning vanity—common enough among grey heads. There is in his talk nothing of that rush and carelessness and eagerness and enthusiasm which we expect in youth, and for which in these grim days we are becoming even grateful. Thoreau, I think, might have cited Mr. Churchill as a witness against empire, civilisation, and business; for these things have certainly beaten all youth's joyousness and gladness out of his life. People may call him "the Boy," but it is an empty jest. It would be a truer, certainly a crueller, nickname, to give him Mr. Peggotty's term for the late lamented Mr. Gummidge.

And yet, it is only ten years ago that Mr. Winston Churchill left Harrow for Sandhurst. He is twenty-nine —separated from his boyhood by five campaigns, a parliamentary election, and a budget of speeches. He is not a good illustration of Mr. John Burns's "gilded popinjays." Five years of fighting in Cuba, in the Himalayas, in the Sudan, and on the veldt; and three years in Parliament as the fighting representative of a great working-class constituency in Lancashire. All this since he left Sandhurst in '95, and before he has reached thirty.

But it is Mr. Churchill's future rather than his past which is just now occupying some of the public attention. One Radical journalist has been bold enough to prophesy that the Tory member for Oldham is destined to lead

the Liberal Party, and many of the older Conservatives are puzzled to explain how such a pugilistic irreconcilable can remain a permanent member of the Unionist party. In addition to this problem, which existed six months ago, is the complication of yesterday — the sudden suggestion of Mr. Chamberlain that Free Trade has been weighed in the colonial balance and found wanting. Consider what this means, if the next General Election resolve itself into a battle between Free Traders and Fair Traders. Neither of the two political parties, as we understand them to-day, can win. Tory and Liberal will disappear in Free Trader and Fair Trader, and as Mr. Churchill will certainly be among the Free Traders, he will find himself—whether on the winning side or losing — associated with more Liberals than Tories. How, then, will he act, and how can we assess the future of this remarkable young man? I venture to prophesy that, whatever happens, Mr. Churchill will never call himself a Radical.

Few people, perhaps, know how keen a devotion he professes for Toryism — the Radical journalist aforementioned least of all. And yet this is one of the most continual protestations of the member for Oldham. He is a Tory by birth and inheritance. Toryism possesses him. He will fight to the last for this Toryism, even if the whole party follows Mr. Chamberlain and the result of the inquest of the nation is a triumphant return to Protection. It is with him something of a religion. He once talked to me—concerning Toryism —of "our spiritual ideals." Radicalism, unless it throws overboard some of its fundamental principles, will certainly never number him among its crew. He is a Tory Democrat by right of inheritance. "Some of us," he said once, "were born in the Tory Party, and we are not going to let any alien turn us out."

Nothing is clearer to me in Mr. Churchill than his intense veneration and affection for the politics of his father. He regards Lord Randolph Churchill as one of England's oracles, and his political convictions are based in no small measure upon a profound and extraordinarily thorough study of his father's speeches. To understand Mr. Churchill's Toryism, one must have a student's knowledge of the speeches and career of Lord Randolph Churchill.

I was sitting with him on the Terrace of the House on the day when the *Globe* published an extract from one of his father's speeches on the matter of Free Trade.

"Your iron industry is dead" (ran the extract), "dead as mutton. Your coal industries, which depend greatly on the iron industries, are languishing. Your silk industry is dead, assassinated by the foreigner. . . . Your cotton industry is seriously sick. . . . You find foreign iron, foreign wool, foreign silk and cotton pouring into the country, flooding you, drowning you, sinking you, swamping you. . . . But what produced this state of things? Free imports? I am not sure; I should like an inquiry; but I suspect free imports of the murder of our industries much in the same way as if I found a man standing over a corpse and plunging his knife into it. I should suspect that man of homicide, and I should recommend a coroner's inquest and a trial by jury."

I asked Mr. Churchill if he had seen the extract, and he told me that he had. "It is quite true," he said, "that my father was once among the Fair Traders, but it was not for very long. That speech of his was made at Blackpool in 1884—a time of tremendous trade depression. There was every excuse then for a politician to doubt the efficacy of our fiscal arrangements. Trade was not only bad, but our merchants and manu-

facturers positively affirmed that we were on the verge of national bankruptcy. But my father never got any further than *suspecting* Free Trade. If you will read a speech he made afterwards at Sunderland—a very remarkable speech—you will find that he cleared himself thoroughly and for ever of the taint of Protection. He did this, too, when he was almost entirely without friends, the only influential man he could count upon in any way being Lord Dunraven, an out-and-out Protectionist. There was never any doubt after that of his devotion to Free Trade."

He paused for a moment, and then added, "What has happened since 1884? Where is trade depression? Look around you — look! This little island, which perhaps ought not to hold more than ten millions of people, is teeming with life—a hive of industry, the poorest of its inhabitants enjoying cheap food and even cheap luxuries. The trade depression of 1884 has been thrown off by the energy of the people themselves, without any aid from Parliament or anything else. It has vanished, clean vanished. In spite of the reckless way in which we have flung millions of money into the sea,—flung it away,—our people don't seriously feel the burden of taxation, and the land is contented and at peace. No trade crisis, no industrial depression, no unemployed question, and the national revenue increasing by leaps and bounds."

The 'buses, vans, cabs, and waggons crawled in a long weary string over Westminster Bridge. The smoke of factory chimneys on the Waterloo side swirled up lazily into a summer sky; on the Lambeth side we could see red-jacketed patients on the balconies of St. Thomas's Hospital under awnings that flapped gently in a light wind. The Thames was hidden by the balustrade. One end of the Terrace was crowded

with little tea-parties, women looking strangely out of place in their gay frocks on those grey stones. We were sitting alone at the other deserted end, with sparrows hopping about on the dirty flagged stones, which were sprinkled with the charred ends of cigarettes and dead matches. Everything suggested well-ordered peace and constitutional aversion from crisis. One felt that the factory smoke would ascend for ever, the 'buses roll for ever, the patients rest for ever on the narrow balconies of St. Thomas's, and, of course, the sparrows chatter for ever under the grey grimy walls of the Houses of Parliament. It was not easy to think of a cataclysmic General Election, not easy to realise that the two historic parties in English politics were drawing nearer to crisis.

But I ventured on the subject. "How do you and your friends expect to fare at the General Election?" I asked.

"The Tory Party," he answered, "have always found considerable use for Tory Democrats at elections! But this time—well, it almost looks as if there will be no room for anybody on one side or the other who is not prepared to swallow either Mr. Chamberlain as he is, or Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman as he is—or, rather, as he isn't." A smile flickered at his lips, and went out abruptly. "This is wrong. There ought to be room for the play of individual opinion; and the domination of political principles by personalities is bad—very bad."

"You will stand as a Tory Free Trader whatever the Unionist Government decide?" I asked him.

"Certainly. While Oldham is good enough to ask me to represent it in Parliament, and so long as Oldham remains true to Free Trade, I shall contest the seat."

"But if the Unionist Party are practically unanimous on Fair Trade?"

"What difference will that make to me? I am a Tory, and I have as much right in the party as anybody else; certainly as much right as certain people from Birmingham. They can't turn me out of the party; and we—the Tory Free Traders—have as much right to say what the policy of the party shall be as any of the reactionary Fair Traders. We shall stick to the party, and fight the reactionaries to the last hedge. There is no doubt about that—not a shadow."

"How do you differentiate between the Tory Democrat and the Liberal Imperialist?" I asked him.

"Certainly," he replied, "we are very near to each other. In some things we positively overlap. But there are differences—very real differences. We differ on the matter of Religion, on the question of the House of Lords, and on the Union— Oh, I suppose they agree with us on that by this time! But there are moral differences between the Liberal Imperialist and the Tory Democrat. We may find ourselves in temporary alliance, but there can never be anything of a permanent coalition of forces. It is a separation of principle."

I referred to the Radical journalist and the gorgeous future he had mapped out for Mr. Churchill.

"Oh, absurd! I am a Tory, and must always remain a Tory. In this matter I may certainly liken myself to the Rev. Dionysias Smiley, accused of leanings to Romanism. 'Rome may come to me, and it is very likely the best thing Rome can do,' he replied, 'but I shall never go to Rome!' I am far more inclined to stick to the party, and fight for what I consider its true and fundamental principles, now that it is being dragged into the backwoods of reaction. You don't think that the men in the party who are firmly convinced that Free Trade is one of the cardinal principles of Toryism are going to surrender

and sit quietly with folded hands because a Liberal Unionist wants to return to Protection? We shall fight for the faith, and we shall win clean through."

I believe that Mr. Churchill regards the coming crisis with genuine apprehension, and this solely because of his attachment to Toryism. He prophesies a sweeping victory for Free Trade, but he thinks that this means a collapse of the Tory Party worse than anything since 1832, and therefore he views the future with alarm. If there were any truth in the prophecy of the Radical journalist, Mr. Churchill could make use of the present juncture to obtain a very high and important position in national politics. But he is a convinced and confirmed Tory, and he knows as firmly as he knows anything that it would be impossible for him to co-operate permanently even with the most advanced Liberal Imperialists. And yet I have been told that, when he first thought about entering Parliament, he consulted with a friend as to whether he should stand as Tory or Liberal Imperialist! I find it difficult to reconcile this story with Mr. Churchill's devotion to Toryism as expressed in the foregoing conversation, unless he is wholly unworthy to play any part in national life.

I have related, as well as I can remember it, this casual table-talk on the future of the Tory Party. It is interesting, I think, as showing Mr. Churchill's devotion to Toryism, and it may possibly serve to silence certain persistent rumours concerning the future of the member for Oldham. But it does not reveal Mr. Churchill as a master worker in politics, and it is in this character that he most deserves to be presented. There is in the country, I believe, a very considerable section of the people who are grateful to the young member for Oldham for his courageous,

pertinacious, and able crusade against national extravagance. It is not easy to rouse the popular imagination on a matter so unheroic as that of governmental thrift, but Mr. Churchill has succeeded more than any other man in the present Parliament in getting people to take a serious interest in the expenditure of the national income. This may be regarded as a personal triumph, and if the result of the Committee's investigations—a Committee which he wrung from an unwilling Government—is a greater economy of public funds, and a more businesslike system of auditing the national accounts, Mr. Churchill will have done more for the country, and more for the character of Parliament, than many another statesman whose legislation has dazzled and bewitched the popular mind, and left us precisely where we were before.

The wise Florentine whose words stand at the head of this article—rather as a commentary on the present condition of Unionist politics than in personal relation to the subject of this article—has a reflection which Mr. Churchill—who follows his father in this matter of national thrift—might employ with singular appropriateness: "My father used to say, 'A ducat in your purse brings you more credit than ten spent'; a maxim to be remembered not as an excuse for being penurious or for falling short in any honourable or reasonable outlay, but as a check on needless extravagance." The same policy is expressed, and is equally applicable to Mr. Churchill's view of thrift, in another of the *Ricordi*: "Wise economy consists not so much in knowing how to avoid expenses, for often these are not to be avoided, as in knowing how to spend to advantage and get twenty-four *quattrini* for your *grosso*." The member for Oldham has never demanded the economy of the miser. He denounces

needless extravagance, but he insists chiefly upon efficiency in spending the money of the country. Wise economy, he holds, would result in a great saving of money—a consummation excellent enough in itself; but it would also result in the nation obtaining better value for every sovereign expended—a far more important matter in the big business of "running" an Empire. As things are at present, the let-it-slide spirit which characterises so much British policy characterises in a very marked degree the administration of the national funds. But if Mr. Churchill's recommendations are adopted we shall have a permanent "Estimates Committee," investigating, auditing, as it were, the national book-keeping, and bringing for the first time into our Imperial counting-house something of that system without which no office or warehouse in the City could manage its affairs.

Curiously enough, it is on the matter of his attitude towards national expenditure that some of those who know Mr. Churchill best, and who prophesy great things concerning him, feel the most disquieting anxiety for his future. They think he has taken a wrong turning, that he will have to get back on the broad road which, whether it leads to destruction or office, has been trodden by all the generations of Chancellors of Exchequer, and is the only recognised way to the destination of the Empire. They are suspicious of his short-cut, and, mindful of the fate of Lord Randolph Churchill, anxious for his welfare.

But his attitude on this matter is a part in an organised scheme. He has not ranged himself under the standards of retrenchment and efficiency merely because Mr. Brodrick proposes to spend as many millions on the Army as the nation willingly devotes to the maintenance of the Navy. Mr. Churchill was

an economist before Mr. Brodrick put himself into the tailor's hands for a military uniform. He inherited economy from his father, and in setting out on his political career retrenchment was one of the paths on his map. Do not let it be supposed that Mr. Churchill is a "Malcolmtent" out of spite, or an economist because of Mr. Brodrick.

No young man, if we except the extraordinary instance of Mr. Parnell, ever entered upon a political career with a more certain knowledge of his route than the member for Oldham. He is animated, and always has been animated, by the ideal of a Tory Democracy. Not a Jingo Democracy, but a Tory Democracy. That is to say, a thrifty, hard-working, self-respecting, and efficient democracy, demanding thrift, hard work, self-respect, and efficiency on the part of its captains. From the outset of his career he saw that the future of the nation rested with the intelligent working-classes, and he set himself to construct not only a policy which would be acceptable to the working-classes but one which would waken their enthusiasm. And that policy, briefly expressed, is—Stability of Institutions, Absolute Efficiency, Rigid Economy, and Commerce before Militarism.

"Working-men," he once said to me, "desire the freedom of the subject and stability of institutions just as much as any other class in England. They are natural Tories. They are constitutionally averse from change. But every year they grow more inquisitive about the manner in which the Government spends their money. They are wanting to know. And, you may be sure of this, whether they demand retrenchment or not, they will most certainly demand efficiency. The intelligent operative is not a believer in 'muddling through,' and he examines his articles before he pays for them."

I asked him what scheme of defence he considered would serve our Imperial needs.

"First and foremost," he answered, with conviction, "a Navy strong enough to preserve the peace of the world. No one realises this necessity more than the intelligent mechanic and operative. After that, an Army to garrison the Empire — that is to say, an Army big enough to look after our world-strewn fortresses and coaling-stations, but not a great swollen Army here in England tugging at the leash and barking threats at Germany, Russia, and France. For home defence we must depend on a voluntary citizen Army, an Army for which it should be the first business of the Secretary of State to kindle the enthusiasm of the nation. The voluntary soldier can be made an adequate soldier, and he is cheap in more ways than one. For not only does he cost the State less money than the regulars, but his soldiering does not take him from the commercial activities of the nation. He remains a producer, while he is equipping himself as a defender —a most important matter, surely, to a trading people. That is, to my mind, the future of British defence. An all-powerful Navy, a small, perfect, and mobile regular Army moving on the frontiers of the Empire, and, at home, a great voluntary Army of working-men, clerks, yeomanry, and leisured gentlemen, as perfect for their purpose as the Boer Army was for theirs."

I must quote in this place a very remarkable passage in a speech made by Mr. Churchill in the House of Commons as long ago as April of last year. It shows how clearly he foresaw the inevitable result of Mr. Brodrick's expenditure, and how closely he had worked out the effects of grandiose military theories upon the commercial tariffs of the nation.

"The result" (he said) "is plain and evident. The basis of taxation will have to be enlarged — further enlarged, and it is just as well to face the fact that further expenditure means the serious taxation of bread and meat and other necessaries in the food of the people. And that, Sir, I say, is going to raise two gigantic issues. First of all, I am persuaded that it will raise the whole question of Fair Trade. Taxation, imposed no doubt sincerely to begin with solely for revenue purposes, will, under the influence of the hon. and gallant member for Sheffield [1]—not less gallant in the field of economics than on the field of war—assume a protective character. For why, it will be said, should we not kill three birds at one stone: collect our revenue, support British industries, and consolidate the Empire?

"I wonder, Sir, what will happen in this country if the Fair Trade issue is boldly raised by some responsible person of eminence and authority. We shall find ourselves once again on an old battlefield. Around will be the broken weapons, the grass-grown trenches and neglected graves—reviving former memories, and party bitterness, such as this generation has not known. How is it going to split existing political organisations—now so artificially serene? These are the questions of the future—but, Sir, when I think of this budget, I would say of the near future—and when they arise they will have to be answered, by timid men as well as by bold men."

This, surely, is as pretty a piece of political prophecy as exists in Hansard. For how many people dreamed of the coming conflict in April 1902?

"I have heard it often urged as a criticism against us," Mr. Churchill said to me quite recently, "that we are

[1] Sir Howard Vincent.

too precipitate in condemning Mr. Chamberlain's proposals; but I think studious politicians, who watch very closely the course of events, knowing what movements are likely to take place, have had abundant evidence of the direction in which we are moving."

This sentence corrects an idea popular in some circles that Mr. Churchill is a headstrong youth fighting for notoriety and sensation. He is, in truth, a far-seeing politician, a most earnest student of affairs, and the champion of a principle which he believes to be absolutely essential to the safety, honour, and welfare of the King's dominions.

I do not mean to say that Mr. Churchill's friends regard him as a politician without any selfish designs on the votes of the electorate. Mr. Churchill is ambitious. He mapped out his future with as much concern for the future of Mr. Churchill as for the future of the British Empire. And, moreover, he seems, to some of those who know him well, to be anxious to secure the welfare of the British Empire and himself as soon as possible—which looks as if he is somewhat lacking in a sense of proportion. This is not because he is "bumptious," but because he is eager, I believe, to secure his position before any possible breakdown in health. If he has mapped out his political career with precision and far-sighted wisdom, he has mapped it out with no very far boundaries. He has crammed much into the last eight years; he wishes to cram still more into the eight years ahead. For Mr. Churchill, unfortunately, is not a strong man.

But, how far will he go?

His books are marked by strength and earnestness. His speeches are clear, well-balanced, and generally felicitous in their expression. He is in the first rank of political speakers, and not very far behind the first

rank of contemporary men of letters. His views are plain and well-defined. The people of Oldham are in no doubt as to what things their member is fighting for, and there appears to be little scepticism on their part concerning the ultimate getting of those things. When we consider, then, his service in India, Egypt, and South Africa, and when we consider the place he occupies in literature—for I take it that the *Story of the Malakand Field Force* is one of the most brilliant books in war literature—and when we consider the conspicuous position he has won in politics, bearing always in mind that he is still on the pretty side of thirty—it seems to me that, given health, it is safe to prophesy that he may become one of the great figures in political history. As one of his friends remarked to me on this subject, "If you measure his future by his past, you find yourself on the steps of the throne. For

'Think what 'e's been,
Think what 'e's seen'—

And still in the twenties!"

But it is sometimes urged against Mr. Churchill that, even if his popularity is fairly well assured among working-men, he has jeopardised his future by making himself unpopular in the House of Commons. It is true that he has made certain powerful enemies in the House, but that his outspokenness and his old-wise speeches have irritated the members, and are somewhat resented by both sides, is not true. He is better understood now than when he made his first speech; and the fact that he has carried a resolution against the Government representatives on the Select Committee on National Expenditure—a Committee, I repeat, which he worried out of the Prime Minister by sheer doggedness—is a proof that his opinions are supported by other people

than the member for Oldham. The truth is that a young man who displays wisdom beyond his years, and is apparently not at all nervous in delivering himself of that wisdom on every possible occasion, is very certain to arouse feelings of animosity among "old stagers." Mr. Churchill was, no doubt, unfortunate in some of the expressions in his earlier speeches, and his manner—largely a forcefulness necessary to overcome a natural nervousness—is not the kind of manner that commends itself to men whose theories of discipline are inherited from public-school life. But the House is beginning to understand "Winston"—as many years ago it learned to understand Disraeli—and there is now almost as much joy when he rises to follow Mr. Chamberlain as there was in those brave days of old when "Randy" got up to follow Mr. Gladstone. The House realises that here is a brilliant young man who "thanks whatever gods may be" for his "unconquerable soul," and, having a definite object in view, is undeterred by minor considerations in its attainment. Among the well-drilled rank and file of politics it is refreshing and sometimes good that an "original" should be found, who knocks over one or two traditions and breaks the monotony of uniformity with the exuberance of personality. The House, I am sure, has long ago forgiven its "Winston," even though irreconcilables are still to be found on the Treasury Bench.

But it must be admitted that Mr. Churchill is a very well-hated man in certain circles of Society. Some people have not forgiven his escape from Pretoria, others regard him as the grossest impostor in public life, and I have heard it said by powerful people on his own side that he is wickedly hypocritical in his political opinions. "There is nothing in him," said a well-known Conservative with whom I was discussing Mr. Churchill's future,

"except a gift of the gab." If, therefore, he conquers his world, it will not be without a struggle, and a struggle with those of his own household. It would be foolish to pretend that Mr. Churchill has a sympathetic world to deal with; but I incline to think that the antipathy is on the wane.

In his private life there is none of that "pugnacity" which marks his speeches. He is, on the other hand, quiet, moody, and an asker of questions. He has won popularity among working-men quite as much by this quiet private manner as by his fighting speeches. There is a newspaper office in London at which Mr. Churchill is an occasional visitor after a late sitting at the House, and if his friend the editor is not ready for conversation he goes into the composing-rooms and talks to the printers. They are always glad to see him. He talks to them about affairs, asks them questions, studies their work—all in the quiet, unaffected style so wholly unlike his public manner. In this, as in his restlessness and nervousness, he resembles Mr. Kipling, but, unlike Mr. Kipling, his interests are narrowed down to the one field of politics.

I once asked him if he had made any study of psychical science, and his answer led me to put another question.

"Politics are everything to you?"

"Politics," he answered, "are almost as exciting as war, and—quite as dangerous."

"Even with the new rifle?"

"Well, in war," he replied, "you can only be killed once; but in politics many times."

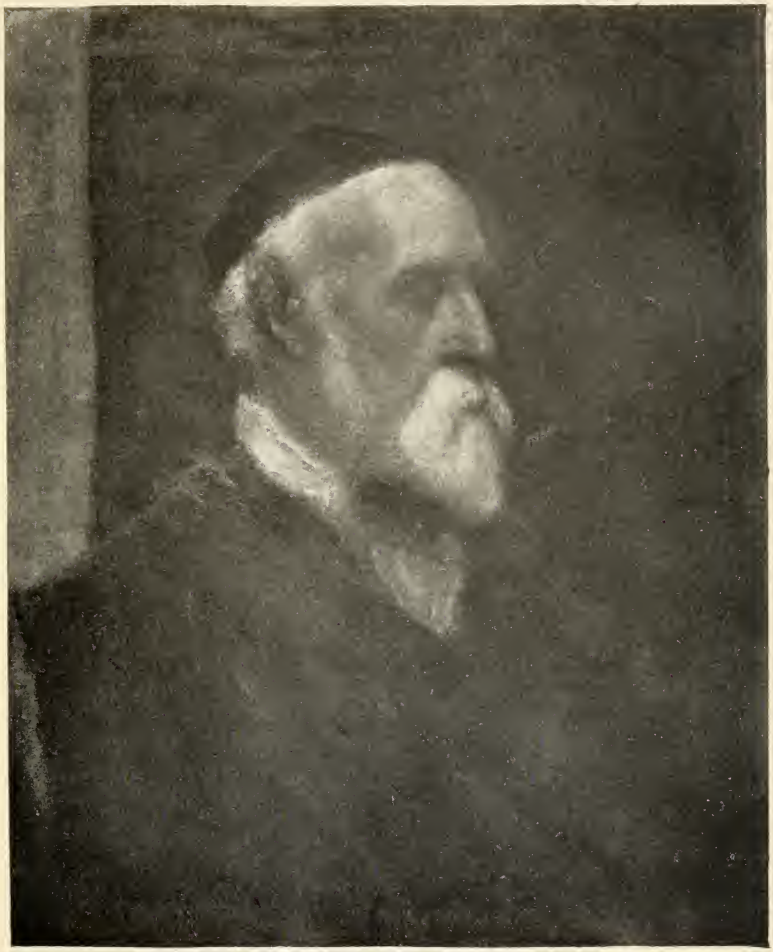
GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS, O.M.

". . . his kind and equall Temper, his easie Flow of Mirthe, his Manners, unaffectedlie cheerfulle ; his Voice, musicall ; his Person, beautifull ; his Habitt, gracefull ; his Hospitalitie, natural to him ; his Purse, Countenance, Time, Trouble, at his Friend's Service."

MARY POWELL'S *Description of John Milton.*

THERE is no figure in the modern world which stands out with bolder line or with richer colouring than the figure of Watts. Yet there is no one to whom it is more inappropriate to apply sonorous words and glittering phrases.

Standing in the sunset of his attainment, full of years and rich in the love of his fellow-men, the venerable painter quickens the imagination of the world, and presents to the gaze of mortality a grateful picture of the rapture and sublimity of human work. We like to raise our eyes from the clamorous valley and mark that stately figure on the hill-top in silent communion with the gods. We are glad to describe him in terms which exalt him to the stars, for on the wings of those praises we ourselves mount up above the mud of our gutters. Men of science, statesmen, poets, and warriors make pilgrimages to his hill-top in the same spirit as men in olden times crossed that very hill on their way to the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury. I have heard him described by enthusiasts with a taste for rhetoric as the sublimest figure in Christendom, the loftiest soul inhabiting human clay, the last hero left to an age of



GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS

valeting. And even those critical ones, who see in his work overmuch sentiment for their taste, find in the figure of "the Signor" himself only that which is illustrious. No man in our time has so certainly thrown open the gates of his own immortality.

And yet all these fine phrases which clothe the public estimation of Watts seem to those familiar with his mind not only inappropriate but even distasteful. To him they are, indeed, absolutely distasteful; and to me—one who likes him well—they are something more than inappropriate—they are dangerous. They tend to obscure his gospel, to throw a mist across his philosophy, to undo his life's work, to distort his personality.

The whole gospel of Watts is simplicity. He would have men regard him, not as the high priest of religion, but as the disciple of nature. The empyrean he leaves to the stars, dignities and titles to emperors and kings, the high places of the earth to such as care for purple and fine linen. Across the world he takes his way in the track of humanity, asking neither honours nor riches, and seeking all his inspiration and obtaining all his comfort in the ranks of the commonplace.

I remember discussing this subject with him one day last year. He stood with his back to the fire, emphasising his words with quick movements of the head and with little impatient sweeps of his right arm. A small, spare man, with crimson skullcap, the face tapering from the broad brow to the point of his white beard, the black, mobile eyebrows restless above the smiling eyes, the head bent slightly forward from the slender neck. He was dressed in a long coat, the colour of silver-sand and reaching to the knee, with a dove-coloured waistcoat buttoned up to a strip of red tie, white flannel trousers, felt slippers, and the familiar crimson cap set far back on the head. A workmanlike figure, hale and

vigorous, and fond of a little light banter at the door of his eighty-seventh birthday.

"I realise the longer I live," he said, "the need for simplicity. The whole world is confounded by the Babel of complexity; no one knows what to think. I find myself, to take one instance, unable to form any definite opinion on this fiscal question. I do not mean that I have studied it seriously, for I am not a politician, and I am even now a very busy man. But I know enough of the matter to see that perfectly honest men are in favour of Protection, and perfectly honest men as hotly in favour of Free Trade. Well, look at that! What is one to think? Are we to conclude that in a matter of the commercial policy of a nation there is no obvious right and no obvious wrong? Take another case. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright were both good men, moral men; they were what people call religious. And yet Mr. Gladstone opposed the emancipation of slaves; and referring to his efforts to improve the lot of children employed in factories, Lord Shaftesbury speaks in one of his letters of Bright's malignant opposition! It is inconceivable. One feels one is living in a dream."

He shook his head with a tolerant smile, and looked up to me for confirmation.

"I find this fault with theology as distinct from religion," he continued: "it has confused the issues. It has introduced complexity. There is a right and there is a wrong, and humanity needs no priest to tell it which is which. That is why in all my pictures I have never introduced any symbol especially connected with a particular creed, either the Cross or the Crescent, to typify righteousness. I want my work to be free from confusions. The noblest symbol is the human form, and the human form can express all the

virtues of life—love, courage, faith,—and all the tragedy of life—sin, suffering, and death."

I asked him how he regarded faith, and how far faith in the persistence of the soul had influenced his work.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Faith in immortality has hardly influenced me at all," he said. "Conduct which only springs from belief in another life does not interest me in the least. That kind of faith?—no. As for myself, I am content to think that if there is a God who is cognisant of me, knows about me and cares about me, He will be kind to me; I can trust His kindness. As for our shortcomings," he added, with a little smile, "why, I do not think He will be very severe—otherwise He would have made us better, would He not?"

Other men, with more dogmatic faith in God, speak of the Omnipotent's clemency or the Almighty's mercy. This man, with no formula for his creed, and with no assurance of eternity, speaks of God's kindness. It is a homely phrase typical of his mind.

"My work," he said, "was only made possible by the agnosticism of the nineteenth century. It is an expression of humanity's breaking away from theological formulas, and yet holding to the law of its being—morality, the basis of that spirituality to which the human mind has at all times striven to give form. If my pictures have any merit, it is this representation of the spirit of their age. They witness to a struggle and to a victory. Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, express with incomparable power the sentiments of their period, religious sentiments uttered by an organised Church. Had they lived in these days they would have painted its spirit as it interpreted itself to their minds; perhaps that interpretation would be different

from the interpretation which presents itself to me, but it would have been the spirit of the period—a struggle to shake off fetters and to walk upright."

I asked him whether he held that art should be a handmaid to morality.

"A great picture," he replied, "must be ethical—didactic, if you like, but certainly ethical. Humanity has created art as it has created tools and weapons, for its own advancement, for its own help, for its own comfort. You say a picture may please and delight without instructing or helping. True, and thereby it serves a useful end. Herrick's poems do that; rondeau and triolet do that. But *Lear* is finer work, and *Hamlet* is greater poetry.

"No," he went on, "while there is so much wrong in the world, so much pain and so much cruelty, art—poetry, painting, and perhaps music—must perform their part in the scheme of evolution, and help humanity. A picture without an idea is like a face without eyes. The idea need not be didactic, but it must be ethical in the highest sense of the word. Humanity is the business of art. All the work of the nineteenth century—in art and in philosophy—is the vindication of humanity, a trenchant opposition to the theological theory that humanity in its essence is something vile and contemptible, and above all things a reverent devotion to truth.

"When people use all these fine phrases about me," he continued, with an honest weariness of tone, "it pains me, it distresses me. I have given my pictures away because I do not want a fortune—easy to make a fortune!—and money has always seemed to me a poor reward for labour. All these things are a matter of temperament. No, there is a great deal too much extravagant talk about these things. I have been a

working man all my life, earning my daily bread in the way that pleased me most, and trying to help men and women in their struggle with the world. And I am not even satisfied with the result. I should be glad of a little more money just now!"

On another occasion, walking to and fro in his studio, he told me that he was very unhappy about things in general. The peace and the calm which in the popular estimation crown the evening of his days are not the possessions of the great painter. From his hill-top he watches the struggling world, sees the dust of all its conflicts, hears the noise of all its rancours, and his heart is disquieted within him.

"There is so much dissipation of national energy," he said, with troubled eyes; "no clear vision of right and wrong. Political parties are more concerned in the childish game of Ins and Outs than in the stern, the imperative business of making men and women better citizens. Politics are not yet touched by science. The confusion there is barbarous and babyish. I look across our English world and see clearly and distinctly the two vices which more than anything else are obstructing the wheels of progress: drinking and gambling. They are apparent to the least observant of men. You cannot take up a paper or walk through the streets of a city without realising the awful ruin which these two evils are working in the world. But if this is so patent, if this is the general agreement of mankind, why is there no concentration of national energy on the subject? Think how great a revolution would be wrought in English character and in English health if legislation set itself sternly to the task of preventing drunkenness and gambling! Just those two things. Is it not possible for political parties to sink their petty differences and to combine to fight against

these root causes of national degeneration and national unrest? Surely, surely!"

A publisher complained to me the other day that the mania for Bridge has had a serious effect upon the book world. People who used to read, who used to find rest after a day's work in the pages of a book or a magazine, now find their relaxation at the card-table, and read nothing but the daily paper.

"The most serious aspect of drunkenness and gambling," said Mr. Watts, "is the increasing hold they are obtaining over women. In the lower classes, all over the country—particularly in Scotland, I fear—women are falling victims to the madness of alcoholism. This is very serious; could anything, indeed, be more serious? In the higher classes of the community women have gone mad over the gambling spirit of Bridge. Young women discuss at dinner the stakes they have won and lost at the card-table. The rattle of money is the accompaniment of modern conversation. After dinner there is an eager movement to the card-room, and until the small hours of the morning cards are played, cards are talked, and money is won and lost.

"Well—is this good? What has happened to the world that the issues of right and wrong have become so confused? It is, I think, the wholesale and the undignified scamper away from simplicity. I don't mean that we should return to nature in the sense of Rousseau. No, no; that is impossible. But the simplicity of the mind is independent of time and circumstances; it is eternal. It is to this simplicity that the world must turn. Life should be dignified and noble. Life should be splendid and serene. How despicable to take *money*, giving no equivalent! How shabby to desire personal advantage, only possible by

another's loss! To a great soul the desire to win money from another, the spirit of gain which sees no wrong in enriching itself at the cost of another's loss, is abhorrent and despicable. In a word, it is wrong. Right and wrong—those are the two high-roads, and all the others are straggling bypaths leading nowhere.

"How to obtain this simplicity of mind? Well, education. Are we satisfied with our system of education? Is the Board School our highest conception of education?" He shrugged his shoulders, and shook his head slowly and sadly. "I am more interested in education than in anything else," he said; "it is, in my mind, the most momentous of all modern problems, and I do not see that the newspapers or the political parties are doing anything to amend the present conditions. I told Mr. Morley my views on this matter. The whole object of education, I said to him, is to quicken and develop the powers of observation, to awaken genius, and to intensify natural gifts. All that does not stimulate and develop the natural faculties is no education at all. What does our present system do?—what is it? It is a great soulless mould into which the minds of children are poured, that they may all come out of a like pattern; and they call this progress! The condemnation of our system is its effect upon the mind of children. Directly they pass from the kindergarten stage they get to hate and detest education—the thing that they should love more than their toys and their games! Is this natural?—is it right? No, no; the whole system is wrong, root and branch. We are not rearing intelligent citizens, clever craftsmen, devoted scholars, and earnest and enthusiastic workpeople. We are rearing Civil Service clerks, competitors for a pension!"

I asked him once whether he thought science would

have any effect upon the future. We had been talking about the present period, and he had said that it was one inimical to art. He deplores modern costume,— "We ask ourselves not whether a thing is beautiful but whether it is in good taste, good taste being a passing fashion," — and he deplores the ugly aspect of our streets.

"Science," he answered, "is the religion of the future. It is devoted heart and soul to truth, and there is nothing greater than truth. The mind of man, Goethe said, is greater than nature; and in some respects this is true. Man, standing on the earth, can send his soul among the stars, weigh them, measure them, map out their paths, and foretell their courses. This is wonderful. I think the world will turn more and more to science, and wait upon its words with patience and content. But science is not likely to have any direct influence upon art. Art is independent of science, it is a thing of itself and by itself. Only so far as science impresses itself upon men's minds will it have any effect upon art. Art, you see, deals with eternal verities, the great simplicities of life, which have been always in the world and will always remain. Love and death, pain and conflict—these are eternal. The emotions of men's hearts, the dreams of men's minds, the struggles and bitter travail of men's souls— these are the fields over which Art spreads her eternal wings. Science, I think, can only have an indirect effect upon literature and painting."

"But," I asked, "if from materialism we get a psychical science, giving men a new heaven and a new earth, a wholly different view of matter and a wholly different view of mind, what will be the effect on art?"

He shook his head. "Poor dear Frederic Myers

dreamed of these things," he answered, "but the end is not yet."

Here, I venture to think, the Signor is tempted to take a short view. The work of Frederic Myers is only just begun; and as in physical science truth crept so long on a broken wing, from the gropings of Bacon to the hesitating hypotheses of Darwin, so is it likely that from the daring excursions of Myers and the careful investigation of Lodge, Crookes, and William James, many years must elapse before we awake to the full conception of our psychical powers.

But it is difficult to induce the Signor to talk about art, and more difficult still to tempt him into chit-chat concerning his own pictures. He prefers to talk about the world, with its coat off and its sleeves tucked up—the big-limbed, deep-breathing world of daily toil. He would like to see the heroism of this world recorded on canvas and in stone—as he himself has shown the way in Postmen's Park. It is in this world that he moves and has his being. Humanity—hard-toiling, clumsy, stupid, stumbling humanity—this is his business. Just as Mr. Morley told me we make too much of literature, so the painter tells me we make too much of art. Humanity to both these workmen is greater than any of its labours.

The conversations which I have striven to recall reveal the artist in a new light, but in a light which truest shows the man. He is far more a man of the world than a painter, infinitely more interested in the processes of evolution than in any of the quarrels of the schools. From the time when Torrigiano knocked Michael Angelo down in the Carmine, to the days when Mr. Whistler was knocking down the Royal Academy, painters have been almost as quarrelsome a set of men as poets or priests. But Watts has never cared

for brushwork of this kind. He has been ever a man who kept the even tenor of his way, content that his pictures—

> "richly dight,
> Casting a dim religious light"—

should express his thoughts and perhaps help others along the difficult road, he himself untroubled by the battle of the schools.

Perhaps this spirit is due, in some measure at least, to the vigorous manner of his life. He has followed George Meredith's advice of living in the open and studying nature. Rising every morning with the sun, eating sparingly, wasting himself in no trivial amusements, and riding much in the windy fields, he has preserved the vigour of his body and the healthy sanity of his mind all through his six-and-eighty years.

"I often used to reflect," he said to me once, "when I found Millais smoking his cigar at eleven, that I had done a day's work before he had even begun!"

Riding, till quite recently, has been the Signor's favourite exercise. It used to be a fine sight a few years ago for those who were climbing the Hog's Back to see the painter and his groom turn their horses from the road into the open field, and then "hell for leather," go racing through the whistling air as though the hounds were in front. "Brave days those were!" his coachman told me, "and there was never a better rider than the master. He taught me all I know, and he gave me an idea about riding I never had before—the grace of it. He had the lightest hand I know, and wonderful leg-power. He could make his horse change feet as quick as lightning, pick her up, and send her along like thunder. And never

a horse, kicking, buck-jumping, rearing, or shying, ever shifted him an inch in his saddle."

This pleasant gossip reminds me of the Signor's famous sculpture, "Physical Energy," which admirably expresses his regard for strength and dominion. I do not think it is generally known how this work became destined for South Africa. Mr. Rhodes happened to pay Watts a visit when the artist was at work on this group. He admired it greatly, somewhat to the surprise of Watts, and went away without having expressed a desire for the possession of the work. The incident was almost forgotten when, soon after Mr. Rhodes's death, Lord Grey came to Watts with the request that the model might be cast and set up in the Matoppos as a memorial to Cecil Rhodes, who had often expressed to him his admiration of the monument.

"But it is an unfinished work!" said Watts.

"So is poor Rhodes's," answered Lord Grey; and the painter, seeing the fitness of the memorial, consented.

So the unfinished work of the greatest of modern ethicists in art goes to guard the unfinished work of "the great adventurer"—the most reviled of men—in the silence of the Matoppos. It seems to me a happy reflection that Rhodes should have carried back with him to the turbulent fields of South Africa the memory of this monument which he saw the veteran artist working upon in the peace of his studio.

Watts has been somewhat of a traveller. He shares with his devoted wife a fervent admiration for Egypt, and my friend Mr. Aïdé, who once travelled up the Nile in their dahbeah, has told me how the spirit of Egypt's immemorial past came upon the great painter in that whispering land. He loves the wonders of the world, but his heart, I think, is most with Greece. He has told Lord Ronald Gower that he is a pupil of Pheidias,

—"the greatest sculptor of all,"—and his eyes always brighten with a keen rapture when he talks about the glories of his Athenians.

"What men they were!" he exclaimed to me once. "I shall never forget my first view of the Parthenon—that wonderful building which is without a single straight line. I remember how this fact was brought home to me by my friend Professor Penrose, who accompanied us on one of our visits. He put his hat on the end of one of the steps which form the base, and we at the other end stooped down till our eyes were on a level with the marble, and looked towards him. There was no sign of the hat; it was completely invisible. Just think of the skill in carrying out this work, and the entrancing beauty of the idea!"

As a host the great painter is charming. He has the old courtly air, the manner of the grand Signor, and the gift of conversation. It is pleasant to sit with him at his circular dining-table, the whole centre occupied by a great brass dish of many-coloured fruits, and to listen to his talk. The last time I had the pleasure of sitting at his side at this table was in December, and he was then fresh from a visit to Mr. Tree's performance of *Richard II.* He was full of the play and its staging, told me it was the first time he had seen real armour on the stage, and discoursed pleasantly on the assistance the actor brings to the student of Shakespeare. Shakespeare is his familiar.

"Once when Carlyle was setting Goethe on the topmost peak of Parnassus," he told me with a smile, "I ventured to ask him whether the German poet was greater than Shakespeare! You remember Carlyle's enthusiasm for Goethe. Well, he checked in his eulogy, threw up his hands, and asked who in or under the earth could be compared with Shakespeare. That was fine,

from Carlyle. And it's fine for England; it ought to be a constant inspiration for her, a constant call from the mean and the trivial, this knowledge that she has produced the greatest of all poets. In painting, too, she is great in two or three examples. Reynolds, although he was only a portrait-painter, in that field at least is consummate. Then there is Turner, a wonderful genius who gave men new eyes wherewith to look at nature. The history of this country is a noble one in all the fields of human endeavour—a very noble one. And its history ought to be taught in this spirit, in this bracing and stimulating manner, in all our schools."

If Watts has a favourite among all his pictures, it is, I think, "Love and Life," where vigorous and well-knit Love, with glittering wings, is sheltering Life, a naked, hesitating woman, up a rough and mountainous path. But he takes greater pride—he told me so with a fine smile in his face—in the motto he composed as the text for his life,—"The Utmost for the Highest." That expresses his whole soul. Whatever men versed in the grammar of art criticism may allege against the ethicist in art, this is accepted of all men, that Watts' ideal has been the highest of our time, and that he has striven to the utmost to give it eternal expression. He represents, as no other painter of the nineteenth century, the spirit of that stormful period, and far away from the warring ranks of the "Anecdotal" and the "Arrangement" he follows the call of sane art in quietness and peace, a compelling figure of industry and humility.

SIR OLIVER LODGE

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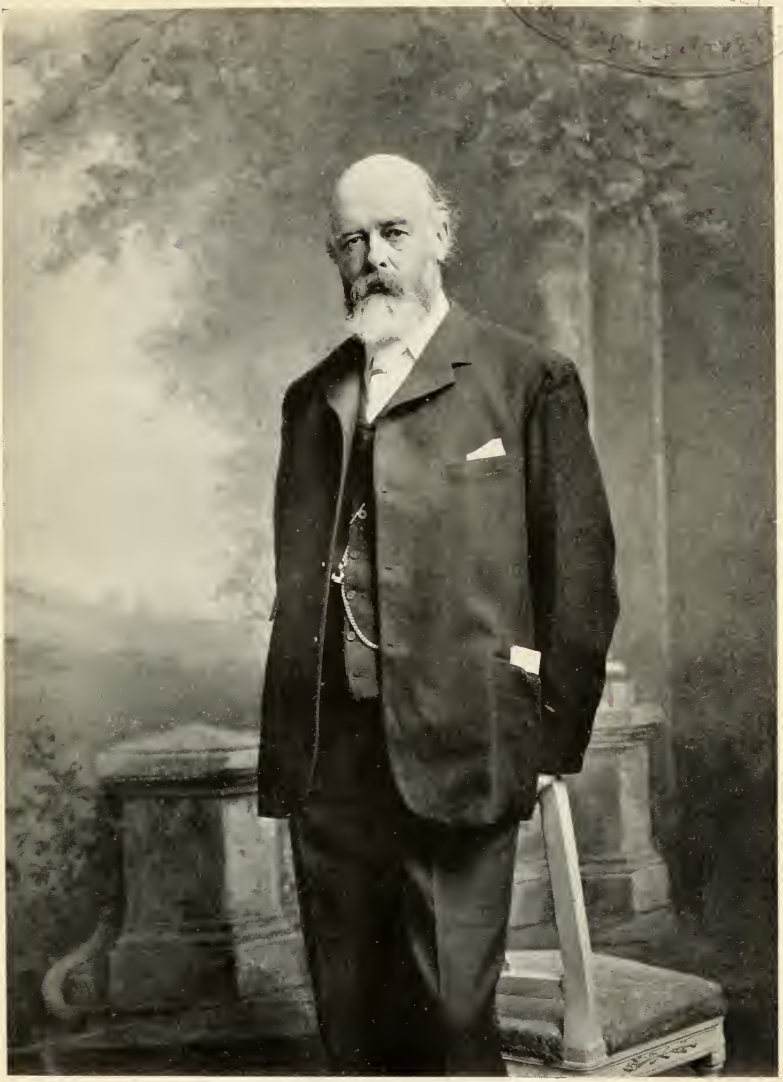
"Science, when she has accomplished all her triumphs in her order, will still have to go back, when the time comes, to assist in the building up of a new creed by which man can live."—John Morley.

SOME fifty years ago there was a gentleman of power and position, one Oliver Lodge, living at Penkhull, Stoke-upon-Trent, engaged in the Potteries. His eldest son, also an Oliver, at the age of fourteen passed from the grammar school to his father's works, and for six or seven years devoted himself to what we cheerfully call the business of life. But it chanced while the little boy was working in the Potteries he stumbled upon a copy of the *English Mechanic*, and found himself of a sudden, breathless and wondering, in a new world. Afterwards he heard a short course of lectures by Tyndall, and learned that there was such a thing as Science, that there were men in the world who toiled neither for money nor for fame, but who gave up all their energies to the solving of beautiful riddles. It was a kind of palingenesis for the boy, and henceforth his pocket-money was devoted to acquiring such guides to knowledge as the *Penny Cyclopædia*, and his hours of leisure were wholly given up to strenuous study in subjects other than the classics he had learnt at school.

Fortunately for the boy Oliver, his father, after the



SIR OLIVER LODGE

seven years of business, recognising that his son had a genius for science, allowed him to turn his back upon the Potteries and seek a further education in London. In all the romances written about the awakening of genius in boys, and of their setting out to London to push their fortunes, few, I think—in the light of the result—are so captivating and encouraging as the story of Oliver Lodge. But for that copy of the *English Mechanic*, turning up by chance in the Potteries, he might now be bending over the ledgers of a counting-house; and if that had been the case, the name of Marconi would very probably have been unknown to the world, while our knowledge of electricity would be vastly less.

It is impossible in this sketch to trace the fortunes of the boy in London, to remark the eternal influence upon his character of the good but Calvinistic aunt with whom he lodged in the Metropolis—not even, I fear, to note the effect upon his life which followed a fortunate meeting with Frederic Myers. All these things must be left out, since it is my purpose to make this sketch the corollary of the chapter dealing with Mr. John Morley, and to carry the subject of man and his destiny from the slough of despond in which the philosopher left it, to the hill on which Science is already building her altar to God.

The quotation at the head of this sketch, considering its authorship, is almost an invitation to me to adopt this course. It is a curious reflection for Mr. Morley; and perhaps it represents a view which he does not now hold very earnestly. He does not follow the work of modern science; the question of the next world does not interest him. But younger men do desire a creed whereby they can live, and Oliver Lodge is one of the men to whom they look for the first words of the new gospel.

It is not wholly presumptuous for me to undertake such a task, for a man in familiar fireside chat will often utter sentiments and give speech to convictions which he himself, either from his position or the medium in which he works, can never quite deliver to the world. And I believe that it is what men of science are thinking, rather than what they are saying, that is of most importance to the world. But in all this paper contains, it is I who am saying what I believe Dr. Lodge thinks, and to him attaches no responsibility for my interpretation of our many talks. Be it remembered, too, that the quotation marks represent Sir Oliver's chit-chat only as I remember it, and with no refreshment from a scribbled notebook.

Let me first venture to describe this man — unquestionably the greatest, as he is almost the most fearless, man I have ever met. If you look at one of his photographs you will be struck at the first glance with its remarkable resemblance to the great Lord Salisbury. The likeness is extraordinary. But there are points of difference. Lord Salisbury — I saw him frequently — suggested a great but slow and ponderous intellect. His eyes were tired, his brows were weary. All his movements were laborious. He gave one the impression, even when he rose from the reading of a French novel at the Junior Carlton and shuffled to his solitary luncheon,[1] of a man with no business to do, one whose thoughts ran willy-nilly into

[1] Lord Salisbury used to eat his luncheon at the Junior Carlton, rather than the Carlton, because he wanted to escape button-holers. I once saw him addressed at the Junior Carlton on the subject of the weather, by an ambitious gentleman sitting at his side at the next table. The effect of the remark on Lord Salisbury's face was ludicrous in the extreme. His jaw dropped, his eyebrows went high into his forehead, and he looked blankly into space for a second or two with a loaded fork half-way to his mouth. The conversation ended where it began.

channels which rather bored him, certainly never interested him.

Lodge, on the other hand, is a man broad awake. The most striking character in his face is the deep line of concentration which runs from between the eyebrows into the forehead. It suggests sternness, and in a soldier might indicate an iron mind; in reality it is the line of swift and earnest thinking in a mind extraordinarily agile and fertile. The brow is higher than Lord Salisbury's, and suggests Matthew Arnold's splendid tribute to Shakespeare—

> "All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
> All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,
> Find their sole speech in that victorious brow."

It is the forehead of tremendous power. Then, too, the eyes are larger than Lord Salisbury's, and the line of the lid is more rigid and alert. They are the eyes of a man who has made up his mind to see life steadily, and to see it whole; and, though I have seen them clouded at the mention of human anguish (especially the pain of little children), they clear quickly and become serene with the steady faith that guides and controls his life.

Oliver Lodge was once described by a child as "the great big lion with the white satin heart." It is an excellent figure. The hugeness of the man,—he is many inches over six feet,—the almost brusque voice, the rigid line in the brows, and the mouth which occasionally hints at a sort of giant petulance, all tend to impress one at the first glance only with the idea of conscious strength and crouching power. But acquaintance with him reveals a character singularly gentle and lovable, and a temper wonderfully sweet and attractive. To see him sitting at his own

crowded table, watching his children with amusement and open delight, is to get a glance through the windows of his eyes into the soul behind. He retains, as so many men engaged in University life do retain, much of the joyous youthfulness of life. He is a brother to his sons, and enters into the healthy chaff of a large family quietly but with relish. He is most human and most simple; a real man, sincere in all things, honest in every phase of his mind, and entirely without affectation of any kind. Friendship with him speedily transforms reverence into warm affection, and I can think of no really great man whose influence on those about him is so entirely that of character rather than that of intellect. One is always, I mean, much more conscious of the man than of his knowledge and power.

I was staying at Edgbaston the other day, soon after I had written my sketch of Mr. Morley. After dinner on the day of my arrival, and after some delightful experiments with radium, Sir Oliver and I retired to his study to smoke a last cigarette. But I happened to mention Mr. Morley's views, and then —well, the last cigarette burned on till half-past one. I have discussed the problem of man and his relation to God, fragmentarily, on many occasions with Dr. Lodge—standing on the roof of his house looking towards the hills, at the dinner-table, and even whilst watching his peacocks on the lawn at Edgbaston!—but it is the memory of this single midnight conversation which lives hardest in my mind. Perhaps it is that one talks more freely when the day is quite burned out, or perhaps there was a condition of mind favourable to telepathy, and the questions hammering for answers on my own consciousness awoke their answers in his; certain is it

that in the small hours of that particular night I obtained a clearer view of his attitude towards life than ever before or ever since.

He was not amazed to know that Herbert Spencer shrank from the thought of infinite space which, long before either creation or evolution, has existed for ever and ever. He saw nothing to wonder at in Huxley's horror at the reflection that in 1900 he would know no more than he knew in 1800. Nor was he troubled by the news that Mr. Morley showed no very lively interest in the forward march of science. He merely smiled and nodded his head. Far from thinking that the wave of agnosticism had spent itself, he expected to see—indeed, he rather welcomed—the coming of a wider, louder, and a more blinding flood of agnosticism.

"It seems rather cruel," he said, "to stand on one side of a pit, and to look on unmoved at other people toppling in from the farther side, into the very blackness from which one has only just escaped oneself. But agnosticism is the pioneer work of a larger science and a nobler interpretation of religion. Men must learn to doubt before they learn the desire to know, and it is only the misery of agnosticism—Spencer's shrinking, and all that—which will drive them into other fields of inquiry, fields which some of us think may lead men from faith to knowledge. People do not fully realise even yet the splendid work of Huxley. The agnostics were not building, they were destroying; they were clearing the ground, are clearing it still, that other hands may build other temples on the places they have laid waste.

"This shrinking and horror," he went on, "are to be welcomed, not deplored. It is good for a man to discover before he goes Upstairs that he has not learned all there is to know in the universe. It does

not do," he added, smiling, "to go into the next world too cock-a-hoop! Men who make a study of evolution, and nothing else, are apt to find out before the end that there is more in heaven and earth than is dreamed of in their philosophy. An expert, we are told, is one who knows nothing else. And so it comes about that agnosticism harrows men's souls and prepares the soil for other seed. When they have dug deep enough into physics, and have cropped sufficient electrons, they will turn away from a full granary and begin to scratch the lighter soil of psychics. That is quite evident; but it will come slowly, and there is no reason why we should hurry it."

This is his view. Slowly but certainly science uses up one field of inquiry and passes on into others. Alchemy went before chemistry, astrology went before astronomy; mysticism goes before psychics. Materialism covers only a grain of sand in the universe, and the universe is less than a grain of sand in comparison with infinite space.

"But shall we ever know that the individuality persists after death?" I asked.

"Some investigators," he replied, "have proofs on that head which they regard as certain. I know of nothing which satisfies my own mind that I would care to take before the Royal Society, but the fault may not be so much in the nature of the proof as in the nature of our present methods of testing evidence. The laborious documents of the Psychical Research Society are there for all the world to see, and while we have exposed much fraud and discredited much spiritualism, we have collected evidence of the possibility of communication between this and other worlds which deserves consideration. We are publishing shortly remarkable examples of automatic-writing. I believe

some of these documents will prove to be of great importance." What followed here, I do not feel myself at liberty to make public; but some day, when the story of Oliver Lodge comes to be written, his own personal reasons for faith in continuance after death will be set out in full. Suffice it to say that he has good reason to hope for the possibility of communication between this and other worlds.

"What we *can* take before the Royal Society," he continued, "and what we can challenge the judgment of the world upon, is telepathy. Here is the beginning of a wider conception of science. Directly men see and admit, as they must do from the overwhelming evidence, that it is possible to transmit ideas direct from brain to brain, without the intermediaries of speech and hearing, they are looking into and gaining admission to new fields of exploration. Mind you, it is a dangerous field; I have described it as the borderland of physics and psychology, and admitted that the whole region appears to be in the occupation of savages abandoned to the grossest superstition. But I say we have got to take the country, and rule it for the advantage of mankind. Galileo, you remember, funked teaching the Copernican theory and abandoning the Ptolemaic, because he was not quite firmly seated in his University chair. It is exactly the same thing to-day. Men are too nervous, and not unnaturally, to avow any interest in a study which has so long been left in the hands of quacks and impostors. But some of them are bound to study it. Everything in the world has to be examined. As Huxley said, speaking of science and commerce—I wonder if he guessed how his words might be used!—'Great is the rejoicing of those who are benefited thereby, and, for the moment, science is the Diana of all the craftsmen.

But even while the cries of jubilation resound, and this flotsam and jetsam of the tide of investigation is being turned into wages of workmen and the wealth of capitalists, the crest of the wave of scientific investigation is far away on its course over the illimitable ocean of the unknown.' That is very well put: illimitable, unknown. Not, you remark, unknowable."

I have collected a few brief extracts of Sir Oliver Lodge's views on telepathy, and give them here in his own words. On the subject of communication between mind and mind, he says—

"A prearranged code called language, and a material medium of communication, are the recognised methods. May there not also be an immaterial (perhaps an ethereal) medium of communication? Is it possible that an idea can be transferred from one person to another by a process such as we have not yet grown accustomed to, and know practically nothing about? In this case I have evidence. I assert that I have seen it done; and am perfectly convinced of the fact. . . . Why must we speak of it with bated breath, as of a thing of which we are ashamed? What right have we to be ashamed of a truth?"

He professes himself prepared to assert that—

". . . The distance between England and India is no barrier to the sympathetic communication of intelligence in some way of which we are at present ignorant; that, just as a signalling key in London causes a telegraphic instrument to respond instantaneously in Teheran, which is an everyday occurrence, so the danger or death of a distant child, a brother, or husband, may be signalled, without wire or telegraph clerk, to the heart of a human being fitted to be the recipient of such a message."

Now, to get rid of the idea of distance—which appears to be the manifest trend of telepathy—is to lead one naturally to a distrust of another and an even more dominant idea of the finite mind—the idea of Time. What is Time? Does each day come to us new and vacant from the womb of infinity, and is it buried at nightfall in an eternal grave? Is each day a thing separate, alone, by itself?

Lodge has a figure to express his view on this subject which is very graphic. He likens us to passengers in a slow train who look out from the windows at the country through which we are passing. Now, to the passengers each field must appear a thing separate and distinct. We see the end of one field, begin another, and go slowly past it till we reach something else—a cottage, a river, a mill, perhaps a town. But in reality, if we would but put our heads out of the window, we should see that the whole country is one, that each part of it "belongs," that instead of this field coming suddenly out of the exhaustion of another, and itself disappearing in a certain time, all the fields—those behind and those before—exist as one wide scene, whole and complete.

The train represents the physical senses which we now employ, and which some of us are stupid enough to regard as perfect instruments for apprehending all there is to see and all there is to hear and all there is to understand in the whole universe. But, even if we get a few smuts in our eyes, we must learn to put our heads out of the window, and see whether we can find a larger interpretation of life. The senses as we know them are wonderful, and can be made to do extraordinarily fine work; but they are not perfect, and we may be possessed of others, greater and infinitely more wonderful, but now in a rudimentary state.

Remember this, science is entirely ignorant of the mystery of cohesion. Dr. Lodge's little boy once asked him why both ends of a stick came up from the ground when he only pulled at one. The professor could not answer. Neither is there any answer to the still greater question of a child of five: "Could God make a stone so big that He could not lift it Himself?" We are still stammering over the A B C of science.

The discovery of the electron reveals a sort of solar system in every atom. The distances dividing atoms, relative to their size, are enormous. The whole universe may present to real sight a single solid.

By the application of X-rays we see that opaque bodies are in fact transparent. We know that our world passes through the ether without disturbing it, as a tag of net goes through the sea. To real vision matter may be non-existent. To real knowledge time may be a delusion.

We are influenced by the past: may we not be "controlled by the future"? On this subject hear Dr. Lodge—

"A vulnerable spot on our side seems to be the connection between life and energy. The conservation of energy has been so long established as to have become a commonplace. The relation of life to energy is not understood. Life is not energy, and the death of an animal affects the amount of energy no whit; yet a live animal exerts control over energy which a dead one cannot. Life is a guiding or directing principle, disturbing to the physical world but not yet given a place in the scheme of physics. The transfer of energy is accounted for by the performance of work; the guidance of energy needs no work, but demands force only. What is force? and how can living beings

exert it in the way they do? As automata operated on by preceding conditions—that is, by the past—say the materialists. Are we so sure that they are not controlled by the future too?—in other words, that the totality of things, by which everyone must admit that actions are guided, may not include the future as well as the past, and that to attempt to deduce those actions from the past only will prove impossible? In some way matter can be moved, guided, disturbed, by the agency of living beings; in some way there is a control, a directing-agency active, and events are caused at its choice and will that would not otherwise happen."

How, then, does Lodge himself—holding these large views—regard the universe and its mystery, or rather, how is he tempted to think about it in his own mind? In answering this question I must first venture to correct a popular error concerning the great concept of Frederic Myers—an error which some of the leading critics of "Human Personality" only helped to perpetuate even in the best reviews.

The idea that man has two selves, a subliminal and a supraliminal consciousness, the one antagonistic in a greater or less degree to the other, and both operating in the physical organism, is not the axiom of Myers. Myers' idea is this, that the Ego or the soul exists spiritually, moves and has its being, that is to say, on the spiritual plane, and that, functioning there as the subliminal consciousness, it detaches from itself a certain portion of its own consciousness, which accretes matter, and becomes the supraliminal consciousness with which we are alone familiar. At death the atom of supraliminal consciousness, which we now call Me, rejoins the subliminal, which is the larger Me, carrying with it the fruits of its experience, adding to the whole

Ego fresh knowledge, and retaining in perfectness its own memory of the earthly or material life. The subliminal consciousness, that is to say, is not an earthly consciousness, and we, as we know ourselves here, are only fragments of our whole self striving to acquire experience through a physical medium.

Lodge is inclined to hold this creed. He says—

"The mystery of incarnation and of gradual development, of the persistence of existence beyond bodily death and decay, and even some glimmerings of the possible meaning of the vague dream of so-called reincarnation, all become in some sort intelligible on a basis of this kind—the basis of a full and never wholly manifested persistent self, from which periodically sprouts a terrestrial manifestation, though never twice the same. Each terrestrial appearance flourishes and assimilates mental and moral nutriment for a time, and the result of each is incorporated in the constant and growing memory of the underlying, supporting, but inconspicuously manifesting, and at present barely recognised, fundamental self."

For one moment let me pause to remark how this theory, to take an example, explains the painful problem of lunacy. One of the leading alienists in London told me the other day that the brain of insane people is often *larger and healthier* than that of the sane. A feeble terrestrial appearance of the real self helps to explain, it seems to me, this paradox—this fumbling at the strings of the mind, this discord on the keys. Strange, too, how it justifies the old vulgar phrase concerning an insane person that "he is not all there."

Now, Lodge's view of God and the universe, as I understand it—or at any rate, his feeling towards the

mystery—lies in a development of Myers' theory of man. We are mortal atoms of an immortal consciousness. May not God, as manifested in this universe—so far as we are able to apprehend Him—be a finite God?[1] Elsewhere, if you will, infinite, omniscient, and omnipotent; but here, looking at Him through physical eyes, studying Him in His terrestrial appearance, for us a finite God. This, clumsily expressed, is the great thought which I fancy underlies the philosophy of Oliver Lodge. He sees a marvellous universe of amazing workmanship, all but perfect, but not quite perfect. Laws of sublime conception work with inhuman precision, but not quite perfectly. Stars crash into stars; worlds burn out and float like wreckage in the ether; even the winds of our own little star break loose and bring ruin and destruction to mankind. There is hunger, there are tears, and cruelty, and selfishness, and heavy sorrow of the soul. These things are not perfect; and though they may produce virtue and art and history, even science itself, yet they obstinately block the path to man's realisation of a God of Love, and after thousands of years of religion and philosophy have lost none of their poignancy, none of their mutinous effects.

Lodge, as I fancy, holds that God has set us here to help Him—left us here to perfect His plan, while He is conquering and working out His monstrous fabric through the inconceivable tracts of infinite and eternal space. We are here, he told me, to interfere with nature;

[1] Sir Oliver Lodge seemed to hint at this faith in one of the famous articles in the *Hibbert Journal*: "We must blink nothing; evolution is a truth, a strange and puzzling truth; 'the whole creation groaneth and travaileth together'; and the most perfect of all the sons of men, the likest God this planet ever saw, He to whom many look for their idea of what God is, surely He taught us that suffering, and sacrifice, and wistful yearning for something not yet attainable, were not to be regarded as human attributes alone."

our business lies in the improvement of the conditions which we find about us, and in a steady uplifting of ourselves to greater heights. We are not to spend too much time in praying, though prayer has its effect, but rather are we to pray by our work for God in making the world better. We are not to be disheartened by sin. Sin is a phase. It is unknown among animals; the highest men have already grown beyond it. Sin is merely a reversion to type, a throwing back; in remembering this, he would also have us remember that the race may throw forward, and with this light in our minds he would have men study the life of Jesus, and the lives of the saints, with new reverence, and with a greater determination to ascertain the truth. Science is accused of stealing the Christ from religion; but Science may yet give back to the churches a greater and a more wonderful Christ than they have yet apprehended.

He has boldly expressed his faith in the power of prayer—

"If we are open to influence from each other by non-corporeal methods, may we not be open to influence from beings in another region or of another order? And if so, may we not be aided, inspired, guided, by a cloud of witnesses,—not witnesses only, but helpers, agents like ourselves of the immanent God? How do we know that in the mental sphere these cannot answer prayer, as we in the physical? It is not a speculation only, it is a question for experience to decide."

I know that his own faith in the power of prayer is great. He told me that we had not yet even begun to find out what is possible through the medium of prayer. Only it must be prayer with the whole soul behind it, convinced of its own strength, and perfect as knowledge.

"It is no use praying like the dear old lady," he

laughed, " who had been so moved by a sermon on the efficacy of prayer — the power of prayer to remove mountains—that she went home determined to try the effect of prayer on an obstructing hill in front of her cottage. She prayed for a long time, and then went to bed. In the morning, trembling with excitement, she tip-toed across the room, drew the blind an inch or two aside, and peeped out. ' There ! ' she exclaimed, with disgust, dropping the blind and stalking to her bed : '*just what I expected !* ' It's a simple story, but after all, isn't that the kind of spirit in nearly all the prayers of the world ? "

At the back of Lodge's mind, perhaps the mainspring of his amazing energy, is the thought of human suffering. I have heard him exclaim suddenly that it would be better to be living in the simpleness and quiet of the twelfth century than in the midst of over-crowded and sweated slums and the refinements of torture which civilisation has developed out of time. But, instantly, he has checked, and smiled ; and declared that the battle is best, and that it is only in working to make the world better that life, in the long-run, can be endurable and pleasing. " Do the best you can for your fellows," he said, " work hard to the last, and then go Upstairs to rule a planet." It is characteristic of him that, full as his days are, every hour packed with work, the thought of the pain endured by children in learning arithmetic has set him to write a new arithmetic book, making that study at once easy and interesting.

I spoke of Dr. Lodge's theory, that it is man's prime business to interfere with nature. It is not known among the public, I think, that the man who began for us wireless telegraphy has also made experiments which prove that man, in some measure at least, can control the weather. He has filled a bell-jar with smoke, both dry smoke and damp smoke, and then by electrifying the

clouded atmosphere has seen the smoke coagulate and fall. He has filled a room with dense smoke, electrified it, and cleared the air completely. His invention is now patented, and ships might, he believes, be fitted with an instrument for electrifying the air, whereby they will be able to drive back the heaviest of sea-fogs on either side of them. He sees no reason why the clouds should not be made to discharge their rain under certain conditions. It is only a matter of experimentation and improvement of invention. He tells you that if he was not so busy he would experiment on a large scale, but that experiments of that kind cost money. He does not easily take what he calls the commercial-traveller view of science.

To conclude, Sir Oliver Lodge is a man devoted heart and soul to Science, because he believes Science is at the present moment the best servant of humanity. He regrets the clash of party conflicts in our political life, because it is a dissipation of national energy which should be devoted to nobler ends. He regrets the tremendous sums of money wasted in luxurious living, because it could be given to endow national laboratories, where men of science might work towards truth unfretted by the necessity for making daily bread. All things which lower the dignity of man, which obscure his high end, and which waste his faculties, have a strenuous and uncompromising enemy in this man. He would have the nation make up its mind and announce its policy to be the acquisition of Truth, and shape its energies and ambitions to that end. That is to say, he would have Science influencing legislation, so that slums would become impossible, the present abominable and utterly unnecessary atmosphere of our towns an illegality, and the whole of our present system of primary education rendered rational and useful to the State. He would have our prisons in the hands of scientific men, our workhouses and reformatories

conducted in a saner and therefore a more humanitarian fashion; and he would also have our theologians and ethicists study physical and psychical science with the same reverence as that which they now give to religion in the one case and to philosophy in the other. For, as he says, all are but parts of one stupendous whole.

He is a man of many interests. He is the greatest educationist in the midlands, the President of the Psychical Research Society, the moving spirit in the association which is turning the Black Country into a green country, a keen golfer, a disciple of Ruskin, and a lover of poetry. His speeches are dignified and impressive, and he holds an audience of working-men spellbound. His books are lucid and straightforward, the simplicity of the diction having that kind of solemn dignity which impresses mankind more lastingly than any graces of style. In some of his books, such as the popular *Pioneers of Science*, his style is at once brilliant and captivating, and the book is something of a romance.

Turn up his name in the Directory of the *Electrician*, and you find yourself confronted by columns of his attainments. How he has crowded so much work into his life is something of a miracle, especially when he tells you that most of his thinking out of mechanical inventions is done in "odd moments." So much work accomplished, so great a position attained, and he is only fifty-two years old! Nothing so helps me to hope for wonderful discoveries in science in the near future as the remembrance that this man, who has already done so much, and whose faith in the reality of spiritual existence is so confirmed and scientific, is only in middle age, and still belongs to what is called the younger School of Physicists.

Materialism, it may be, has more work to do, and will be active for some years yet, but the quarrelsome

and dogmatic spirit which once animated its work of destruction is passing away, and men are beating at new doors. To no man living does this more reasonable and more hopeful spirit owe so much as to this man, who, over and over again, has shown himself unafraid of the orthodoxy of science, and who has asked the British Association what right they have to be ashamed of a truth.

"At first" (he says) "things look mysterious. A comet, lightning, the aurora, the rainbow—all strange, anomalous, mysterious apparitions. But scrutinised in the dry light of science, their relationship with other better-known things becomes apparent. They cease to be anomalous; and though a certain mystery necessarily remains, it is no more a property peculiar to them—it is shared by the commonest object of daily life.

"The operations of a chemist, again, if conducted in a haphazard manner, would be an indescribable medley of effervescences, precipitations, changes in colour and in substance; but guided by a thread of theory running through them, the processes fall into a series, they all become fairly intelligible, and any explosion or catastrophe that may occur is capable of explanation too.

"Now I say that the doctrine of ultimate intelligibility should be pressed into other departments also. At present we hang back from whole regions of inquiry and say they are not for us. A few we are beginning to grapple with. The nature of disease is yielding to scrutiny with fruitful result: the mental aberrations and abnormalities of hypnotism, duplex personality, and allied phenomena, are now at last being taken under the wing of science after long ridicule and contempt. The phenomena of crime, the scientific meaning and justification of altruism, and other matters relating to life and conduct, are beginning, or perhaps are barely yet begin-

ning, to show a vulnerable front over which the forces of science may pour.

". . . The possibilities of the universe are as infinite as is its physical extent. Why should we grope with our eyes always downward, and deny the possibility of everything out of our accustomed beat?

"If there is a puzzle about free-will, let it be attacked: puzzles mean a state of half-knowledge; by the time we can grasp something more approximating to the totality of things the paradoxicality of paradoxes drops away and becomes unrecognisable. I seem to myself to catch glimpses of clues to many of these old questions, and I urge that we should trust consciousness, which has led us thus far, should not shrink from the problem when the time seems ripe for an attack upon it, and should not hesitate to press investigation and seek to ascertain the laws of even the most recondite problems of life and mind.

"What we know is as nothing to that which remains to be known. This is sometimes said as a truism; sometimes it is half doubted. To me it seems the most literal truth, and that if we narrow our view to already half-conquered territory only, we shall be false to the men who won our freedom and treasonable to the highest claims of science."

Ultimate intelligibility. What we know is as nothing to that which remains to be known. Life does not end with death. These are not the words of a wild dreamer, the aspiration of a discursive soul. They are the measured utterances of a trained man of science, a profound mathematician, the author of *Signalling without Wires*, a Rumford Medallist of the Royal Society, and the Principal of the most modern of all Universities.

And he belongs to the younger School of Physicists.

PROFESSOR SIR WILLIAM CROOKES, F.R.S.

"All goes to show that the soul in man is not an organ, but animates and exercises all the organs; is not a function like the power of memory, of calculation, of comparison, but uses these as hands and feet; is not a faculty, but a light; is not the intellect or the will; but the master of the intellect and the will; is the background of our being, in which they lie,—an immensity not possessed and that cannot be possessed."—EMERSON.

IN spite of much loose gossip, physical science is not making any conscious move from the material realm to that of the spiritual. If she seeks Psyche, it is with a butterfly net in one hand, a bottle in the other. She will examine nothing that cannot be demonstrated to the five senses. She seeks the mystery of Life in the beginnings of Matter. She refuses to separate the understanding from the mortal brain. It has been said that the conflict between religion and science is less bitter and less hopeless than it was twenty or thirty years ago; but when one presents this dictum to the man of science it is only to learn that the reason of the reconciliation is surrender of certain orthodoxy on the part of religion. Science has not changed her attitude.

But "there is an orthodoxy of science as of religion, and men are lynx-eyed for what they are looking for, but blind to all else." To break away from the orthodoxy of science, to assert the heresy that the spiritual world is, as the material world, a subject for man's inquiry, is to court, if not a harder, at least the

SIR WILLIAM CROOKES

same fate as that which overtakes the dissenter from orthodox religion. It requires a mind of the purest calibre, of the sublimest courage, of the intensest devotion to truth, to depart one inch from the narrow way of orthodox science. It is almost as hard for the scientific man to pass from physical to psychical research as for a camel to go through the eye of a needle. He loses the only public capable of understanding his reputation, he sacrifices—however great and profound his previous attainments—much of his weight as a man of science, and he finds himself among a company of men whose methods and whose mental attitude are at utter variance with his own. Happily for the advancement of man's knowledge, there are a few bold investigators who are willing to imperil the temporality of their scientific reputation in this fashion, and though they stand as severely aloof from revealed religion as their brothers the orthodox physicists, it is to them alone that the majority of people look for the breaking down of that thin barrier which separates the material from the spiritual world, and which prevents for all practical purposes the ultimate and let us hope the inevitable union of religion and science.

Such a man is William Crookes. "To stop short," he says, "in any research that bids fair to widen the gates of knowledge, to recoil from fear of difficulty or adverse criticism, is to bring reproach on science. There is nothing for the investigator to do but to go straight on, 'to explore up and down, inch by inch, with the taper his reason'; to follow the light wherever it may lead, even should it at times resemble a will-o'-the-wisp. I have nothing to retract."

These memorable words were uttered in his presidential address to the British Association. The occasion was a remarkable one. This new President, whose fame

had travelled throughout the scientific world by his discovery of Thallium, by the invention of that marvellous instrument the Radiometer, and by his profound and far-reaching researches in Radiant Matter,—whose fame as a chemist certainly stood as high as Huxley's in biology,—was a member of the Psychical Research Society, was indeed its President at the very time that he was elected President of the British Association. There was the usual chatter among the bats and the moles, and the club gossips applied that blessed word "crank" to the inventor of the radiometer as easily as they dismiss a philosopher with an epigram or a poet with a quotation. But there was something more than this. A whisper spread among the more youthful and hot-headed bloods of science that an organised body of dissent would be present in the hall to express publicly and before the world the condemnation of representative science for such an attitude of mind. So general was the whisper that it is not difficult to see from the text of Crookes's address that it reached to him himself. Certainly the rumour was very much in the air. The position was a difficult, at any rate an extremely delicate one, and there was no little excitement as to the manner in which he would do battle with the circumstance. Would he be silent, or would he speak out? In the presence of that severely critical audience would he abide, or would he retract?

When the eventful day arrived, to a packed and breathless audience the Professor delivered an address very largely on the wheat question, which, valuable as it was, aroused no notable enthusiasm in his audience. But, at the conclusion, after referring generally to physical research, he paused and remarked that there was one other interest he had not yet touched—"to me the weightiest and the farthest-reaching of all." And then,

in a great silence, slowly and emphatically he told how that thirty years before he had published an account of experiments tending to show that outside our scientific knowledge there exists a Force exercised by intelligence differing from the ordinary intelligence common to mortals. "To enter at length," he proceeded, "on a still debatable subject would be unduly to insist on a topic which—as Wallace, Lodge, and Barrett have already shown—though not unfitted for discussion at these meetings, does not yet enlist the interest of the majority of my scientific brethren." With marked emphasis he added: "To ignore the subject would be an act of cowardice—an act of cowardice I feel no temptation to commit." All through this latter part of the address the cheering was cordial and general: the personality of the man triumphed over the prejudice of orthodoxy, and his calm, close, unimpassioned reasoning convinced the audience that the Psyche he sought was not a phantom of the brain, but was, very really, what he conceived to be Truth.

"I have nothing to retract."

That was the man's attitude before the British Association, and now his courage is showing itself in another fashion. The other day I asked him if he was nearer the goal, if he had begun to handle and examine the great Mystery; and as frankly as he uttered his faith to the British Association, he told me that he had come to a brick wall. Still, he has nothing to retract; still, he believes that it is in the power of science to gain new and brighter glimpses of a profounder scheme of Cosmic Law;—but, for himself, he has come to a brick wall.

"There is no bridge between the spiritual and the material world," he said; "and I don't see how there can be." He is as little cast down as was Huxley when that

good and brave man buried his little Bathybius; he has tried to read the whisper of God in the manifestations of phenomena, he has essayed to approach the soul through the sense God has given him, and he admits that at present his hands strike themselves against brick and mortar. That is all, and he goes quietly on with his investigations into Radiant Matter without so much as rubbing the damaged knuckles.

He is the type of man who inspires one with confidence in the development of knowledge, who makes the most eager of us feel that there is really no hurry in these things,—we have all eternity before us, why get hot and flustered and excited? He is the man to whom a very considerable section of the educated public looks for light and guidance. A wisp of a man, with the scholar's stoop, the neck thrust out, the quiet soul of him there for all the world to see in the penetrating grey eyes, deep-sunken under ponderous brows. "Give me bone —plenty of bone!" Watts once said to me, smiling at one of his canvases: there is bone enough in Crookes's brow to inspire the great painter to create another "Manning." Strong, resolute bone, and the skin all caught up into an infinitude of fine-spun wrinkles, radiating from those deep-searching eyes like the filaments of gossamer. You read the seeker in those wrinkles. The pencil neither of age nor of sorrow has traced the delicate lines; they are blown there by the shrewd winds that beat men back from the gates of Truth. The man-in-the-'bus looking up from his halfpenny newspaper would recognise this man as a Seeker by those lines round the eyes. The sailor has something of the same markings—the stamp of the man who looks forward through wind and rain.

As one sits and talks with him in his library, this little grey man with the resolute eyes, the hands

singularly reposeful, helps one to realise the hopeful fact that in this merry-making, money-spending, pleasure-seeking London, with all its pettiness and slanders and scandals and intrigues—half the young women of Bayswater sending nosegays to Kubelik, and half the young men of Kensington thinking of the crease in their trousers — there is an army of workers seeking out, hammering out the big facts of Existence. The books that crowd the lettered and numbered shelves cover every field of science and literature; innumerable electric lights illumine a room made dark by those close-packed volumes, and in a chamber above there are as many books again. If there is a typewriter on the table, a telephone beyond the door, a microscope here, and an electroscope there, and a sequence of laboratories leading from the room (for he occupies in his work the entire first floor of a large house), there is a volume of Shelley at his hand, a Shakespearean calendar on the writing-table. He is in love with his many-sided existence, he essays to see life steadily and whole, and the difficulties of research only brace him for fresh effort. And think what research means. We are too apt to be carried away by the poetry of science; the fine breezy note of Browning's *Asolando* sounds in our ears as we read of epoch-making discoveries; we forget the lonely and protracted labour over test-tubes and the spectrograph, the silent and intricate calculations carried over days and weeks and months and years. To take one instance: in his researches into the atomic weight of Thallium (203.642), Sir William Crookes arrived fairly quickly at the first place of decimals, but the second occupied him for two years. Consider it. "And I'm probably wrong!" he says, smiling; for it is very unsafe to prophesy finality in science. It

is lonely work, and there is no very loud applause, certainly a very small prize at the end of it all.

"Scientific men," he said to me once, "are very like paviors: they lay down stones for future generations to walk over *and to wear out.* And one feels often the yearning for a close and continuous sympathy; the loneliness of such protracted work—haunted always by the possibility of self-detected failure at the end —is tremendously oppressive."

"But when you get a great idea—?" I began.

"Oh!"—and his eyes lighted like a boy's—"then it beats fox-hunting! To start a big dog-fox, like Thallium or the Radiometer, with a fine bushy tail and a great long stride to him—oh, fox-hunting isn't in it then! But, when one isn't after a fox—and there are few foxes nowadays — it is heavy going, the spurs have to dig deep, and the incessant crop comes down with a thwack."

I asked him if he could see any hope that science will one day unlock the Mystery, and show us wonders of the spiritual world. He refused to prophesy. His work is now entirely in physical science, and to speculate in the realms of metaphysics offers him no temptation. "But," he said, "if you had come to me a hundred years ago, do you think I should have dreamed of foretelling the telephone? Why, even now I cannot understand it! I use it every day, I transact half my correspondence by means of it—but I don't understand it. Think of that little stretched disc of iron at the end of a wire repeating in your ear not only sounds, but words—not only words, but all the most delicate and elusive inflexions and nuances of tone which separate one human voice from another! Is not that something of a miracle?"

But I wanted to know about spiritual things, and

besought him, with many questions, to tell me how he regards the progress of science in relation to the supersensual boundaries of physical existence. His attitude is this:—

It is impossible to tell whether science may not some day stumble upon the Soul. Men of science believe more than they can express — spiritually as well as physically. They do not put down on paper many of the problems occupying their attention; but capable brains are left to work at these questions of their own accord. The mysteries of existence are simmering in the scientific mind. Every pronounced physicist probably has fifty roving ideas in his head, and whatever may be the end of these imaginative speculations, even the waste products of science must be useful eventually. In following an idea along a broad road, the man of science is often tempted to turn off suddenly down a little green byway of whose existence he had never so much as dreamed. It is often at the end of these tiny paths that he comes upon an unexplored continent. The world must wait, and hope.

As for himself, his researches into Radiant Matter have now brought him to the very confines of knowledge. His great inquiry for which we have waited is nearing its amazing conclusion. Chemistry and electricity push to the end of material cognisance when they reach and examine radio-active bodies. In dissecting the electron it may be said that he unravels the finality of matter, comes upon the very animating force behind all the movement of the physical world —but, he confesses, not upon Life itself. "We shall never get vitality in a bottle!" he tells me confidently, and without disappointment. It is a fine confession for a man to make as he approaches the conclusion

of one of the most important, as it is one of the most laborious and painstaking inquiries possible to physical science.

The main fact that I gather from conversation with the Professor is this: that to expect spiritual revelations from physical science is to look for the impossible. If a bridge is to be thrown from the one world to the other, if a nexus is to link the material plane with the psychical plane, it must come from the other side. Physics and psychics are two parallel lines; the one is a thistle from which no man shall ever gather the grapes of the other. But he seems to hope—not enthusiastically, or with any attempt at prophecy — that the researches of the Psychical Society will eventually lead to some definite knowledge of the spiritual kingdom. Pursuing his own investigations on the physical plane, and, as we have seen, pushing those investigations to the very confines of physical knowledge — the hypothetically ultimate ion — he is content to hope that other men, with other methods, working in the realm of spirit, may eventually reach to psychical truth as the physicists have reached to physiological truth.

His hope is founded upon telepathy. At the beginning of all occult phenomena we come upon the radiations of Thought. To plunge into spiritualism until we have grasped something of the laws governing the transmission—without the agency of the organs of sense—of thought and images from one mind to another, is to set about constructing the most difficult problem in Euclid without a knowledge of either axiom or postulate. We must prove telepathy before we can proceed, and prove it in the same convincing fashion as we prove the vibrations in solid bodies, in the air, and in ether. When once this is mastered, man will have touched the hem

of the garment without seam woven from the top throughout.

We talk commonly of "brain-waves," and in a loose fashion believe that one person can receive intelligence from another without speech. We give it a name, and think we have explained it. But what is a brain-wave? In other words, what is thought? The speculation of Professor Crookes — thrown out in the midst of considering the X-rays of Professor Röntgen—is that rays of a higher frequency, having perhaps a rate of vibration something like 9,223,052,036,854,775,808 per second, piercing the densest medium without appreciable diminution of intensity, and passing unrefracted and unreflected along their path with the velocity of light, may find a centre in the brain which uses them as the vocal chords use sound vibrations—both being under the command of intelligence. If this be so, and the brain can send out these rays with the swiftness of light to impinge on the ganglion of another brain,—"some at least of the phenomena of telepathy, and the transmission of intelligence from one sensitive to another through long distances, seem to come into the domain of law, and can be grasped. By such a hypothesis," he is careful to mark, "no physical laws are violated, neither is it necessary to invoke what is commonly called the supernatural."

Again, "Is it inconceivable that intense thought concentrated towards a sensitive with whom the thinker is in close sympathy may induce a telepathic chain of brain-waves, along which the message of thought can go straight to its goal without loss of energy due to distance? And is it also inconceivable that our mundane ideas of space and distance may be superseded in these subtle regions of unsubstantial thought where 'near' and 'far' may lose their usual meaning?" This

speculation he emphatically declares is "strictly provisional," adding, characteristically, "I dare to suggest it."

That is his present attitude towards psychical research: he is not a seeker, but a suggester. "Whilst it is clear," he says, "that our knowledge of subconscious mentation is still to be developed, we must beware of rashly assuming that all variations from the normal waking condition are necessarily morbid." He is a man as free from intolerance as enthusiasm. As we view the universe, he says, it seems to be the result of molecular movement — movements which obey the law of the conservation of energy; but that which we call "law" is merely an expression of the direction along which a form of energy acts, not the form of energy itself. "We may explain molecular and molar motions, and discover all the physical laws of motion, but we shall be as far as ever from a solution of the vastly more important question as to what form of will and intellect is behind the motions of molecules, guiding and sustaining them in definite directions along predetermined paths. What is the determining cause in the background? What combination of will and intellect, outside our physical laws, guides the fortuitous concourse of atoms along ordered paths culminating in the material world in which we live?" He sets the psychic those questions for solution before the world. His own faith in the spiritual world asks for no demonstration.

The motto of this man is *Ubi crux, ibi lux*, and I have said enough to show how courageously he has obeyed the motive force behind so brave a phrase. No man can depart a finger's breadth from physics without incurring the suspicion of the brethren; but he has followed the light into that kingdom which has been too long inhabited by charlatans and dreamers of vain dreams; and the result is—whether he has drawn back or not—to

encourage others to proceed quietly, honestly, and persistently in their researches.

His conviction of the continuance of the identity after death has helped to animate the labours of the best minds in psychical research, has helped to rescue occult phenomena from the polluting, desecrating touch of spiritualist charlatans. He is a man to whom men look, he is a man from whom something is expected. He has enabled men working in many and diverse fields to realise with Goethe that "It is to a thinking being quite impossible to think himself non-existent, ceasing to think and live." His idea of heaven is Emerson's: "That there is no melodrama in it at all; that it is wholly real." "We go on," he says—"that is all I can tell you; we go on." And the result is a gradual broadening of man's outlook from this world, a faith which lifts one from crawling upon the earth to stand upright, a quickening of the conviction that some day what now appear to be parallel lines may meet, bringing religion and science hand-in-hand to God.

"In old Egyptian days," he said, concluding his address to the British Association, "a well-known inscription was carved on the portal of Isis: 'I am whatever hath been, is, or ever will be; and my veil no man hath yet lifted.' Not thus do modern seekers after truth confront Nature—the word that stands for the baffling mysteries of the universe. Steadily, unflinchingly, we strive to pierce the inmost heart of Nature—from what she is to reconstruct, what she has been, and to prophesy what she yet shall be. Veil after veil we have lifted, and her face grows more beautiful, august, and wonderful, with every barrier that is withdrawn." Something of this fine spirit may be found in the best thought of the day; there is in the air a feeling that man is slowly loosening his grasp of the material to

grope into the mysteries of the spiritual. It would almost seem, as Mr. Arthur Balfour has hinted, that the generations are awaiting a new revelation, that we are approaching another dispensation. One read the other day in the *Contemporary Review*, without the slightest shock, such a startling passage as this: "The foundational axiom of the indestructibility of matter is being experimentally disproved. The familiar atom is giving place to 'ions' or 'electrons' of awful potency, in which matter and force are about one. Professor Clifford years ago said, 'There is great reason to believe that every material atom carries upon it a small electric current, *if it does not wholly consist of this current.*' There is a probability of this last astounding surmise proving correct; and evidence is accumulating to show that the human brain is something like an electrical machine, that the whole body may become a powerful battery, and that we have latent forces which will yet enable us to do the 'works' which Christ did, and, as He said, even greater works. His insistence on the power of faith to remove mountains may yet prove to be only a hyperbolic statement of actual fact, 'Faith' being the essential condition for controlling, or directing, those mental and other forces which are our birthright as sons of the same omnipotent Father." Just as there are men looking out in secret from orthodox religion towards science, so there are men looking out in secret from orthodox science towards Revelation. Outside of orthodox religion there are earnest and determined men reading the Bible in the light of certain recent discoveries in psychical research; and if one might be permitted to offer a suggestion to orthodox religion just now it would be this: that the youngest curate be restrained from renouncing faith in the remaining "superstition" left to the churches. As it has been well put, the modern religious spirit usurping

the name of the "Higher Rationalism," in rejecting what it terms superstition, has "poured out the baby with the bath." Certain is it that much which is dark and seemingly paradoxical in the New Testament becomes most convincingly intelligible and real in the light of psychical inquiry.

It would almost seem, then, that the ultimate electron is to come at the identical moment into the hands of religion and science. Professor Crookes, who has been faithful to physical science, may possibly find at the end of his researches that he is grasping the over-soul; and the Christian who has been faithful to the teachings of Jesus, that he is grasping actual *knowledge* of God. The possibility, at any rate, is approaching. In the meantime, the physicist proceeds on his way undisturbed by rumours from the province of psychical research. Professor Crookes may be said to stand typical of modern physical science. No one is more aware than he of the honest attempts of the psychic

> "To reach a hand through Time, and catch
> The far-off interest of tears";

no one, perhaps, is more convinced of the justification of these endeavours; and no one—though he would naturally refuse to give definite expression to such a faith—believes that the reward of such endeavours must be the attainment of eternal truth; and yet, in spite of all this, in spite of his own inquiry into the realm of spirit, he devotes the full force of his activities to Radiant Matter, the end of which he takes to be an electron, teaching him little more than he already guesses concerning the mystery of existence. It is a spirit which, the more one reflects upon, the more one honours and understands—a spirit which reflects lustre upon physical science, and confers a certain dignity upon mankind.

I learned recently in how grateful a spirit the encouragement of this eminent physicist is received by those whose study is psychical research. There is in London a man of science who for two years has been investigating mental healing and all occult phenomena. He was commissioned to do so by a newspaper, and his investigations, curiously enough, have brought him to precisely the same spot as that at which the Professor now stands—the electron. But he reaches the electron with a working hypothesis into which, he claims, all the scientific systems fit, and which renders the electron an intelligible and logical link with the origin of creation. He has collected, examined, and correlated many of the known facts concerning telepathy, spiritualism, hypnotism, King's touch, Lourdes, mental healing, the Peculiar People, and Christian Science; and the result, while it destroys the "facts" of what the vulgar suspect to be spiritualism, presents a relationship between science and religion which can be demonstrated before the world. I make no claim for it. I do not pretend to know how far it can be proved. But I venture to express the conviction that it is a theory which science cannot refuse to discuss; and if the test can—as this investigator confidently claims for it—satisfy the masters of physical science, the utilisation of the discovery will certainly tend to revolutionise our attitude towards existence. From the moment of its adoption—if it ever can be adopted—religion and science will become a unity.

MR. HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE

"Could I find a place to be alone with heaven,
I would speak my heart out: heaven is my need."
GEORGE MEREDITH.

"It will be proved in the future—I do not know where and when—that also in this life the human soul stands in an indissoluble communion with all the immaterial beings of the spiritual world; that it produces effects in them, and in exchange receives impressions from them, without, however, becoming humanly conscious of them so long as all stands well."—KANT.

THE personality of an actor is a subject for psychical investigation. Johnson's searching mockery of a poor strutting player—"Well, Tom, who art thou to-night?"—rises in my mind whenever I encounter one of these strange men whose lives are spent inside the habiliments and occasionally inside the very minds of other beings. Personality is the supreme mystery of existence; and here are men who inhabit night after night, year after year, personalities other than their own—who deny, as it were, the individuality of their own consciousness, and usurp a manner and a mind, an aspect and an outlook, which they have never received from the spirit of Incarnation, and for which they can hardly be held responsible in the larger world. What effect does this jugglery produce in the secret recesses of their minds? Is the actor, I mean, ever completely and thoroughly natural, ever quite himself?

Think what it must mean to an imaginative and highly sensitive mind to play the part of Hamlet for

a long period. From such a mind, surely, the haunting philosophy of Hamlet is never quite shaken off, even when the hose and sable cloak are laid aside. It must affect the personality; it must influence the mind. If the student is affected by patient and devoted reading of those pages, how much more the man who night after night lays aside his own familiar individuality with his modern dress, and putting on the garments of the Prince actually dons the gripping personality of that immortal mind!

And so I find myself when I meet an actor wondering how much of that personality impressing itself upon my mind is the man I see, and how much of it is the actor behind the mask. Is this man playing to me, is he performing before me?—or is this the very actual man whom the angels see and the heart of the Infinite remembers?

Mr. Tree, who steps so easily from the skin and bones of Gringoire into the rolling flesh of Falstaff, who is at one moment Richard of England and at the next the creeping, bloodless Zakkuri of the Orient, presents to us, in greater degree than any other actor of our time, this spectacle, this almost mystery, of a master juggler in personality. He is, moreover, as I shall attempt to show, an actor to whom the imaginative side of life is all in all—one, too, who is conscious of the mystery of existence, and feels the blood of the spirit throbbing through the narrow veins of materialism.

I asked him how he regarded this strange traffic in personality, how far he felt himself affected by the characters he plays. At first he was slow to answer, turning the question over in his mind to see it clearly, and to give it a valuable reply. Then he said, with a sly smile—

"One virtue this jugglery possesses: it prevents one from being bored perpetually by one's own personality! But," he added quickly, growing serious, "there is this side of the matter: An actor cannot assume a personality without impressing upon it his own conscious individuality. It would hardly be scientific to say of the most passionate and imaginative actor that he ever loses the force of his own consciousness. He may appear to the audience to sink and stifle and drown his individuality, but it is the magic of his own intense individuality which produces the illusion. You see what I mean? The character in a play is interpreted by the mind of the actor; the mind must be always there, and by the same token the mind is most there, is most forcefully, powerfully, and victoriously there, when the illusion is complete, and the spectators imagine that they do indeed behold the very flesh and blood of the character assumed.

"After all," he went on, "the distinguished author who so often has beguiled our leisure is frequently, when we come to meet him in the flesh, a poor fellow, a dull dog. Which is the real man? Is that the real man you find in the book—the rich, imaginative, heaven-climbing man—or this, the man of flesh, dull, stammering, self-conscious, boorish? A man finds his truest expression in his work. I think Shakespeare was most truly Shakespeare when he soared—solitary and divine—into the empyrean on the wings of his sublime fancy, far more the real Shakespeare than when he was making merry with boon companions, a man of the tavern, the 'real Will Shakespeare.'"

"Then," I said, "you are never conscious of any masterful obsession when you are studying a great part?"

"I will not say that," he answered. "During

rehearsals, and for the difficult days immediately preceding the production of a piece, I suppose one is absorbed by the man whose mind one carries about with one. The imagination has free rein then, and I am not in the least concerned about that self-conscious individual which certain of my acquaintance persist in mistaking for my real self. No, it may go hang itself, for all I care! I, I myself, am there in the character I act, the real I, the soul and spirit of my whole being—there in the part I play, expressing itself through and by that part.

"But, after those early days in the life of a play, this effort and exaltation of the imagination relaxes its tension. One falls to earth, and the soul has to fumble—alas, so clumsily, poor thing!—on the keys of the self-conscious part of one's being. The character, I mean, no longer becomes the hourly obsession. One goes through the day in the ordinary lazy, unconvincing fashion of those who mistake their self-consciousness for their real selves; and one only rises to the imaginative self when one steps back upon the stage into the world of him whose character one has assumed."

This interesting and frank presentation of his ideas, told me in odd intervals and without any preparation, not only helps one to understand Mr. Tree's methods of acting, but contributes worthy information, I think, to the illuminating theory of Frederic Myers concerning human personality, already discussed in these pages by Sir Oliver Lodge. If we change Mr. Tree's phrase of the self-conscious manifestation into that of the subconscious self, and his other phrase, the imaginative faculty, into that of the subliminal self, then we find ourselves looking through the actor into the long perspective of eternal spirituality. Johnson's mock, "Who art thou to-night?" can then be answered by the

actor: "I am myself, my greater self; and thou hast not the wit to see it, because thou art never *thy*self." For, in the light of Mr. Tree's theory, the actor is not so much a juggler with other people's personality as a demonstrator of the force and reality of the subliminal consciousness; by denying himself, in that wonderful Scripture phrase, he exchanges the feeble subconsciousness of the business day for the higher self which dwells perpetually in spirit worlds.

Everything in life has a spiritual significance, and here I think we have found the spiritual significance of the actor. What does it matter whether men call acting an art or a craft, when we have found the soul of it, and beheld it as a living spirit? The unlovely mummer of the Strand—I know many good people who loathe actors from their hearts' core—is not the real man, not the actual soul. There, over his spirit-fumes, sucking his stump of a cigar, and damning the British public in the deep melancholy notes of the elocutionist, he is not representing himself, but misrepresenting himself—he is the subconscious soul, the tiny incarnating atom of the great and complete spirit. Give him a part to play in which, if he be worthy the name of actor, he can get away from that troublesome subconscious self, making room in his brain for the influence of the invisible subliminal self, and you shall see a nobler man and a greater creature. The conceited young actor, who bores you in the drawing-room with his affectations and his lack of intelligence, is the real man only when he holds your attention in the theatre and compels you to smiles and tears.

Mr. Tree told me two stories which show how completely an actor may become obsessed by the spirit of a play. When he was acting Hamlet, he found himself in that scene on the ramparts where he

awaits the approach of the ghost, gasping for breath, and drenched with the dew of apprehension.

"What a fool I am!" he cried to himself. "My back is to the audience, my face is hidden, the scene is in darkness. Why should I waste so much mental force? Why not stand at rest, with detached mind, awaiting my cue with a cool pulse?"

But a trial to this end convinced him of its folly. He had a difficulty to get back into the character of Hamlet; and, moreover, he discovered that the scene did not grip the audience with the same intensity. Here again does the actor preach the gospel of psychical science. What was the effect of this terror on the ramparts but a telepathic effect from the stage to the audience? It was, in other words, a brain-wave from the actor to the men and women filling the silent house. Sir Oliver Lodge could hardly desire a better example of telepathic communication than this little confession from an actor's dressing-room.

The second story supports the same mystical thesis. When Mr. Tree was playing Mark Antony he was so lost in the part that his grief for the murdered Cæsar affected the actors gathered round the bier, and from them flowed into the house. But towards the end of the piece, at a time when he was feeling unwell and worn out, he checked something of his fervour, and spoke with quieter pulse and with intenser self-consciousness.

"What was the result?" he exclaimed. "The crowd on the stage was unmoved, and the crowd in front was unmoved also. I could feel the loss of sympathy between my fellow-actors, my audience, and myself."

I asked Mr. Tree, after these stories, whether he took any deep interest in spiritual investigations.

"Oh yes," he answered: "who could help feeling the deepest interest in the larger life of the unseen?

And I notice how the world is drawing nearer to the spirit of Christianity with these investigations. Dogma is dying hard, but it is dying, and in its place is the inquiring mind of humanity feeling out from the material world into the mysteries of the invisible, and finding itself in ever closer sympathy with the spirit and breath of a larger religion."

"If someone brought you a play," I asked, "dealing in worthy fashion with the great problems of existence, the really big things—this question of spiritual reality, for instance—would you play it?"

"Surely! surely!" he exclaimed. "The drama must move with the times; it must be the mirror of its period, the imaginative presentment of the intellectual activities of the age. But—a play that could give the world this modern spirit of emergence from materialism out into the invisible would have to be the work of a genius—a genius! Talent would beat its head against a brick wall.

"I don't think the theatre ought to preach—not any more, I mean, than Shakespeare preaches in *Lear* or in *Hamlet*—but it ought to reflect the highest aspirations of its period. Do you think that I should not grasp eagerly the opportunity of presenting a play which uttered the infinite mystery of the soul and brought home to the bosoms of all mankind the eternal desires of the human heart? Oh, give me the opportunity, the Lord Chamberlain permitting!"

I am certain that Mr. Tree is something of a mystic. Other people among his acquaintance may smile at this pronouncement, and declare that I have misread his disposition; but personality reveals itself to personality, and the soul expresses herself in the sympathy of soul. I admit that it is not easy to find the mystic in this actor when you come upon him suddenly behind the

scenes. Indeed, in such circumstances, it is difficult to draw near even to his physical representation, certainly impossible to catch a fleeting glimpse of his mind. For the modern theatre behind the magic of the footlights resembles the sound and fury of a factory. Hundreds of men, literally hundreds, move swiftly along the corridors, run up and down the stairs, gather in knots behind the scenery, and appear and disappear through doors that are never still. An automatic lift is for ever ascending and descending the six or seven floors of this gigantic theatre. Electric bells are for ever ringing impatiently in the several rooms of the management. The clatter of the typewriter sounds down all the corridors. Clerks of both sexes, with ledgers under their arms and pens behind their ears, move hurriedly from floor to floor. Servants in scarlet and gold rub elbows with breathless call-boys, cynical supers, lady typists, dressers in shirt-sleeves, perspiring scene-shifters, poets, dramatists, secretaries, newspaper men, and the actors and actresses in their bewildering costumes.

Among all these people moves the actor-manager, a big and commanding figure, with a face that suggests a kindly judge, and the voice of a headmaster who takes an interest in his boys. In the crowded room leading from the tiny apartment in which he paints his face and tires his head, he holds a sort of reception: there is the poet with a manuscript under his arm, the gentleman from the hospital with a request for a *matinée*, the musical conductor with a new *entr'acte*, the actor's familiar friend, the stage-manager with an idea, the lady with a letter of introduction, and the merry, fair-haired children of the actor showing the pictures and knick-knacks and the delightful *cartons* of Max Beerbohm to a boy friend with blinking eyes.

In such circumstances a man is not likely to see

the very beginning of the actor's personality. In all this bustle and movement, a little weary with the fatigue of the play, he sits restfully in a chair, speaking quickly, but always in the low, far-carrying, careful enunciation of the stage, or signing letters thrust suddenly before him, or initialling documents, or even speaking rapidly through the telephone on a hundred-and-one matters of business and friendship.

One might easily go away from a talk with Mr. Tree, snatched in such moments as these, with the impression that he is a rather languid and affected mortal, content with his abundant good fortune and as much given to the stifling vanities of the little world as the stupid people who bore one to death in picture-galleries and concert-rooms.

But there is a subliminal consciousness to every mortal threading his difficult way from the gate of birth to the gate of death; there is a spiritual reality for every little physical manifestation, a divine kinship with the Infinite in every representation of the flesh. But men must seek to find it, they must "deny themselves" and enter into unquestioning sympathy with the personality before them, to obtain even the most elusive glimpse of the reality. This is why biographies are so often the failures of literature. One cannot apprehend a personality from his small-talk or from his written words. There is always something behind, always the shy and fearful spirit hiding behind the veil of sense. To write the biography of a man faithfully one must have denied oneself a thousand times and surrendered the sensitive film of one's imagination to the impressions of his closest intimacy.

The reality of Mr. Tree, this popular and successful actor, is the personality of a mystic. If it does not

sound too bold an assertion, I should like to repeat that he is perhaps more of a mystic than he himself is aware of. He has that nature which is impatient of reading. He does not care for books. To him the faithfullest and only enduring impressions come from actual contact with men and women. He places instinct higher than knowledge, and carries his imagination into the world much as a tourist carries his kodak into the mountains. He is for ever receiving impressions, for ever meditating upon the reality behind the obvious illusion. He has the potentially devout temperament. He lives entirely in the imagination, and nourishes his brain through the emotions. Those wonderful new lights which he has thrown upon the text of Shakespeare — those little flashes of interpretation which burn into the mind and send one back to the sacred page with quickened devotion— are not wrought out in lonely study or in fearful wrestlings with the commentators; they are inspirations of the moment, seen and clutched in the midst of rehearsal, and added as a master-stroke, often at the last moment, as a painter makes the triumphant stroke of his picture when the paint is dry. I was careful to ask Mr. Tree about this matter, because one of my friends, who has just written an admirable book about Shakespeare, and is himself one of Mr. Sidney Lee's admirers, had mentioned to me how impressed he was by these apparently trifling illustrations of the text.

"I never think out the representation of a Shakespearean play," Mr. Tree told me. "I leave all the trappings of the drama to the moment of rehearsal. Then, in the white heat of the imagination, inspired by the wonderful words and the impelling action, one sees this and that little gesture, this or that little effect of scenery, as the poet himself must have

seen his own play in the swift and glorious inspiration of its composition."

In the same way, he holds that the art of acting in its essence can never be taught. It is all a question of the imagination, a matter of the personality. He himself goes frequently to the law courts to study the drama enacted there, and to feel the inspiration of the frightful reality behind the musty statutes, the scarlet and ermine, and the white face of the dazed creature in the dock. He tells people who want to go on the stage that it is essential they should have a knowledge of men and things. Not the embittering knowledge of the police-court solicitor, but the knowledge of the poet, who sees beneath the delusive surface into the throbbing mystery beneath, and is in sympathy with all men.

He justifies my assertion concerning his mysticism in another fragment of advice which he gives to young actors. "Don't," he says to them, "get into a 'set,' or become a too popular figure in drawing-rooms. Be universal. Enter into the mind of the sempstress and the commissionaire and the man of business; see life as they see it; regard the world and its laws and its customs and its hobbies and its creeds with their eyes. Feel the bigness of mankind, rather than the smartness of a coterie. Touch life at all its points, rather than yield yourself to the mould of a set. Do not ask yourself what is smart, or what is good form, or what is fashionable; ask yourself what is real, what is eternal, what is divine. Do not say such a man is a vulgar bourgeois, or such another is a mere prig; but set your imagination to work so that you may see the real soul, suffocating and pathetic, behind the vulgarity and behind the priggishness."

Like G. F. Watts, and like his friend Mr. R. J.

Campbell, Mr. Tree is an apostle of simplicity. He does not believe that it is possible for the imagination to live, or the emotions to endure, in the artificial atmosphere of luxury and vulgarity. The modern world of plutocracy he regards as the evil genius of art, as the palace of Circe where artists become swine and the soul falls into trance. He hates that spirit, referred to by Mr. Watts, which asks, not if a thing is beautiful, but if it is good form. He loathes with his soul the snobbishness which is the besetting sin of the society system, and which, like Borrow's mad puppy of gentility, has bitten all the world and infected it with the insanity of its own vulgarity.

"Life must be simple and natural for the man who seeks to become a great actor," he told me. "The imagination will not live in an atmosphere of scent and sugarplums and poodles. No; the imagination is the greatest gift of the gods, and it demands the rarefied atmosphere of the universal world. The actor, like the author, must see men and women with dispassionate eyes, he must pass as naturally and as sympathetically (there's the point!) into the minds of Hamlet, Fortinbras, Malvolio, and Falstaff, as Shakespeare himself. He must have no little bigotries of his own, no little barriers before his soul, no little cramping predilections. He must preserve the open bosom of the lake which reflects the grim mountain, the wings of the swallow, the fleecy clouds of the heavens, and the tremulous leaf on the swaying branch, with equal sincerity. This is why I am bold enough to claim acting as an art: it is all imagination, all spiritual, all fine fun."

A popular actor must needs have, in this petty world, a thousand detractors. I do not think that those who disparage Mr. Tree as an affected actor

and an insincere man have ever looked very deeply into his mind. My own first impression, let me confess, would have judged him in something of this mind, but I waited for the glimpse into the soul which always comes, and I think my vision was not blinded. In a single phrase a man may reveal his reality, in a momentary expression of his eyes tell the truth about himself—the truth of which he himself perhaps is but half-conscious; and I think that Mr. Tree is more of a mystic than he knows—not an intellectual mystic, such as Sir William Crookes or Mr. R. J. Campbell—but an emotional mystic, dimly conscious of God's close and universal providence, but wholly conscious of the joy and the satisfaction of meditation, and completely dissatisfied with the outward show of things. He is not a man who hides this temperament from the world, but as he hints at its reality and its satisfaction to his soul, you wonder if he has quite seen the logical trend of his nature, quite thoroughly apprehended the course of its spiritual development.

With another boyhood, in another age, I can picture this man as a preacher, and living a monastic life. But, as it is, he rides in the Row, drives his motor car from Chiswick to Pall Mall, and delivers his gospel of the Imagination from behind the footlights.

His moods, his life, are as varied as the characters which he portrays upon the stage: simple, yet extravagant; biting, yet kindly; morbid, yet joyous; expansive, yet apart. He is everything by turns, and everything sincerely. The artist!

DR. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE

"The wrestling for the world asketh a fall;
Here is no home, here is but wilderness.
Forth, pilgrim, forth! forth, beast, out of thy stall!
Know thy country, look up, thank God of all;
Hold the high-way, and let thy ghost thee lead,
And truth thee shall deliver, it is no dread."

IT is natural to think of Dr. Wallace as a veteran, a grave and venerable figure sitting in an arm-chair half asleep over volumes of forgotten lore. His name sounds naturally with Darwin's, and his fame reaches back far beyond the period of Huxley and Tyndall. The few photographs, too, with which the public are familiar suggest a man full of years, quietly waiting through the winter of life for the spring which is to be. But, in fact, Dr. Wallace is never quiescent, except for a few impatient moments before an importunate camera. He is electric in all his movements. He is a force, physically as well as mentally. Very tall and very spare, with high shoulders, long limbs, and a countenance alert and vivacious, he contradicts his age as effectually as any man in these wonderful days of eternal youth. His voice has a ring, his eyes have a fire, and all his movements are full of spring and elasticity. The white hair is thick and clustering; the eyes behind their spectacles gleam and twinkle with vivacity. He talks quickly, cross-questions in conversation with swiftness and point, and tells an anecdote with directness and

energy. In no single particular, either of countenance or manner, does this contemporary of Darwin impress one with a sense of veteran years or the slackness of retirement. He is still a soldier in the front rank of the grand army, still a leader in the march of progress. One talks to him as one talks to a contemporary, and conversation turns always to the work and the glory which lie just a little ahead in the future of science. He is the youngest of men.

But Dr. Wallace must always seem, to those outside his acquaintance, a veteran whose life's work is at an end. His name is so honourably, so romantically, and so closely associated with Natural Selection, that most people can think of him in no other way than as the co-discoverer with Darwin of what is called the Origin of Species. The story of that coincidence is one of the romances of science, and it is familiar to all the world. But it is not general knowledge, I believe, that both Darwin and Dr. Wallace derived their inspiration from Malthus' work on *Population*; nor is it quite realised that, but for Dr. Wallace, Darwin's work might have been presented to the world in volumes so many that few would have read them! Darwin had been working on Natural Selection for twenty years when Dr. Wallace sent his famous pamphlet to him for Sir Charles Lyell to read; and but for this sudden surprise of his great secret it is most probable that the careful and laborious Darwin would have spent another twenty years on the completion of its presentation. Dr. Wallace's pamphlet, so similar to Darwin's work that even some of its phrases appeared as titles in Darwin's MS., had at any rate the happy result of hurrying into the world a brief and concise exposition of the case for Natural Selection from the pen of Darwin.

Those are far-off days—so far, indeed, that certain

learned men are now beginning to throw over "Darwinism." Edward von Hartmann has written an article entitled "The Passing of Darwinism," and Professor Zoeckler has described this essay as "the tombstone inscription for Darwinism." American journals are asking, "Are the days of Darwinism numbered?" and the French *savants*, who have never been enthusiastic Darwinians, are said to be fighting against all schools of transformism. Professor Fleischmann declares that "the Darwinian theory of descent has not a single fact to confirm it in the realm of nature; it is not the result of scientific research, but purely the product of the imagination." Mr. John Gerard has lately published, through Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co., a work [1] which presents the case against "Darwinism" clearly and vigorously, and this book has been sympathetically reviewed in some of the most responsible newspapers. On all sides there is a certain amount of doubt and hesitancy. "In the sixties of the past century," says von Hartmann, "the opposition of the older group of *savants* to the Darwinian hypothesis was still supreme. In the seventies the new idea began to gain ground rapidly in all cultured countries. In the eighties Darwin's influence was at its height, and exercised an almost absolute control over technical research. In the nineties, for the first time, a few timid expressions of doubt and opposition were heard, and these gradually swelled into a great chorus of voices aiming at the overthrow of the Darwinian theory. In the first decade of the twentieth century it has become apparent that the days of Darwinism are numbered."

It was through a reference to this spirit of anti-Darwinism that I was able to lead Dr. Wallace to talk to me on a far greater and more engrossing

[1] *The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer.*

subject—the spiritual destiny of man. He chuckled with quiet delight at the idea that Natural Selection was an exploded theory. Darwin's work, he told me, is buttressed and fortified by every fresh discovery in natural history. Darwin's work, as set forth in the *Origin of Species*, is safe from the attacks of German *savants*. But—"Darwinism," that is a different matter.

"Certain writers pretend that Darwin said more than he said, and proved more than he proved," quoth Dr. Wallace. "Darwinism is very often a different thing from the *Origin of Species*. Darwin never touched *beginnings*. Again and again he protested against the idea that any physicist could arrive at the beginning of life. Nor did he argue for *one* common origin of all the variety in life. He speaks of "more than one" over and over again; and he also speaks of the Creator. It is only a few of his followers who have presented Darwin to the world as a man who had explained the beginning of everything, and who had dispensed altogether with the services of a Creator. Darwin must have turned in his grave more than once, if any echoes of 'Darwinism' ever reached him there."

"But you differed with Darwin on one great point?"

"Yes, we differed on the question of the mind. Darwin implied that the nature of man, in its wonderful totality, was derived from rudiments in the lower animals, just as the body was derived. He did not deny the action of any First Cause, remember, but he seemed to believe that just as the physical structure of man had been developed from its first form by the struggle for existence, so too the moral and intellectual nature of man had been produced from lower forms by the movement and labour of humanity. My point is

that man's mind has obviously been influenced by the struggle for existence, but that its origin is not the result of natural selection. In my book on *Darwinism* I point out that it is unscientific to believe in one single cause for every effect. It was believed for many years that the face of this earth, with all its majesty and homely beauty, was caused by volcanic action, by wind, frost, rain, and rivers, and by marine denudation on coast-lines. Those causes accounted perfectly for the general result, and nobody dreamed that any other force was necessary. But when science began to study the action of glaciers, it was found that here too was a cause of the modelling of the earth's surface. There was no break in continuity, no supernatural interference, no upsetting of the old causes, but a new force, a new cause, a new means, for the old and familiar effect. Evolution is so interesting, and the arguments are so nice and so compact, that many men fasten upon it greedily as the one and only explanation for all the manifold mysteries of creation. The temptation is great, but to yield to it is highly unscientific. There is not one cause, but many causes; evolution is a truth, but it is not all the truth."

Dr. Wallace holds that evolution does not account for the mathematical, musical, and artistic faculties in man. These have been developed under natural selection, but natural selection never could have called them into being. These things were not derived from the animals, any more than Alpine lake basins were caused by sub-aerial denudation by wind and frost, rain and rivers. Some other cause has to be added to the other causes and influences. In a word, the spiritual nature of man, separating him completely and absolutely from the highest of all mammals, has to be acknowledged and recognised. The gulf which separates

the ant from Newton, the ape from Shakespeare, and the parrot from Isaiah, cannot be bridged by a struggle for existence. To call the spiritual nature of man a "by-product" is a jest too big for this little world.

"On the hypothesis of this spiritual nature, superadded to the animal nature of man, we are able to understand much that is otherwise mysterious or unintelligible in regard to him, especially the enormous influence of ideas, principles, and beliefs over his whole life and actions. Thus alone we can understand the constancy of the martyr, the unselfishness of the philanthropist, the devotion of the patriot, the enthusiasm of the artist, and the resolute and persevering search of the scientific worker after nature's secrets. Thus we may perceive that the love of truth, the delight in beauty, the passion for justice, and the thrill of exultation with which we hear of any act of courageous self-sacrifice, are the workings within us of a higher nature which has not been developed by means of the struggle for material existence."

In this passage Dr. Wallace makes the supreme distinction, unrecognised by many materialists, between the struggle for existence *per se*, and the struggle for spiritual, intellectual, and moral existence. It may perplex an evolutionist to explain how it is that the struggle for existence has not produced such useful machinery as wings in man, but it must perplex him far more to demonstrate that the struggle for material existence has *produced* in man self-sacrifice, heroism, disinterested affection, and that sense of honour which sets death in any form, however horrible and protracted, before the momentary telling of a lie or an act contrary to the still small voice of conscience. Evolution can account well enough for the land-grabber, the company

promoter, and the sweater; but if it fails to account for Raphael and Wagner, Swedenborg and Wesley, Newton and Laplace, Damien and Catherine Booth, it has not explained the whole mystery of humanity. The world, so far as history teaches, has been moved infinitely more by spiritual forces than by material and selfish forces.

But the mass of men, interested but slightly in evolution or in metaphysics, is not yet convinced of the spiritual idea. In Matthew Arnold's phrase, we are only "light, half-believers of our casual creeds." The world waits for proof. Neither Moses nor Darwin has yet conquered mankind. Life, with its mysteries of consciousness and personality, is still the dumping-ground of theories and dreams. Until science has demonstrated either the Soul or the Happy Accident, man approaches death with an open mind.

I asked Dr. Wallace whether he believed that light and proof would come from occultism.

"Why are you afraid of the term spiritualism?" he asked, with a smile. "Spiritualism means the science of the spiritual nature of man, and that is surely a science which deserves a place among the investigations of mankind. Geology is important, chemistry is important, astronomy is important; but 'the proper study of mankind is man,' and if you leave out the spiritual nature of man you are not studying man at all. I prefer the term spiritualism. I am a spiritualist, and I am not in the least frightened of the name!"

"Well, then," I answered, "from spiritualism. Are we likely to get from this science proof of the existence of the soul and the persistence of consciousness beyond the grave?"

He smiled quietly. "I hold that those two points are already established," he answered. "It is only

because the scientific investigations of spiritualists are confounded in the popular mind with the chicanery and imposture of a few charlatans that the undiscriminating world has not studied the literature of spiritualism. A study of that literature, an honest and unbiassed examination of spiritual investigations, would prove to the world that the soul of man is a reality, and that death is not the abrupt and unreasoning end of consciousness."

"But why," I asked, "is science—speaking generally—antagonistic to the spiritual theory?"

"Science has not always proved itself a discerner of truth," answered the naturalist, with his eyes twinkling behind their spectacles. "Science has had its bulls of excommunication for the righteous, as well as Mother Church. Copernicus, Galileo, even Harvey! Think of the history of those men. Who was it that laughed at the lightning conductors of Benjamin Franklin?—The Royal Society! Who ridiculed the notion that London could be lighted with gas?—Sir Humphry Davy! The public were recommended by the learned *Edinburgh Review* to put Thomas Gray into a strait jacket for maintaining the practicability of railroads; and when Stephenson proposed to use locomotives on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, men of science gave evidence proving that it was impossible for a locomotive to travel at the rate of even twelve miles an hour. The history of science is full of such instances, and I have given several of them in my book on spiritualism.[1] One has to remind oneself again and again that truth is born into this world only with pangs and exceeding tribulation. Every fresh truth is received with the slings and arrows of outrageous conservatism. To expect the

[1] *Miracles and Modern Spiritualism.* By Alfred Russel Wallace. (Nichols.)

conversion of the world to any new truth, or its appreciation of any new aspect of truth, is to expect one of those few miracles which do not occur!"

"And yet," I said, "the mystery of life is the one subject which should attract the interest of the world."

"It is interesting the world more than some people suppose," he replied. "The number of spiritualists—honest and announced spiritualists—is now very great; and as for the timid and secret inquirers, they are legion. It is coming more and more to the front of human inquiry, this study of the spiritual nature of man: it is certainly destined to attract the energies of men of science more and more as purely physical science exhausts its field of inquiry. When you have got to the confines of the material globe you must either sit down or go back, unless you are sensible enough to go forward. Many of the younger school of physicists are now studying psychology, and psychology is only a polite term for elementary spiritualism. As soon as you begin to examine the mind of man you become a spiritualist."

Dr. Wallace has furnished spiritualists with their charter of science in his work on *Miracles and Modern Spiritualism*. No book has had such an effect upon inquirers into the mysteries of existence, and no book on spiritualism has so completely survived the attacks of scepticism and materialism. However man may be disposed to disbelieve some of its stories, and however incapable they may be of realising the commonness of such spiritual experiences, it is impossible, I think, for any man of fair judgment to deny that the author has made out his case for inquiry. The book, in its total effect, is a destruction of that ridiculous word *supernatural*. With irresistible logic and extraordinary

sweet reasonableness Dr. Wallace shows that the "supernatural" of one generation or of one country is the natural law of the next generation or of another more enlightened country. He will admit no supernatural agency into the world; but he protests against the phrase *a violation of the laws of nature*, because it implies that mankind is aware of *all* those laws.

"To suppose that we have discovered all the laws of nature," he told me, "is quite ridiculous. Radium has come into the world to prove not only that there was one law unsuspected hitherto by men of science, but that some of the former laws and dogmas of science were the heresies of partial knowledge. Humanity must always remain a learner. There is no finality in knowledge. If, instead of thinking that to call a phenomenon *supernatural* demolishes the phenomenon and proves it to be mythical, men would only study the phenomenon as Darwin studied earthworms or Lyell studied fossils, there would be a speedier end to the number of mysteries still remaining in the world. It is only because these things are not studied that we still employ such terms as 'miracle' and 'supernatural.'"

Dr. Wallace is not one of those men who believe that everything not made by man must have been made by God. His cosmogony is spacious, and finds room for other intelligences than those of humanity and deity. We are compassed about, he believes, by an infinity of beings as numerous as the stars, and the vast universe is peopled with as many grades of intelligences as the forms of life with which this little earth is peopled. To deny spiritual phenomena because some of them appear to be beneath the dignity of Godhead, seems to this patient and courageous investigator an act of folly, a confession of narrow-mindedness. No phenomenon is too insignificant or too miraculous for his investigation,

and in his philosophy there is no impossible and no preternatural.

He is, undoubtedly, the most courageous of men of science. Other eminent men have examined spiritual phenomena as carefully and as earnestly as he, and some of them have uttered their faith in the reality of these mysteries; but from the year 1863, from the very beginning of his scientific career, on the very threshold of his work in a materialistic and suspicious world, this brave and earnest man—with everything to lose and nothing to gain — has been the avowed champion of spiritualism, and has fought for his belief with a steadfastness which has only increased with time.

As one looks at him, so young and vigorous, for all his eighty-odd years, and listens to the ring in his voice as he answers the criticism of materialism, one is conscious of a kind of heroism, an order of knight-errantry, rare and wonderful in the intellectual world. He has fought for truth openly and eagerly when it would have served his reputation and his position in the world of science to have kept silence. He has suffered for his courage, but he is so sure of the faith which is in him, and so comforted by the assurances of spiritual reality, that he is undismayed by the number of his enemies, and unaffrighted by all the punishments they can mete out to him. He is one of the happiest and placidest of men, a man who laughs often into his beard, a man content with his lonely path, a man who has no use for the honours and flatteries of the crowd.

He has built himself a house in the midst of fine scenery, and looks from his windows across rolling hills at the distant sea. In his garden, where he grows the flowers that he loves and introduces the animal life he desires to study, he spends his happy hours and asks little more of the world. It is a garden half-wild, half-

cultivated, full of slopes and dips and angles, with an ancient orchard clinging to one of its hills, a circle of water gleaming in a hollow, and with flowers springing out of its long grasses as gladly as they grow in its beds. One can imagine no more fitting dwelling-place in England for this tall, spare man of science, with the crouching head, the snow-white hair and beard, the grey luminous eyes, and the quick movements of the long vigorous hands. It is good to see this courageous truth-seeker standing there in the wind, with his face set towards the distant sea, his eyes shining with sheer joy of existence, and his lips half-parted to drink the boisterous air. At such moments he seems an incarnation of Browning's optimism—the man who knows that faith will pierce the thickest cloud earth ever stretched, and the fighter who never turns his back, but goes breast-forward.

If I were to begin to tell some of the spiritual experiences of this great man there would hardly be an end to this chapter. The reader anxious to know upon what grounds so careful a naturalist has been led to believe in what other people call the supernatural, must turn to *Miracles and Modern Spiritualism*, where he will find incident enough and to spare. I may be permitted, however, to relate the first spiritual manifestation in the long experience of Dr. Wallace. He began, as so many others have begun, to take an interest in spiritualism through reading of medical hypnotism.

"It was about the year 1843 that I first became interested in psychical phenomena, owing to the violent discussion then going on as to the reality of the painless surgical operations performed on patients in the mesmeric trance by Dr. Elliotson and other English surgeons. The greatest surgical and physiological

authorities of the day declared that the patients were either impostors or persons naturally insensible to pain; the operating surgeons were accused of bribing their patients; and Dr. Elliotson was described as 'polluting the temple of science.' The Medico-Chirurgical Society opposed the reading of a paper describing an amputation during the magnetic trance, while Dr. Elliotson himself was ejected from his professorship in the University of London. It was at this time generally believed that all the now well-known phenomena of hypnotism were the result of imposture.

"It so happened that in the year 1844 I heard an able lecture on mesmerism by Mr. Spencer Hall, and the lecturer assured his audience that most healthy persons could mesmerise some of their friends and reproduce many of the phenomena he had shown on the platform. This led me to try for myself, and I soon found that I could mesmerise with varying degrees of success, and before long I succeeded in producing in my own room, either alone with my patient or in the presence of friends, most of the usual phenomena. . . . I thus learnt my first great lesson in the inquiry into these obscure fields of knowledge, never to accept the disbelief of great men, or their accusations of imposture or of imbecility, as of any weight when opposed to the repeated observations of facts by other men admittedly sane and honest."

It was many years after these experiments in hypnotism that Dr. Wallace saw a materialisation. The medium was a Nonconformist minister, at that time under the sole charge of the late Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood, Mr. Stainton Moses, and a few of their friends, for purposes of investigation; and it was these gentlemen who invited Dr. Wallace to the sitting. In broad daylight this minister stood before the party, and presently

from his side there emerged a little fluttering white cloud, which struggled, as it seemed, to break away from him. "Look!" he exclaimed quietly, "it has come!" and he manifested as great an interest in the appearance as any of the observers in the room. The cloud fluttered and swerved and pulsated, growing larger and larger, until at last it stood as high as the medium's shoulder and assumed the appearance of a draped female form. But it was still attached to the body of the medium by a narrow white nexus, and appeared to tug at this as though it would break away and be free. At this point the medium clapped his hands, and the form drifted suddenly away from him and moved a yard or two off. Then, when the medium clapped his hands a second time, the form clapped her hands with a sound heard by all present. It then returned to the side of the medium, grew fainter, flickered, and appeared to be absorbed again into his body.

From that moment there was never any thought of turning back. Proof after proof was given of the reality of these appearances, and all the efforts to discover trickery, or explain the phenomena by hypnotism or legerdemain, only deepened his conviction that they were realities of fact.

I asked Dr. Wallace how it was that so few people possess mediumistic powers. He believes that we are witnessing a new birth of these faculties, and thinks that the only period in the world's history when the phenomena of spiritualism appeared to cease may be accounted for by "a well-known natural law." Witches were, undoubtedly, *mediums*—that is, "persons of the peculiar organisation required for the manifestation of modern spiritual phenomena." Witches are real enough, and common enough in history, and by calling them witches we do not explain the mystery they present to

science. In the dark ages, however, any woman whose organisation lent itself to the operations of spiritual intelligences was described as a witch, was believed to be possessed by the devil, and was burnt at the stake. They were "burnt or destroyed by thousands all over the so-called civilised world."

"The mediums being destroyed," Dr. Wallace points out, "the production of the phenomena become impossible; added to which the persecution would lead to concealment of all incipient manifestations. Just at this time, too, physical science began to make those rapid strides which have changed the face of the world, and induced a frame of mind which led men to look with horror and loathing at the barbarities and absurdities of the witch persecutors. A century of repose has allowed the human organism to regain its normal powers; and the phenomena which were formerly imputed to the direct agency of Satan are now looked upon by spiritualists as, for the most part, the work of invisible intelligences on the average little better or worse than ourselves."

Dr. Wallace attaches considerable importance to spirit photography. In the old days when a camera was employed, and the photographer used his own plates or did his developing in secret, there was some just excuse for the incredulity of the world. But now, when a man may buy his own plates, take them unopened to a medium, let the medium merely lay his hand upon the package, and then himself take them away and develop them, there can be no excuse for ridiculing as trickery or accident the figures which appear upon the photographs. Dr. Wallace believes that this method of investigation is likely to arouse the attention of the scientific world.

But he is nothing of a propagandist. He fights for spiritualism when it is attacked, and he is never afraid of

announcing his own faith in psychical phenomena; but he is not at all anxious to make converts. Men who are ripe for new truth will receive it, and it is good that the world should grow as slowly into the realisation of the spiritual facts of existence as it grew into the knowledge of electricity or evolution. There is no hurry. He spends his days among his plants and his books, he reads with interest on almost every subject under the sun, and he is content that progress should follow its own course. A happy warrior, fond of study and meditation, devoted to the intellectual life, contented with his lot, and well pleased with the simple, unaffected satisfaction of his charming home. In some respects he is one of the most heroic and splendid figures in science; he is certainly a man of simplicity and unaffected good faith.

MR. FRANK PODMORE AND PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

"There is a rationalist criticism which examines everything from the lofty height of its own conceit, rejecting all that does not happen to have an obvious reason and an immediate justification. And there is a scientific or historic criticism which is full of caution and of reverence, which recognises that for all phenomena which have appeared in the world there must be a justification of some sort, and that what has been nobly thought and strongly felt in the past is almost sure to have roots going down to what is best and most durable in man."—PROFESSOR PERCY GARDNER.

THE chapter on Sir William Crookes led up to the most fascinating and bewildering of all subjects engaging the energies of men. Sir William suggested things, rather than said them; and one was conscious, in writing the chapter, of that sense of disappointment which must, I fear, have been the experience of the majority of those who read it. Professor Crookes, like nature, half revealed and half concealed the truth within. We stood on the physical plane with eyes set upon the spiritual, as men may stand on the earth looking up to the stars; we could speak about it, we could suggest the possibility of an ultimate communion, we could even hint at the manner in which communication might be brought about; but there was no clear word, no distinct and emphatic decision, no vigorous Yes or No. The star was there, but we ourselves were pinned to the earth.

I was encouraged by a number of my friends in whose company I met Sir William Crookes shortly after

the writing of the last chapter — and, indeed, by Sir William himself — to pursue the subject in another direction. Professor Crookes was infinitely more suggestive on this occasion (he knew himself beyond the reach of a notebook), throwing out such glorious ideas as filled us all with enthusiasm for the future of psychical research. And so I went, thus encouraged, to the author of *Modern Spiritualism*, to obtain definite knowledge on the subject which Professor Crookes had adumbrated rather than discussed, and to learn as exactly as possible the point at which modern inquiry in this region now stands.

For some years Mr. Frank Podmore has been a thorn in the flesh to the more credulous members of the Psychical Research Society. If the supernatural is laid by its supernatural heels, nothing will convince him of its supersensuous reality till he has set it up in the witness-box and subjected it to such a cross-examination as would shake the evidence of a police constable. If there is the smallest excuse for believing the supernatural to be natural, Mr. Podmore seizes upon that point, holds it tightly in his two hands, and so escapes gladly and triumphantly from the antipathetic supernormal. I do not mean that he is the only member of the Psychical Research Society who is so informed with the critical faculty, nor do I set him up as the most distinguished representative of psychical inquiry in a body which numbers among its members such men as the Bishop of Ripon, Mr. Arthur Balfour, Professor William James, Sir Oliver Lodge, Dr. Milne Bramwell, and Lord Rayleigh. Indeed, Mr. Podmore was unwilling at first to accept my proposal that he should talk to me about this matter, lest he should seem to assume a right of spokesmanship which did not belong to him. At most he could claim, he explained, the position of sceptic-in-chief to the Psychical Research

Society; his positive contributions to the long course of experimental research carried on by the Society since its foundation in 1882 were insignificant compared with the achievements of some of his colleagues, Dr. R. Hodgson, Professor W. T. Barrett, and that distinguished trinity of Cambridge men, the last of whom joined the majority just two years ago—Edmund Gurney, Henry Sidgwick, and Frederic Myers. It was only after my assurance that I would make his position plain that he yielded to my request and talked freely about his work in psychical research.

This work has been entirely destructive, and his last two volumes are declared by some to be the ultimate word on the subject of spiritualism. Certainly no one has written the history of spiritualism in so critical a manner; and it is by this exhaustive and comprehensive inquiry, and its more or less judicial character, that I justify the inclusion of Mr. Podmore among the master workers of the modern world. For it is now pretty generally admitted by educated men that psychical inquiry is a noble and a worthy branch of science, and some even go further and declare that in no other sphere of the intellect is man likely to come upon the nexus which will ultimately make a unity of religion, science, and philosophy. To most of us it is, at any rate, by far the most enchanting of all intellectual efforts, and I am happy to know that a great number of men engaged in this work approve of my selection of Mr. Podmore as its spokesman on this occasion.

Let me begin the subject by an analogy which Mr. Podmore has adapted from a figure of Frederic Myers. The brain of man is like a room in a factory: from wall to wall is the movement of machinery—every wheel, every bolt, every screw, every crank, playing its part in the general labour; and, it is important to note, some of

the machinery is of an ancient date, while other parts of it are comparatively new. Above this jumble of moving wheels, this rhythmic movement of the whole machine, hangs from the ceiling a single lamp, illuminating but a tiny area of the room; on some of the wheels it casts a bright light, on others only a ghostly glimmer, while the greater part of the sounding chamber is left in outer darkness. This little lamp is Consciousness.

In the present state of knowledge we are ignorant not merely of the greater part of our organic life, but of an enormous area of our psychic life, and even of our purely intellectual faculties. The brain in this huge area is at work, steadily and relentlessly moulding our character, steadily and relentlessly controlling our destinies, but we are unconscious of it, we know nothing about it, the majority of us are even unaware of its existence. It is the realisation of this tremendous fact which has produced the caution and reverence of modern scientific criticism. It is probably responsible for the statement of Sir Oliver Lodge that "the highest science and the truest theology must ultimately be mutually consistent." It is probably responsible for the complete rejection of the laborious destructive criticism of the *Encyclopædia Biblica*, because, as one writer puts it, "throughout the whole inquiry it is presupposed that the normal experience of the average man in this everyday world is the canon whereby we can infallibly mark out the limits of possibility of the credible happening throughout the centuries." Science is beginning to fight shy of that word "normal." It is a beast of a word. It is the sluggish man's excuse for his paralysing conservatism, the base on which he erects his gloomy gospel of obscurantism. Who will be rash enough to define that smug and vacant term? There is no normality, as there is no finality, in man's experience. The limited energy of our

consciousness produces the illusion of normality, but in truth it has no existence; and every fresh discovery of science opens a gate into the asphodel meadows of the infinite. "For we know in part, and we prophesy in part; but when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away."

Now the work of the Psychical Research Society, as Mr. Podmore conceives it, is to swing the little hanging lamp of Consciousness till its rays explore the farthest corner of the labouring-room. Bit by bit, for—so far as we can judge—the energy of consciousness is not illimitable; bit by bit, till we have learned at least something more of the influence and functions of the brain. The hypnotic trance, visions in the crystal, the study of automatic processes, all these shift, if only by a little, the focus of light. It may be that it is beyond our power to extend the illumination over the whole area of the activities of the Ego; it may be that our very mortality lies in this feeble range of consciousness, and that we shall go down to the grave in the sublimest oblivion of ourselves; but, however that may be, it is at least possible to attempt the extension of that consciousness, and, as the lamp swings, is not fixed rigidly to the roof, it is justifiable for the most devout Christian to suppose that it is in the purposes of God that we should make the attempt. At present it is wholly impossible for any man to know himself. Consider what that means.

With this great tract of intelligence unexplored in man, it is unphilosophical in the highest degree to make use of any such term as "supernatural" or "miraculous." And, by the same token, it is possible to escape from every manifestation of spiritual existence with the excuse that it is probably cerebral. "We cannot tell; it may be a message from the dead, but it is much more likely to be some unguessed activity of the subliminal con-

sciousness." So argue the agnostics among the psychical inquirers. And who can gainsay them?

Mr. Podmore's present position is this. Evidence for messages from the dead is bad. We are in absolute ignorance of the spirit world. And — all the known phenomena of spiritualism are explicable on physical grounds. He has arrived at this conclusion, he claims, after exhaustive inquiry, after a prolonged and unbiassed examination of all the evidence for occult phenomena; but while he thus destroys the mystery of spiritualism, he finds himself face to face—as I shall show later on—with a psychological mystery whose exploration will tend to revolutionise our ideas on ethics, education, and therapeutics.

Let me tell the genesis of Mr. Podmore's inquiry into spiritualism. He was satisfied that Madame Blavatsky was a charlatan of the worst description; he had seen the mystery of spirit-writing on locked-up slates exposed as a conjuring trick; he had discovered many of the dodges of mediums, and had easily seen through the hocus-pocus of the spiritualistic séance. Practically all the ghostly mystery of spiritualism proved on examination to be either imposture or unconscious self-deception. Apparitions from the dead, and the more striking instances of clairvoyance, were solved on the theory of brain-waves. There was nothing left to the psychical inquirer save the maintenance of an open mind for the patient examination of any further development in occult phenomena.

It was at this time that Mr. Podmore's conclusion was shaken by the extraordinary mediumship of an American lady, the famous Mrs. Piper.[1] This woman

[1] Mrs. Piper, it must be said, has expressed her own belief that her trance-revelations are due to thought-transference, and not to spirits at all. (She has never confessed trickery, as some suppose.) As for this statement, it must be remembered that Mrs. Piper is unconscious in trance, and can therefore know nothing about the matter.

had displayed such unusual powers, had manifested in trance the possession of such abnormal faculties, that the Psychical Research Society, on the recommendation of Professor William James, determined to take her into its employment, not only to guard her from the demoralisation of the paid séance, but to keep her under the closest observation by qualified men of science. She was brought to England by the Society, and, under the supervision of Sir Oliver Lodge, Frederic Myers, and Dr. Walter Leaf, displayed such marvellous knowledge of hidden things that they were as satisfied as Professor James of her supernatural powers. There were two theories of her seemingly miraculous faculties. Dr. Leaf held that the spirit which spoke through Mrs. Piper in trance was probably her secondary personality, the supernormal phenomena being explicable on the hypothesis of thought-transference from the sitters. Lodge, on the other hand, maintained that the knowledge was too intimate to be explained by thought-transference, and held to the hypothesis of telepathy from distant persons, if that were in any way possible, and, in the last resort, telepathy from deceased persons — telepathy of some kind as distinct from any conceivable method of extracting information from persons present at the sitting. Thus the matter stood when Mrs. Piper returned to her home. After some little time Dr. Richard Hodgson, a distinguished and brilliant member of the Society, was despatched to America to study this woman over a prolonged period, and to make reports of his observations. From the very first Mrs. Piper manifested her unusual powers, telling complete strangers—introduced to her, in every case, under assumed names — the most intimate facts about themselves and their past, which, it seemed, it was utterly impossible for her to have learned in any ordinary or natural fashion. But this, after all, was what

the other mediums had done, even if less successfully, from the very outset of psychical research; and since so many of them had proved to be charlatans, it was difficult to resist the conclusion that Mrs. Piper on further inquiry would prove to be — in plain words— merely a very adroit humbug. Then occurred the extraordinary story of "George Pelham," which made a profound impression on Professor William James, and induced Mr. Podmore to reconsider his conclusions.

Briefly told, the story of George Pelham runs on these lines. A young and promising *littérateur*, who played at law and dabbled in psychical research, George Pelham was a popular figure in a certain intellectual circle of American society. He became a sympathetic friend of Dr. Richard Hodgson. But some little time after the ripening of this intellectual friendship he died in tragic circumstances while his promise was in the bud—reminding one a little of the fate of the ever-to-be-deplored "J. K. S." or George Steevens. Two years before his death, he and Dr. Hodgson had one night discussed the possibility of a future life, Pelham maintaining, on a fundamental philosophic theory which they both accepted, that a future life was not only incredible, but inconceivable; while Dr. Hodgson maintained that while a continued existence was incredible, it was at least conceivable. This serious discussion ended, as such discussions invariably do end among healthy-minded men, in light-hearted banter. Pelham said that if he died first and found himself "still existing" he would "make things lively" in the effort to reveal the big and cheerful fact of his continued existence to his unfortunate friend still in the flesh.

Well, some time after his death, "Dr. Phinuit," the spirit who claimed to control Mrs. Piper in trance, announced that another spirit, one George Pelham,

wished to make a communication; and from that time began the manifestations of the dead George Pelham, which remain the most fascinating, bewildering, and dramatic of all the records belonging to the Psychical Research Society. I must refer the reader for a full report of this entrancing story to vol. xiii. part 33 of the *Proceedings* of the Society, contenting myself with the most hurried generalisation for the purposes of this chapter. George Pelham, then, announced to Dr. Hodgson that he was still living, reminded him of his promise to return, and told, in his usual high spirits, how he could have danced with delight when he woke up from the momentary darkness of death to the fair light of continued existence. Then he related exactly how his father and mother had behaved at the time of his death, even to the placing of a bunch of violets on his dead body, and begged that they should be brought to hear him tell through the organism of Mrs. Piper that he was happy and well. It was all very like a wireless message from a son in a far country to his parents at home. The sittings were continued over many months, George Pelham sometimes speaking through Dr. Phinuit, sometimes writing his messages, and sometimes speaking himself. It is worth remarking, at this point, that on some occasions Dr. Phinuit would be discussing the stenographic report of a previous interview, while George Pelham wrote his intimate messages with one of Mrs. Piper's hands, and a different control utilised the other hand. Throughout these sittings George Pelham recognised friends, discussed his unpublished manuscripts, and made various little dispositions of his property. Here and there he failed to name an acquaintance; here and there he gave a wrong answer to a question; and here and there he displayed an almost astonishing ignorance of his earthly existence. But these mistakes

were so trivial in comparison with the intimacy of knowledge displayed, that his mother became convinced it was her son who spoke to her, the father reluctantly (as Pelham had prophesied) reached the same conclusion, and Dr. Richard Hodgson—a man of singularly clear judgment—announced himself as satisfied that the manifesting spirit was in very truth his dead friend.

It seemed to Mr. Podmore that he himself was being forced to the same conclusion by the convincing character of the evidence. But he took counsel with himself, and considered that if the vast majority of mediums had been proved charlatans or the dupes of their own delusions, the probable inference was that Mrs. Piper would be ultimately found in the same category. Nevertheless, he could not find rest for his soul in this ready-made solution, and so he determined to make a prolonged and analytical examination of all occult phenomena in the conviction that the result would be a verdict of "Not proven" for the claims of Mrs. Piper. And this was the genesis of these new critical volumes, *Modern Spiritualism.*

Mr. Podmore's conclusion is, briefly, that all supernormal manifestations have their origin in the subconsciousness, the "hidden self," as Professor James calls it, or the "subliminal consciousness," as Myers termed it. It is not spirits who appear and converse with mortals, but the subconscious self — that vast area of the brain to which psychologists are now looking for the answer to the riddle of existence. In the next chapter, which will deal with Dr. Milne Bramwell's investigations into hypnotism, I shall be able to present the reader with some very remarkable discoveries in this realm of inquiry; for the present I must only hint that Dr. Bramwell — who, to the credit of British science, is now regarded as a master

of his subject both in France and Germany[1]—is firmly convinced that the subconsciousness, which becomes active in trance, is responsible for all the phenomena which point to the communication or the manifestation of spiritual beings. This hint is, however, sufficient to prove that Mr. Podmore's conclusion is fully justified by an eminent authority on the psychological activities of the subconscious mind, one whose researches have been entirely restricted to the less romantic field of physiology. "Mrs. Piper," says our critic, "would be a much more convincing apparition if she could have come to us out of the blue, instead of trailing behind her a nebulous ancestry of magnetic somnambules, witch-ridden children, and ecstatic nuns." Thus at the end of his historical survey of spiritualism, Mr. Podmore dismisses "Dr. Phinuit" and "George Pelham," and leaves us with the mystery of Mrs. Piper's subconscious self. But he tells me that it is quite possible he may be wrong. Dr. Hyslop, Professor of Logic and Ethics in Columbia University in New York, who has also examined the problem of George Pelham, declares as his verdict that "the explanation which best fits the facts, and the only explanation so far adduced which fits them all, is that of spirit communication." For myself, I can only say, with all due humility, that after a somewhat laborious inquiry, and after many conversations on this subject with men on whose sound judgments I am accustomed to rely—legal minds and philosophic minds—I cannot bring myself to believe that Mr. Podmore's explanation is one whit more convincing than Dr. Hodgson's or Professor Hyslop's. One can appreciate the subtlety

[1] Although England is supposed to be far behind these countries in hypnotic research, Dr. Bramwell has been invited to write the article on Hypnotism for Professor Richet's *Dictionnaire de Physiologie*.

of his dialectic, admire the calm and judicial character of his investigation, even find oneself beaten out of the field by the relentless sweep of his logic, but afterwards the conviction will return that he has only destroyed here a little and there a little, that the mystery as a whole remains intact, and that, in Professor Hyslop's words, the only explanation which fits *all* the facts is that of spirit communication.

But Mr. Podmore would approve this attitude of mind as much as the least well-balanced of psychical enthusiasts. While he destroys, he preaches against "the superstition of incredulity," and confesses himself willing and eager to investigate calmly and reverently any fresh manifestation of occult phenomena. Sir William Crookes told me that to some of the brethren he is the Paul of Psychical Research, at this time grievously afflicting the Church, but some day to be its most powerful and strenuous apostle. Mr. Podmore smiles at the description. Of his own faith, of course, he will not speak; but he declares boldly and before men that from the standpoint of physical science there is no evidence of an existence beyond the grave, that there is no evidence of any communication from the spirit world, and that there is even "very little historical testimony to the transmission of thought and clairvoyance." Before the reader dismisses this negative criticism as disappointing, worthless, and unsubstantial, I would beg of him to read the following chapter which will deal with the tremendous potentialities of man's second personality. In this place our business is with Mr. Podmore and spiritual phenomena; we are concerned chiefly with his destructive criticisms of theosophy, spiritualism, and kindred superstitions, and we cannot proceed further in the subject of psychology than to hint at his faith

in the ultimate demonstration of subconscious mind as the *fons et origo* of all which now appears to us as mysterious and supernatural.

We have seen that Mr. Podmore is dissatisfied with the present evidence purporting to demonstrate a future life. From the scientific aspect—quite apart from religious faith or psychological conviction—he holds that there is no shred of evidence to justify the enormous assumption that we continue after death. Nor is there any evidence, he holds, which can persuade man that spiritual communication has ever been achieved in the world's history. Spirit-rapping, writing on slates, the conjuring tricks of Madame Blavatsky, all the astonishing cleverness of the séance, are subjected to his relentless analysis and condemned as vulgar jugglery. But when he has demolished this pack of cards, and the insistent question of humanity comes back, "Shall we live again?" he answers, from the position of science, that psychical research, which has destroyed so much, has revealed at least a possible channel for seeking the answer to that hungry question. Like Sir William Crookes, he looks to an investigation of telepathy, or thought-transference, to provide men with a new outlook upon the mystery of life.

"If thought," he says, "can influence thought, untrammelled by the clumsy machinery of sense-organs and ethereal undulations, still more if the human soul can transcend the limits of space and time, can see the distant and foresee the future, then assuredly the soul is something more than a mere function of the bodily machinery; it must be independent and gifted with a life of its own. To prove so much would not be, indeed, to establish the continued existence of the soul after the dissolution of the body;

but it would assuredly constitute a strong presumption of such continued existence. And more than this, it would defeat the deadliest argument founded on the apparent interdependence and inseparability, in all their hitherto-known manifestations, of the body and the soul of man. The ring fence which hems us in would be broken through, and a straight way opened into a universe transcending the universe of matter."

But this high hope, he insists, is only a hope, a consummation to be desired, a stimulus to be kept in mind—not a foundation for faith. The evidence for precognition is imperfect, and even the evidence for telepathy is not yet strong enough for the establishment of any definite thesis. Sir William Crookes, standing on the physical plane, refusing to leave the physical plane, told us that there was no justification in physical science for faith in supernatural manifestations. And Mr. Podmore, standing on the psychical plane, after many years of searching inquiry into the supernatural, tells us that there is no evidence supporting the theory that the dead have returned to earth, or that mortal man has ever spoken across the narrow stream which separates the crumbling marge of mortality from the boundless universe of infinity. We are in this respect very much as we were a thousand years ago: the Sphinx still smiles and is silent; the litanies of man's travail have availed nothing to wake the echoes of the grave; Death still holds his secret, and only the faithful can find balm for the sharpness of his wounds.

And yet it seems justifiable to hope that although—

> ". . . the tired waves, vainly breaking,
> Seem here no painful inch to gain,
> Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
> Comes silent, flooding in, the main."

Psychical research may have nothing to tell us, physical science may be dumb; but for a weary and suffering humanity there is at least a hope that a wider knowledge of the problem of existence is coming upon the earth. There is not the smallest probability that a sudden effulgence of spiritual glory will illuminate the dark recesses of life, chasing the great cold shadows of death, sickness, and pain from the path of mortality: God has never moved in this way across our little world; but there is a hope, a wide hope, that slowly and silently a deeper consciousness is dawning over the earth, and that some day we may wake without surprise to find the lips of the Sphinx unlocked. Not the sudden sweep of a great light, or the rush of luminous angels above the earth —but a freer swing of the little white lamp which hangs above the toiling brain of mortality.

Let us, however, admit our debt of gratitude to such men as Frederic Myers, Sir Oliver Lodge, Professor Barrett, and Mr. Podmore. They have not only "kept their heads" in a whispering atmosphere mysterious enough to obsess the imagination with the most dangerous delusions, they have not only clung to natural interpretations of phenomena whose simplest and most adequate solution, in Mr. Podmore's own words, appears to be the existence of supersensuous agencies; but they have destroyed a mass of the grossest superstitions, they have exposed the impostures of the more subtle and insinuating, and they have administered to every form of spiritualistic quackery a condemnation from which there is neither appeal nor escape. And does the reader realise how necessary such work is, even in our modern day of noisy materialism? *Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret.* Old Horace knew humanity! Every day

the rooms of the palmist and the crystal-gazer are thronged by silly women of fashion, and every day the tattered fortune-teller peregrinates the slums with promise of a longer life. At all points of civilisation superstition is ministering to the universal desire of humanity to escape from its cramping limitations. And it is only by spreading the result of the investigations of such a notable body as the Society of Psychical Research that we can hope to deliver the silly and the superstitious from the wicked impostors who prey upon their credulity. The destructive work of the Society deserves the highest praise, and calls for recognition at the hands of the legislature and the public. The State has no longer any excuse for tolerating the innumerable charlatans who boldly advertise themselves in the daily press, and the public might do more than it has done in the past to make known the healthy results of psychical inquiry. It is actually believed by certain good and apparently intelligent people that spiritualism is a work of the devil, and that to inquire into or even to talk about it is to dishonour God. But the more the public knows about the Psychical Research Society the more it will appreciate its work, and the more it will be disposed to admit that there is as much a science of psychics as of arithmetic or geology. From alchemy came chemistry, and from astrology came astronomy. It is not impossible that from ghosts, witchcraft, and spirit-rappings may eventually emerge a science of the soul which is at unity with all that is purest and most spiritual in Christianity.

In conclusion of this chapter, and as a preface to the next, I will advert in general terms to the physiological mystery whose exploration, as was said above, will tend to revolutionise our ideas on ethics, education, and therapeutics.

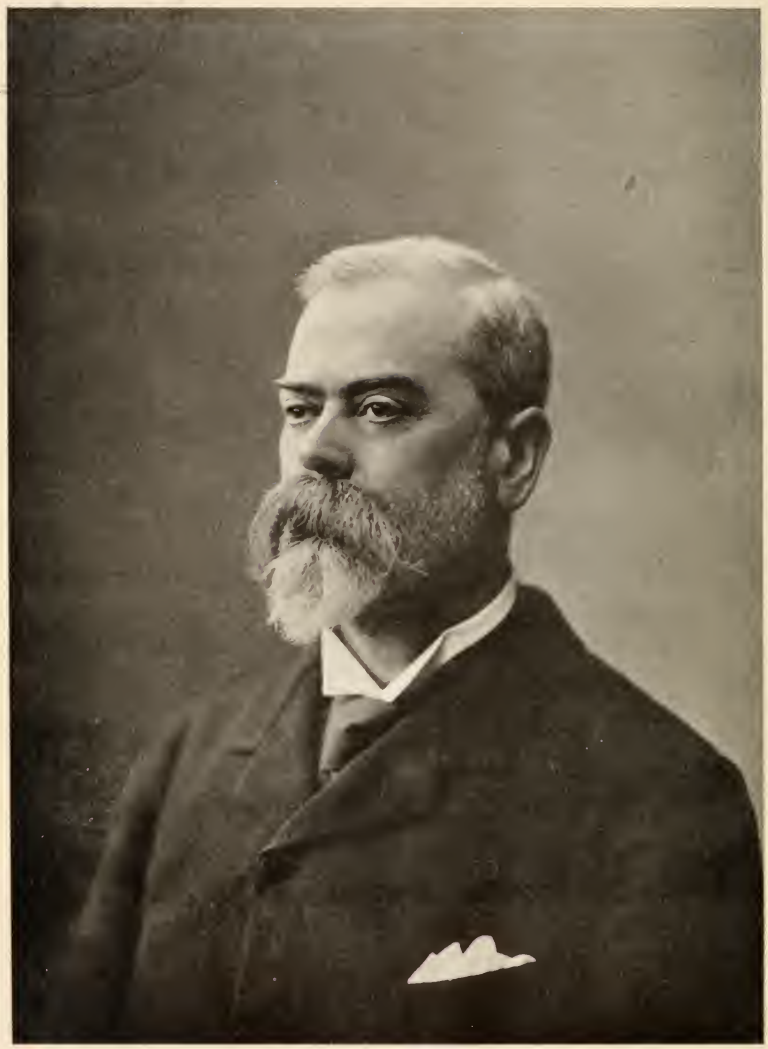
One of the most striking of the phenomena investigated by the Society is what we call the apparitions of the living and the dead. In a case which came recently to my knowledge, a relation of a soldier killed in South Africa believed herself to be possessed by the dead man, and gave a full and graphic description of his death and the manner of the spiritual world into which he passed without pain or surprise. Three weeks later the mails substantiated in every detail the description of the manner of his dying at the very time when the relative in England believed herself to be possessed by the dead man. This would seem to justify the belief that the spirit in very truth did manifest itself; but Mr. Podmore, when I told him the story, could only say that there was another and a more plausible explanation. It was not the dead man, he thinks, who visited his home, but the dying man; and he relates a story which certainly justifies this explanation. On the 2nd of March, in the year 1882, an Eton master was walking in the neighbourhood of Wraysbury, when he suddenly fancied himself to be standing in a crowd of people in Windsor, waiting for the Queen to pass. In a moment the royal carriage arrived, and instantly he heard the report of a pistol, and looking round saw a man struggling in the clutches of the infuriated crowd. On investigating the matter, the schoolmaster found that such an attempt at assassination did take place on that day, at some hundred and fifty yards from the scene in his vision, and, as far as he could judge, the vision *preceded* the actual event by something like three-quarters of an hour! As Mr. Podmore points out, the scene was probably evoked by an impulse received from the would-be regicide, excited by his delirious imaginings of his project and its probable consequences to himself. Again, a clergyman in the South of England determined to appear to a friend, and

one night he fell asleep with this intention rigidly held by his consciousness. At 3.40 in the morning he woke from a vivid dream of his friend, convinced that he had succeeded. It was subsequently discovered that at three o'clock the friend awoke suddenly, and experienced a restless and an unaccountable longing to go downstairs. On returning to his room he beheld his friend the clergyman standing under a large window, "dressed in his usual style, and with an expression on his face that I have noticed when he has been looking very earnestly at anything."

Such stories as these, well authenticated and subjected to a most searching examination, are common enough in psychical research. But if the explanation is not ghostly, is not supernatural, surely it is suggestive of latent powers in mankind which will reveal the universe to us in a new light. If there is in the brain of man a consciousness, active and intelligent, which can manifest itself in moments of tremendous stress without the knowledge of the waking consciousness; and if—as I shall prove in the next chapter—this subconsciousness carries on a connected memory of its own, makes involved calculations without the knowledge of the waking consciousness, and in secret predetermines the conduct of that waking consciousness, surely we have come upon a natural phenomenon as wonderful and as miraculous as any conceivable in the insubstantial realm of ghost and spirit.

Psychical research is directing its energies more and more to this subject, philosophy is travelling on the same road, and medical science is already there grappling with the mystery. We have got rid of ghosts and goblins and witches to find, apparently, that we have been carrying in our own heads from the beginning of the world all the supernatural and miraculous experiences of humanity!

Is this a conclusion less pregnant with import for the world than the faith that spirits have spoken through a medium of another world? As I ventured to tell Mr. Podmore, his investigations have laid one ghost, only to raise a greater and a more formidable spectre in our path. But the spectre which at present makes a mock of our boasted free-will, which shatters our preconceived notions of moral responsibility, and makes our prisons and reformatories appear as hideous as the rack and thumbscrew of less enlightened periods, may prove on further investigation an angel of light with comfort for a weary and suffering humanity.



DR. MILNE BRAMWELL

DR. MILNE BRAMWELL AND HYPNOTISM

"Now the soul is the mind of the mind. It can build and construct, and look beyond and penetrate space, and create. It is the keenest, the sharpest tool possessed by man. But what would be said if a carpenter about to commence a piece of work examined his tools and deliberately cast away that with the finest edge? Such is the conduct of those who reject the inner mind or psyche altogether."—RICHARD JEFFERIES.

FOR a considerable time now Dr. Milne Bramwell has been recognised as an authority on hypnotism both in England and in Europe. His experiments, his discoveries, and his published works on the subject have attracted attention in medical quarters, and have secured for hypnotism that respect which only ignorance or prejudice could deny. It is my purpose in the following brief pages to consider the purely psychological aspect of Dr. Bramwell's work—that aspect of it which justifies his inclusion among the master workers of the world—rather than to venture the intricate and less interesting task of describing hypnotism as a therapeutic agent.

All the men of science I have talked to on the matter of occult phenomena seem to hold that no step can be taken to investigate those mysteries until the secondary consciousness of man has been explored and its operations explained. But not only occult phenomena; the riddle of life must surely defy solution while we attempt to solve it before considering the composition and the workings of the human mind. It was after reading Dr. Bramwell's article, "Hypnotic and Post-Hypnotic Appreciation of

Time; Secondary and Multiplex Personalities," that I realised the full importance of hypnotism as a tool in the workshop of psychology.

For hypnotism is a means of investigating the second greatest mystery of mortality, Consciousness. What is a man's consciousness? It is his knowledge of an infinitesimal part of the action of his brain, his mind, himself. By this consciousness he is aware of certain things in himself, can recall certain events of his past, can settle through the agency of his brain certain problems that present themselves to him for solution. But there is a far greater area of his cerebral activities of which he knows nothing.[1] . Consciousness is not powerful enough to cover the whole of his brain. It may utilise the products of this greater activity, but it is done unconsciously ; and, on the other hand, what is far more disquieting to contemplate, this active consciousness is very largely controlled and directed by the action of the secondary consciousness—a thing conscious in itself, but whose influence is not recognised by the normal consciousness. On every man that has ever walked in this little world, the secondary consciousness, of which he knows nothing, has imposed its will, has affected his character, and has shaped his destiny. The effects of environment and heredity must surely be as smoking flax in comparison with the terrific influence upon a man's conscious mind of this remote and neglected hidden self, which thinks, works, and remembers behind the normal consciousness.

People are slow to accept the idea of a dual personality; but hypnotism, it seems to me, forces it upon them —by actual demonstration. It is not a question of a working hypothesis, a plausible theory, or anything else of that thin nature; it is a thing provable and demonstrable. Let me mention one of the simplest facts in

[1] See the chapter headed Mr. Frank Podmore.

everyday life, before I proceed to Dr. Bramwell's researches. Nearly everybody has tried the experiment of falling to sleep with the *idée fixe* that they must awake at a certain hour—an hour unusual to them. One falls asleep, meaning to rise at seven in the morning. At seven, or thereabouts, one wakes. Who called you? Who tapped upon the door of your slumbering consciousness and said "Wake!" bade you shake off unconsciousness and don your consciousness? Who was it? It was you. You called yourself; you called you. And the one you was unconscious of the other you.

But here is a far more striking instance. After having hypnotised her on several occasions, Dr. Bramwell once talked to a subject *during hypnosis* of her mental experiences in former states of hypnosis. "When you do not speak to me," she said, "and nothing occurs that interests me directly, I generally think of nothing and pass into a condition of profound restfulness. Once, however, I had an important dress to make, and was puzzled how to do it. After you had hypnotised me and left me resting quietly, I planned the dress. When I awoke, I did not know I had done so, and was still troubled about it. On my way home I suddenly thought how the dress ought to be made, and afterwards successfully carried out my ideas. I believed I had found the way out of the difficulty there and then in the waking state: I now know I did so previously, when hypnotised."

"I now know." Consider those words. In this state of hypnosis the subject recalled certain activities of her mind in a former state of trance. The memory operated, was intelligent, and could even speak of the conscious mind, which, as she said — criticising it almost as a separate entity—did not know that the difficulty of the dress had been solved in trance. But mark what follows.

"When she was aroused from hypnosis," Dr. Bramwell told me, "she had no more recollection of what she had just said to me than the man in the moon: she still believed she had fashioned the problematical dress in a state of ordinary consciousness!" This is a case, simple enough in its details, which Dr. Bramwell regards with profoundest interest. He sees its indication, and is investigating towards it. I do not think anything could more clearly show the operations of a mind, separate and distinct from the normal mind, than this simple story. The normal consciousness and the subliminal consciousness had each its separate conversation, and each its separate memory.

In a state of hypnosis, too, people will work out sums quite beyond their waking powers. For instance, an illiterate servant-girl will be asked how many hours are contained in 3853 seconds, and in a moment she will give the answer, sometimes almost correctly, sometimes quite correctly. Dr. Bramwell will tell a person under his observation, while in a state of hypnosis, that he shall perform some act or other at the expiration of, for example, 20,845 minutes after waking; and when the time comes, the subject, not knowing why he does so, will execute the command he has received during trance.[1] An interesting experiment, frequently made by Dr. Bramwell, is even more complex than these arithmetical calculations. He will tell a subject in his waking consciousness to write down a few verses, and so soon as they are written Dr. Bramwell, without looking at them, will take them into

[1] It is essential to notice, because of the sensational nonsense talked about hypnotism, that no one will perform a suggestion received in hypnosis that is repugnant to his normal consciousness. A murderer told to murder somebody might probably do so, but a man from whom the homicidal influence was absent would reject the idea instantly. He would become aware of the idea when he met the person he had been told to kill, but he would easily thrust it aside, and laugh at it as though it were a nightmare.

his keeping. He then bids the subject read aloud from some book quite unknown to him, and while his attention is thus engaged, hypnotises the man suddenly. At that moment he places pencil and paper near his right hand, and suggests to him, "On waking you will go on reading where you left off, and at the same time write down how often *b*" (or any other letter selected) "occurs in the verses you gave me." At that, he says "Wake up!" and, coming to what we should call "himself," the subject resumes his reading at the very point where it was broken into, and at the same time writes down the answer to the problem suggested. "This, almost invariably correct," says Dr. Bramwell, "is often done so rapidly that I have not had time to count the letters, even with the verses before me. I then tell the subject to stop reading, and ask him what he has written. He replies, 'Nothing,' and, when I show him the paper, is astonished, declaring he doesn't know what it means. I then re-hypnotise him, whereupon the lost memory returns, and he not only recalls the suggestion but also the fact that he has carried it out."

It will be seen from this (and had I the space I could quote a hundred convincing illustrations of the contention) that in hypnosis the mind is able to act intelligently and rationally; that the processes of deliberate reckoning and reflection are rather strengthened than diminished; that the memory performs its office without let; and, further, that the consciousness of hypnosis covers the normal consciousness, while the normal consciousness has not the smallest grasp upon the consciousness of hypnosis. Dr. Bramwell will not commit himself to anything, but he inclines to think that further investigation of this secondary self will prove it to be the pregnant parent of all the occult phenomena in the world. Like Mr. Podmore, he rejects the mystical interpretations of

spiritualism, but, unlike Sir William Crookes, he rejects the theory of telepathy and brain-waves. "I have seen," he said to me the other day, with twinkling eyes, "the most amazing miracles in thought-reading and telepathy: amazing — prodigious! But when I have asked the miracle-workers to sit back to back, and have asked one of them to tell me the name of the card I show to his brilliant partner, strange to say there is no miracle— only a shocking bad guess!"

No, he finds all the mysteries of the world locked up in man's head. There are no ghosts for Dr. Bramwell, no spirits, no clairvoyants, no thought-readers. The secret of occult phenomena for him lies in the subliminal consciousness — that hidden life which Professor James writes about so charmingly, while Dr. Bramwell touches it, probes it, cross-examines it, one might almost say dissects it. For when the impediment of the normal consciousness is removed, the larger consciousness of the hidden life comes into view, so that during hypnosis Dr. Bramwell can talk to, question, and examine the subliminal consciousness of his subjects. This is what makes me regard hypnotism as infinitely the most important branch of psychical inquiry. As astronomy came from astrology, and as chemistry came from alchemy, so from mesmerism—thanks to James Braid, and not, as some suppose, to the French—has come the science of hypnotism, the one and only means of observing the action of the secondary consciousness. While you peer through the keyhole into the box of the mind, the hypnotist places his key in the lock, turns it, and opens the lid. He sees what others guess at, he examines what others hypothecate. And what is there in science more likely to shed light upon the mystery of existence than a patient investigation of man's consciousness? Huxley's prophecy that the next great discovery will be

in the realm of psychology seems likely—if we except wireless telegraphy—to prove true.

For Dr. Bramwell, at any rate, the secondary consciousness is the most engaging of all the fields of inquiry. It not only promises to illumine the mystery of existence, but it explains so much that has hitherto puzzled the inquirer. Take the question of mental healing, Christian Science, King's touch, and the like. "There is no reason in the world why we should doubt certain cases of healing claimed by these people," said Dr. Bramwell. "Harness's electropathic belts no doubt cured martyrs to rheumatism even when there was no electricity in them! I myself knew a man who was cured of a nervous disorder by wearing one of these belts; but he relapsed immediately after reading the Harness exposure." In Christian Science, too, I have heard of many people whose ailments have been either minimised or cured while their faith in the metaphysics of the Healers remained unshaken. But so soon as doubt entered the mind, so soon as a wider knowledge of philosophy secured an entry into the consciousness, the ailments returned and they found themselves forced back upon the less romantic ministrations of the family physician.

Dr. Bramwell told me of some such cases in his own experience, all pointing to the power exercised by the mind over certain functional disorders; and I asked him whether he thought that faith could really heal.

"In certain cases, beyond a doubt. But no mental healer or Christian Scientist will cure a compound fracture: no, not if all the noble army of them throughout the world assembled in one room and 'realised' for six months, or six years, that in the spiritual kingdom there are no such things as compound fractures. But, mental diseases, hysterical diseases—yes, they can cure some of them. And how? In truth, it is merely unscientific hypnotism.

They work people up into an artificial and exalted state, by appealing to their religious sense, and when the normal consciousness is more or less in a state of abeyance they suggest to the patients that in God's spiritual world there is no pain, and as the material world is a delusion of the senses, they—the patients—as denizens of the spiritual world, cannot possibly have any pain. The patient takes that idea home with him, broods upon it, 'holds it,' as they say, and thus, in response to forcible suggestion, the pain disappears. Pain is a matter of the consciousness, and many hypnotic experiments have shown that suggestion can produce anæsthesia."

"But is it not likely," the reader may inquire, "that a man working through the agency of religion, and using the hypnotist's weapon of *suggestion*, might accomplish more than the materialist man of science?"

Alas! for that hideous spirit which has set a barrier between religion and science—this is a subject which no man of science will discuss in public. (Oh, what a lot the old controversialists have got to answer for!) Let me remark here, however, that to many men a careful study of the miracles of Christ seems to point to the fact that He used natural means to attain His ends; that His power was greatly dependent upon the faith of the individual to whom He made His suggestions; and that in one place He was unable to do any mighty work "because of their unbelief."

It may be that unconsciously science is putting into the hands of Christianity the means of quickening the spiritual sense of mankind, and the means of returning to the original command of its Founder, that it should "heal the sick" as well as "preach the gospel."

Much water must flow under London Bridge, I fear, before the average man realises what hypnotism really is; but in concluding this chapter with a brief résumé of many

conversations with Dr. Bramwell on this point, I hope that something may be achieved, at any rate, in disabusing the popular mind of one or two foolish delusions.

Hypnosis is not due to any mysterious force or fluid emanating from the operator. The condition is a subjective one: the operator simply calls into action various powers which are latent in the subject's brain—in short, he brings the subject's secondary consciousness to the front. For instance, a person is sent to a hypnotist by his physician, suffering from violent dipsomania. (I am not here describing Dr. Bramwell's treatment, of which I know nothing.) The method employed is this. He is shown into a room where the light is subdued and restful. He is seated in a comfortable chair, and told to try and free his mind from distraction. The better to induce this freedom from distraction, he is asked to keep his eyes upon the eyes of the doctor—for one is far less liable to wandering thoughts when the eyes are fixed upon the eyes of another person—and he is then asked if he really does in truth desire to be free from his craving for alcohol. Unless there is desire for amendment (how strangely religious it sounds!) the hypnotist is powerless. Hypnotism tends to increase and not to diminish the force of volition—a most important point for the public to realise. If the hypnotist is assured that the patient desires to escape from his craving, he waits till he sees by the eyes that the mind of his subject is so free from distraction as to be able to receive a suggestion, and then he merely says "Go to sleep." He suggests, in fact, to his patient that he should go to sleep; and, if the patient does not oppose the suggestion, to sleep he goes. The consciousness withdraws as it withdraws under anæsthetics, and the subliminal consciousness becomes actively existent. At this point treatment begins. The hypnotist suggests that the craving for alcohol is either dangerous, foolish, or a vain

imagination—as the case may be—and when the subconsciousness agrees and makes promise to abandon the alcoholic habit, in nine cases out of ten a successful treatment has begun. Coming to himself—that is to say, awaking to his normal and narrower consciousness—the patient finds, at every inclination to drink, that in himself there is a restraining influence, something that holds him back, warns him, perhaps even tells him that the appetite is gone—a something not ourselves which makes for righteousness, and yet a something which belongs to nobody but ourselves.

How strangely this subconsciousness acts every man may see for himself in the simple unremembered acts that make up his life. How often, for instance, when we abandon the hunt after a forgotten name, we find that the name suddenly presents itself to our consciousness, as though of its own accord. Or, how often has one suffered discomfort and annoyance in a theatre, to find, when the interest of the play has broken through the narrow consciousness and fastened upon the deeper consciousness, that every discomfort has vanished? Or in reading a book, or in writing an article, the striking of a clock, the clanging of a church bell, or the rattle of a street piano, drives one frantic till the whole consciousness is absorbed, and then they disappear. The bell still bangs, setting up vibrations which strike upon the drum of the ear and sound through the chambers of the brain, but the little consciousness is switched off, and one is completely unaware of the annoyance. It is to stimulate the action of this subconsciousness that the hypnotist works; it is to increase a man's control over himself, to give him greater will-power, greater knowledge of himself, greater efficiency for the activities of life. He does not impose his will upon yours; he cannot force you to act against what we call your conscience; but he can multiply the power of

your will, and he can import into the activities you desire to engage in an energy which, while it is all your own, could not be set in motion without his interposition.

If you wanted to impress upon a man some extraordinarily important matter, you would not do so in a room full of merriment, chatter, and distractions; you would take him out of this room, into a chamber where you could be perfectly quiet. Hypnosis is this other chamber. Normal consciousness is the room filled with a thousand distractions.

There are, so far as I can gather, three states of hypnosis: one so deep that the patient awakening remembers nothing of what has passed; another in which on awakening he can remember everything; and a third from which the patient comes not knowing, and actually denying, that he has been hypnotised. It is this third which helps one to understand the nature of hypnotism.

Bernheim's theory that hypnotism is merely suggestion does not find favour with Dr. Bramwell. Owing to the different conditions under which they are made, suggestions, he says, act with greater force in hypnosis than in normal life. Notwithstanding, it may be said, with a certain amount of truth, that we are constantly engaged in hypnotising ourselves. We are always making negative or positive suggestions mentally, and these have an influence, sometimes a far-reaching one, on our lives. The man who goes to his work feeling that he is in the mood for it is suggesting to his secondary consciousness that he will succeed. The cricketer who goes to the wickets feeling that he is in for a big score is suggesting to his secondary consciousness that he will succeed. In every department of life, at every hour of the day, the consciousness is suggesting things to the mind—good things and bad things, strong things and weak things, happy things and sad things. You can hypnotise yourself into a Jekyll

or into a Hyde, and you can make yourself feel as vigorous as Sandow or as flaccid and degenerate as the young gentlemen who hang over public-house counters with infinite yearning towards aitchless barmaids. The valetudinarian is his own sour-faced hypnotist. The cheerful optimist is his own vigorous hypnotist. Temperament, character, disposition, and all the rest of it, is very largely the acting of this unknown secondary consciousness. And what is habit but the will of the hidden self?

And this, as the reader will readily see, reveals an enormous problem to the modern world. How many people are locked up in lunatic asylums who might be free of life if the hypnotist were permitted to evoke their hidden selves? How many men and women are eating their hearts out in prisons and penitentiaries who might now be clean and useful citizens if the man of science, instead of the man of law, had sat in judgment upon them? We talk of free will—that tautological phrase—but how is a man free if there is working in him a great area of the brain of which he knows nothing? Consider it: from the stammerer, whose secondary consciousness tells him that he cannot utter certain words, to the murderer, whose secondary consciousness tells him that he must kill, we are all, every one of us, under the tyrannical dominion of a consciousness not ourselves, and yet a consciousness which is nobody's but our own. This influence has been guessed at down all the ages, and men have called it by various fine-sounding names, from Kismet to Environment; but it is only now, in this soft-footed age, when the hand drops from the wire to touch the ether, from the roaring furnace to direct the spark, that men have laid hands upon it and added its name to the terminology of science.

But, have they named it aright? Will the investigations of the psychologist, working through hypnotism,

tear the last veil from the face of Isis? For whether consciousness is single or dual, whether self is one or two, it is Consciousness, it is Personality, which is the mystery of existence. It is said that the desire for immortality is dying, that men no longer care whether they continue or cease with the collapse of physical energy, that the modern problem of the Church is not to stimulate men's moral instincts but to quicken their desire for a life after death. And yet every fresh discovery in medical science seems to convince us that consciousness is not a note in the physical instrument, our body, but rather the player at the keyboard who controls the intermezzo of Birth and Death. Consciousness can be cut off from the nerve centres, and only the other day a leading alienist in London told me that he has frequently examined moral imbeciles, to find that their brains were as healthy, as large, and as well nourished as the sane. And what is the successful treatment of the insane, but so to develop, educate, and stimulate the consciousness (not by hypnotism, but by healthy and absorbing employment), that it may exercise control over the action of the brain? So that, it would almost seem, the spirituality of consciousness is to be forced upon men, in an age of religious indifferentism, by the medical man and the psychologist. And this is what gives to Dr. Bramwell's work, in my eyes, its supreme importance. Physician and psychologist may claim that these discoveries belong to them, but one can hardly reflect upon the narrative of Christianity without seeing how closely the methods, at any rate, of the scientific hypnotist coincide with the methods of the great Healer. One must desire the benefit one seeks; the greater the faith the greater the result; and one educates the consciousness to obtain control over the brain—either for good or evil—by constant and quiet meditation. These are

likenesses on the surface; I think that there are others deeper down which Science will one day find herself forced to reveal.

"Many turn aside," says Richard Jefferies, "the instant the soul is mentioned, and I sympathise with them in one sense: they fear lest, if they acknowledge it, they will be fettered by mediæval conditions. My contention is, that the restrictions of the mediæval era should entirely be cast into oblivion, but the soul recognised and employed. Instead of slurring over the soul, I desire to see it at its highest perfection. . . . The mind has its logic and exercise of geometry, and thus assisted brings a great force to the solution of problems. The soul remains untaught, and can effect little."

The reproach is to Science and Religion.

THE MODERN SURGEON[1]

" His brow spreads large and placid, and his eye
Is deep and bright, with steady looks that still.
Soft lines of tranquil thought his face fulfil—
His face at once benign and proud and shy.
If envy scout, if ignorance deny,
His faultless patience, his unyielding will,
Beautiful gentleness and splendid skill,
Innumerable gratitudes reply.
His wise, rare smile is sweet with certainties,
And seems in all his patients to compel
Such love and faith as failure cannot quell."

W. E. HENLEY, *In Hospital.*

HAS it ever occurred to you that the surgery practised in England some twenty-five or thirty years ago differed but very little from the surgery practised in India before the advent of Alexander? Lancets, scalpels, scissors, and saws, as well as forceps, catheters, and syringes, were employed in the immemorial East while Britain slumbered in a state of the rudest barbarism. The Asiatic surgeon used as many as a hundred steel instruments, and these tools were exquisitely made, and were carefully protected from dirt—as dirt was known in those days. Operations of a dangerous kind, such as amputations, were performed, and the doctors knew as much about poulticing as the hospital nurse of

[1] Medical etiquette forbids the publication of the name of the eminent surgeon, to an intimate knowledge of whom I am indebted for any interest which the reader may find in this attempt to suggest the wonderful romance of modern surgery.

the present time. It is hardly too much to say that the surgeon of thirty years ago was performing in England the same operations, and by the same means, as the Hindu performed in India many hundreds of years before the birth of Christianity.

It is this little-realised truth which makes the romance of modern surgery—one of humanity's unwritten books. But for Lister and Simpson we should still be living in a period of butchery and agonies of which we cannot even bring ourselves to think. Thirty years ago a screaming patient was strapped and pinioned to the operating table; the knives flashed at lightning speed; the surgeon—sweating with his hurried carpentry, and dropping beads of perspiration and other foreign bodies into the wound—cut through the bone with a saw whose only virtue was its sharpness, while the assistant selected his ligature from a row held in his teeth, in order of size from right to left! And when the "operation" was over—painful and horrible as it had been—it was something like a hundred to one against the victim's chance of a healthy recovery. But now, speaking generally, time is not the chief necessity in an operation. The patient surrenders himself to the operating table as easily as he takes to his bed, and while he continues indefinitely in a state of unconsciousness, the surgeon performs upon his body, with deliberation, gentleness, and the most fastidious attention to details, the operation which will almost assuredly restore him to the mercies of perfect health. Celerity, though it must always be important, has ceased to be the chief virtue in a surgeon: cleanliness, gentleness, and precision have thrust it back into the fourth place. The result of this enormous revolution, thanks to Simpson and Lister, is a new birth for surgery.

Tennyson was probably just in his brutal description

of the coarse red surgeon, but he lived to see the rise of the modern school, and expressed regret for the scornful lines. The eminent surgeon whose name unhappily does not stand at the head of this article, but to whose friendship I am indebted for the knowledge and experience which enable me to make the following remarks, is typical of the new school. Gentle and refined, with a genial and generous nature, he seems to me an admirable type of the modern surgeon and an encouraging example of the modern workman. He is clean-shaven, and it is right for a surgeon to offer not even the hospitality of a moustache to hungry microbes. He is a regular visitor to the Turkish bath, and after any very infectious case goes immediately to the bath, even if he has been there but the day before. Young, tall, broad-shouldered, with strong lips and keen, deep-set eyes, he impresses one first and foremost with the sense of power and certainty. He has many moods, many expressions of countenance, and his voice has command over almost every tone of speech; but whether he is merry with one, as I have seen him on the eve of a whole day's holiday, or whether he is discharging the pleasant duties of a host among his guests, after a day more crowded with work and anxiety than any but his wife and his most intimate friends can realise, he never fails to impress one with the conviction of strength, vigour of thought, and assured knowledge. Moreover, he is a man who rejoices in his work, who loves Nature in all her moods, and one who does not fail to realise the spiritual mystery behind the material appearance. In all this he is typical of the modern surgeon; for the once popular impression that the anatomist is a cold, godless, and materialistic machine rests on no surer foundation than the imagination of the religious novelist, and is not now held by anybody who is not profoundly ignorant of the medical profession. Even

while these lines were passing through the press, it happened that a Sister holding a responsible post in one of the largest hospitals in London told me she has observed how contact with the sick and suffering always makes doctors progressively gentle and considerate as they ascend the ladder at the hospital.

I once asked my friend what were the essential factors which go to the making of a good surgeon, and he told me that the first was love of the work. Early in youth the spirit manifests itself, and he who feels it is impelled to the operating table as strongly and as straightly as another is impelled to the altar. Not every student at a hospital is a born surgeon, for many go there without this impelling force; but the man who has received the gift is bound to come to the front, and rejoices in those very obstacles which hinder and even terrorise the man who has it not. Nature having provided the desire, it is easy for the professors to do the rest. The devout student soon acquires a steady nerve, a sure hand, a quickness of observation, an adaptability of mind, and a swiftness of decision; and lo! he has begun to be a surgeon.

It is interesting to learn how a medical student grows into a surgeon. At least twenty-four weary and indeed heart-breaking months must be spent in the dissecting-room, the lecture theatre, the museum, and the library, before the student is even allowed to enter the operating theatre. As soon as any nervousness has disappeared, and knowledge has begun to shape itself in the mind, the student becomes a clerk for three months and a dresser for nine. He stands at the surgeon's side during an operation, and at first takes notes of the proceedings, which notes—carefully corrected by an assistant to the surgeon—go to the making up of the annual archives of the hospital. Much store, it must be noted, is set upon

these reports, for was it not from this material that such now well-known illnesses as Bright's disease were discovered? and is there not always the hope that this piecing together of scattered statistics and facts may lead to the solving of the outstanding problems of treatment, possibly may even lead to the discovery of a clue in the search for those hitherto inscrutable diseases, cancer and insanity? Later on, the student is gradually allowed to take a more and more important part in actually assisting in an operation—that is to say, he sponges away the blood, prepares instruments, removes and applies bandages and dressings, and controls the bleeding by tying and twisting the vessels and sewing up the wound. It is not until many months have passed that a knife is put into his hands, and then only for some trivial purpose, such as opening an abscess, and this under the close supervision of the surgeon. He is taught, on these occasions, to hold the knife by the blade, close to the point, so that it may not penetrate too far; and he is shown most carefully the exact position and direction in which the incision must be made. Again and again, however, will the student, after having gripped the knife in the right place, slip his fingers up the blade at the last moment, and appear unconscious of the action. Such is the natural loss of control induced by the excitement of finding oneself for the first time conducting an operation, that it sometimes requires the utmost patience on the part of the surgeon before the student really grasps even so simple a part of his instructions as this; but as soon as the first minor operation is over, knowledge seems to come naturally with the courage of experience, and the student is well on the road to becoming a surgeon.

The perfect surgeon, however, depends as much on natural gifts as on experience. It is essential that he

should be a man who follows inspiration and never checks at an unexpected development in the case he is conducting. Suppose, for instance, that the physician has sent him a case of a deep-seated internal abscess, and that all his preparations have been made to this end: it may be that, on making the incision and exposing the affected part to the finger or to the eye, he discovers that the case is not one of abscess, but of cancer. Instantly he must alter all his plans. The day's arrangements may be thrown out of gear; messages by telegraph or telephone may have to be despatched to colleagues with whom the surgeon or the anæsthetist was to have collaborated in other parts of London; new nurses may have to be engaged; the safety of a prolonged anæsthetic to the patient must be considered, and action must quickly follow upon the decision. But without flurry, without nervousness, without a fraction's loss of his natural calm, the surgeon must put aside the dispositions so carefully planned and prepared for, and pursue an entirely new line of action.

I have heard my friend say that this adaptability to the swift changes of a situation is one of the first necessities in a great surgeon. Like a good general in the field, he must be the master, not the servant, of his plan, and must be ready at a moment's notice to abandon it for another should the unexpected occur. But, at the same time, this elasticity of intention and extreme swiftness of thought must walk with the steadiness of nerve and the absolute freedom from agitation more readily associated with the turgid and slow-moving brain. It is essential that the surgeon should be passionless and quiet, and that he should have complete command over the machinery of his body. It is also essential for the surgeon to order his life as to early hours, regular meals, and healthy habits. He must even give up many of the outdoor pleasures of

life, such as cricket and tennis, since it is a matter of extreme importance that his hands should be smooth and steady.

Rough hands, said my friend, cannot be thoroughly and completely cleaned, as cleanliness is understood in surgery; and a blister or a hangnail is a source of danger in an operating surgeon—danger to the patient. The care of the nails is also a matter of importance. Just as no cook can be accounted a good one who is unable to boil an egg properly, so no surgeon can be considered trustworthy for big operative work who cleans his nails with knife or scissors. The surgeon who has a case "go wrong"—which is the technical expression for unnecessary inflammation and the formation of matter after an operation—need not look for the explanation farther afield than the tips of his own fingers, his hands, and his instruments. The responsibility rests as definitely with him as it does if he leaves in the wound an instrument or a sponge. Cleanliness is one of the new discoveries of surgery. There are still a few nurses who will bring one a towel beautifully white from the laundry, and imagine that they are doing all that is required of them; but it is now pretty generally known that the dirt which can be seen, upon an instrument or anything else, is harmless, provided that it has been freed by heat from the presence of living germs. A dirty towel which has been boiled is safer than a spotless towel from the laundry.

"Now you begin to see," he said, "what I mean when I say that an operating surgeon leads a life of responsibility and anxiety second to no individual alive; for does not a busy surgeon sometimes conduct as many as six, eight, or ten operations a day? and do they not average at least an hour apiece? and must he not sometimes be physically exhausted? and are there many hours in the twelve months when there are not some cases about which he is

still anxious—except when that blessed month of holidays at last recurs and lets him live like an ordinary mortal?"

One can think of few situations in life so likely to throw the nerves out of gear as an unexpected development in the midst of a most delicate operation, such as I have indicated in the case above; but so wonderfully trained is the modern surgeon, and so completely under control is his whole nervous organism, that he will sometimes follow out a new line of action without causing those about him to suspect that the original plan has been abandoned. The reader will perceive that this steadiness of nerve and this superb adaptability of mind could hardly be possible without the discoveries of Simpson and Lister; and here we arrive at the chief factor in the romance of modern surgery. It is always to Simpson and Lister that my friend refers when he speaks of surgery's new birth; and when one pauses to consider the operations rendered possible by anæsthetics and antiseptics, one realises at once that it is impossible to overestimate the change which has taken place in surgery during the last thirty years. It is easy to be grateful for anæsthesia, easy to realise the difference between the conscious and unconscious patient under the knife of the surgeon; but the mercies of anæsthesia do not stop here. A more sensitive type of man can now become a surgeon, and the profession attracts a higher and nobler order of mind. Operations which would have appalled this type of man if he had been a surgeon a generation ago, and which would have seemed like a miracle to those wonderful Hindus with their hundred steel instruments, are now of daily, almost hourly, occurrence in the hospitals of London. Think for a moment of operations performed on the brain. Here, with scarcely any risk to the patient, the surgeon cuts through the densely resisting bone of the

skull, makes a semilunar incision through the inner and softer membranes, and then lays bare that pulsating mass of matter which seems to some of us the instrument of the soul, and to others the very soul itself. This alone is an act which makes one pause to admire the consummate skill and the fearless daring of the surgeon; but admiration becomes swallowed up in a dumb amazement and a silent wonderment when one sees the surgeon take his knife, bend over that mind lying open before him like a stopped watch, and with swift and unerring stroke remove a tumour from the very midst of it. How is it that the arm does not tremble, the hand does not shake, the finger does not swerve? A deviation of the fraction of an inch, as the knife dips down in obedience to the surgeon's will, and irreparable damage would be inflicted: the heart would cease to beat, and the soul would no more be able to express itself on that ruined instrument.

But, dramatic as is this cranial operative surgery, the most daring and the most splendid victories of modern surgery have been obtained in the abdomen. It is here, more frequently than in any other part of the body, that acute and life-threatening disease fastens itself, and makes discord of the human organism; and it is here that the surgeon of a generation ago most feared to go. But now, thanks always to Simpson and Lister, the modern surgeon ventures into this region without the smallest misgiving, and performs there the most delicate operations with perfect certainty of success. I have myself seen three patients, in contiguous beds in a London hospital, who were all saved by emergency operations at dead of night—while most of us were either in bed or enjoying ourselves at the play, or at supper, or at the club! It is difficult to describe any of these amazing operations without offending the reader's mind, but I shall attempt this difficulty in one case because it illustrates so nicely many of the points

referred to by my friend in his definition of the perfect surgeon.

The case was one of supposed cancer in the abdomen; but on making his incision, and getting to close quarters with the disease, the surgeon discovered that the trouble was caused by the distortions resulting from inflammation of years ago, which almost blocked the outlet from the stomach. It was impossible for any but the smallest quantity of food to find its way out of the stomach in the normal fashion; the result being chronic vomiting, and the wasting of the body to the point of death. Directly the true cause of the suffering was discovered the surgeon put aside his plans for the cancer operation, and proceeded on a new line. He made an incision in the thirty feet of the alimentary canal, another in the wall of the stomach, and then stitched these two openings together. Thus in a few minutes, while the patient remained unconscious, the surgeon had discovered a subtle cause of trouble, had abandoned his original plans, and had so completely interfered with nature as to give the patient a new passage from his stomach. I can testify to the result of this daring operation. The patient, before the operation, a broken, an emaciated, and indeed a dying man, is now stronger and more vigorous than he has been for twenty years; he is back at his duty as a soldier, finding in it, to use his own words, a fresh joy in life. Here is a case which shows in a lucid and vivid manner how boldly a surgeon may interfere with the body, to its great advantage, and also how quickly he can adapt himself to the unexpected demands of the situation.

Another little point in abdominal surgery reveals the wonderful advance of recent years. It was the fashion till quite recently, in cases of appendicitis, to cut straight through the successive sheets of muscle which constitute

the body's covering, get at the seat of trouble, and then stitch up the gaping wound with silk and other material. To-day the surgeon splits the outer sheet of muscle in the direction of its fibres, presses open the wound by means of powerful retractors, and then splits the inner muscles in the direction of their fibres—which is the opposite way of the outer muscle—and presses open this wound also by means of retractors. At the conclusion of the operation, therefore, when the appendix has been removed, instead of a gaping, loose wound to be sewn up and watched over with the greatest care for many weeks, the surgeon removes first the lower and then the upper retractors, and the wound closes up automatically. So complete is this natural convergence, that even should the patient strain and vomit before any stitches are inserted, none of the abdominal contents will be extruded, and, eventually, hardly a scar will be left to show where the merciful knife has passed.

In every region of the human organism it is the same. Modern surgery is free of the whole body. It goes to the eye, to the ear, to the nose, to the mouth, even to the heart itself. The knife now passes into the secret places of nature like the sword of a soldier piercing farther and farther into a country to recover it from savagery. New and unsuspected obstacles arise only to be understood and overcome. The fear of sepsis, which paralysed the hand of the surgeon up till these last few years, has vanished for ever from the man who is a master of modern surgery. The body, when need be, can now be pared and pruned with the nicest freedom. Its mechanism can be interfered with, altered, mutilated, or restored, according to the discretion of increasing knowledge. A badly set bone is broken again, reset with accuracy, and kept in place by metal wire or screw or ivory peg. The damaged cartilage of a knee is taken out without making the smallest

difference to the natural gait. The peritoneum is handled, cut, and stitched up again. The gall-bladder is cut open, the gall stones taken out, and the wound sewn up. The spine itself can be resected—that is to say, a window can be cut in it, and the bullet or the tumour which compressed the spinal marrow removed, with the result of restoring lost power and sensation to the lower limbs.

While the least imaginative of men can feel the wonder and the splendour of such work, and while most men may be willing to thrust the surgeon into a foremost place among the artisans of creation, some people may, perhaps, pause to consider the effect of such work upon the mind of those who practise it. What kind of man is the surgeon? Does he vibrate to the gentlest emotions of humanity? In what degree do the religious, ethical, and artistic ideals of the race appeal to his sympathies?

I can answer that the anonymous subject of this chapter has lost nothing of his humanity. I know him to be a generous and a sympathetic mortal: not the black beast of the anti-vivisectionist's imagination!—but the pleasantest, homeliest, and gentlest man in the world to drink tea with. He is a charming companion on a holiday. Weeks before the eventful day—the rare and wonderful day to him—he every now and then breaks out into a shout of delighted joy at the prospect of rest and a few hours' contemplation of nature; and on the day itself this great London surgeon is like a schoolboy released for the summer holidays. If the scene of diversion is within a bicycle ride of London, no matter how wet and dreary the skies, he mounts his machine at the door of his house, and rides out of London with a light heart. "I like to feel my blood busy!" he tells you, as you ride at his side. "It is getting into places," he adds, with a laugh, "where

it hasn't been for weeks!" But the joy of his mind utters itself most freely, though more quietly, when the gloom of the great city, with all its agonies and lamentations, is left behind, and the machines are humming over sandy roads with the tall, wet, May-scented hedges on either side of them. Then he tells you what this stolen glimpse of Nature's restfulness and pervading quiet means to him—how grateful to his eyes is the soothing greenness of her fields. From this he goes naturally to the great questions of existence—the mystery of consciousness, the problem of pain, the riddle of the universe—and, with a sense of detachment impossible to him in the midst of his work, he talks to you about the investigations of men like Oliver Lodge, Milne Bramwell, and Frederic Myers. He would gladly have the unwavering faith of some of our psychologists in the persistence of full consciousness beyond the grave, and if his life afforded him the opportunity of study on this head, I think he would possess himself of that unconquerable hope; but, as it is, he stops short in these discussions at the mystery of personality, tells you that he feels himself in the grip of an omnipotent Power of whom it is impossible for humanity to predicate attributes, and confesses that he does not see how consciousness, as we understand it, can persist after death, while the memory, of which apparently it so largely consists, lies broken and fading in the dead brain.

And yet, just as Mr. Morley puts aside his determinism to say a "God bless you" as heartily as Charles Dickens, so too does this strong and toiling surgeon, in his happiest moments, drive away his agnosticism with a smile, and invoke the blessing of the Almighty on this difficult and eternal progress of humanity. He is in love, I think, with the proposition of Sir Oliver Lodge, that the sum of definite human knowledge at the present time is this, that we are all "artisans of creation." It is enough for him to know

that nature presents itself before him disfigured, wounded, and in pain; and that it is possible for him, under the Omnipotent One, to remove some of the agony and remedy some of the hurt. He is an artisan of creation—the man who patches and restores the house in which humanity dwells; and we who see sickness and sorrow in our families only occasionally can have no idea how much of this patching and restoring falls to the surgeon's hand. Think what it means when the daily engagement list of a surgeon is printed in this fashion—

8.30 ——
8.45 ——
9.0 ——
9.15 ——
9.30 ——
9.45 ——
10.0 ——

—and so on through the day! He must be at his best, too, with each patient, at each consultation, at each operation, and at each lecture. Each fresh audience is apt to forget how much has already been crowded into the earlier hours of a busy day—how little sleep, perhaps, the night before has yielded. It must be almost impossible for the surgeon to believe that there exists one healthy man upon the earth, or that there is a single home where mourning and soul-searching apprehensions are not habitual guests. I asked my friend how he could endure such a life, knowing his gentle temperament; and he told me that there was so much patching and restoring to be done that he had really no time in which to contemplate the sorrow of it all. Fortunately for him, and for his patients, he is a thoroughly healthy animal, with no inclination to morbidity, no taste—even if he had the time—for introspection. The simple joys of family life form his chief

support in the fatigue of his work; and in his work itself he finds full and engrossing occupation for all the activities of his brain.

So pressing are the demands of modern surgery, that my friend, like most of his contemporaries, can find time for few pursuits and sympathies outside the region of his exacting and ever-expanding profession. It is illuminating to find that he re-reads George Eliot, because his moments of relaxation are so few and therefore so precious that he cannot afford the risk entailed by seeking pleasure at the hands of newer writers. He has an affectionate memory for Browning, and loves to quote one the bracing and vigorous optimism of that rugged modern; but, for all intents and purposes, his reading of literature is with the past. The stern business of surgery demands almost every hour of his working day. He presents to one the spectacle of a man who has consecrated his whole life to a single end, and in whose day there is no time for vain longings, unprofitable regrets, or pursuits of a more or less decorative kind.

In his infrequent moments of leisure he is for ever seeking some solution of the great problem of hospital finance and administration. He has a theory, at which he is now at work, that this difficult question might be solved if those moderately well-off people who benefit by the hospitals would only contribute a just sum to their maintenance. It must be borne in mind that many people of the middle classes, who cannot afford the first-rate surgeon's fee of fifty or a hundred guineas, avail themselves of the hospitals because they can there enjoy the highest skill in the world rather than because it costs them nothing if they do so. But they would be—nay, they are—perfectly willing to pay something, according to their means.

"The hospitals," said my friend, "were originally

established for the abject poor; and while they still should enjoy the benefits for nothing at all, I cannot see why some scheme should not be worked out for extending the help of the hospitals to that large middle class which can afford to pay at least something, and at least for surgical operations. The aggregate of these 'somethings' would certainly go far to solve the great difficulties which beset these institutions in their efforts to re-equip themselves for the modern treatment of disease."

He pointed out to me how every year brings with it a demand for re-equipment. New methods must constantly be employed, new fittings erected, new apparatus purchased and installed in the old buildings, which must be altered or rebuilt for its reception. There is at one moment the light cure, then the open-air cure. There is the need for incessant additions to the machinery of the operating theatre, for the modernisation of wards, and for increase of the nursing staff. "And remember," he said, "that all this is for the good of the community, since it not only tends to facilitate the alleviation of pain, but it is essential for the proper training of the young medical man who goes forth into practice to take charge of the health and the life of the nation; it does a distinct service to the State by rendering fit for the Army, the Navy, and the Civilian Services many youths who are rejected on account of physical abnormalities which surgery alone can rectify; and it makes for an earlier return from the wards to the ranks of the workers, and so increases the wage-earning capacity of the generation. The average stay in hospital has been reduced in recent years from twenty-eight days to something between seventeen and eighteen!"

There is also, he told me, a complete change on the part of the working-classes in their attitude to hospitals

and surgery. In the old days it was a common experience for a man to enter the hospitals glaring ferociously in search of gas-bag and knives, while he uttered emphatic decision that he would not be operated on. It is as long ago as the Sixties that Spencer Wells's work on ovariotomy came as the pioneer and practical application of Lister's and Simpson's discoveries; but it is only recently—hardly five or ten years ago—that the triumph of modern surgery had penetrated the minds of the community, and had to a great extent removed all suspicion and fear of the surgeon and his knife. To-day the working-man enters the hospital without a single fear, and politely announces to the surgeon, "I want to be operated!"

It is possible, I think, that the financial problem of the hospitals would disappear as thoroughly as this recent fear and suspicion, if the general public really grasped the magnificent work of the modern surgeon. People are slow to appreciate the advance and development of science. A new invention in motor cars, or some wild theory concerning radium as a cure for cancer, attracts infinitely more notice in the newspapers than the definite and solid achievements of operative surgery. The world does not realise what its surgeons are worth to it, because it does not know what they have done, what they are doing, and what they are confident of doing in the future. The personality of the surgeon remains a shut book to them. They know more of Mr. Gibson Bowles and Mr. P. F. Warner than they know of Lord Lister. Their imagination is not touched, is not kindled, by acquaintance with the character of our great surgeons and the nature of their work. They could as easily feel sympathy with the polar star as with surgery, and they are as little encouraged to take an interest in the one as in the other.

The medical profession is most excellently served by its own journals, and occasionally one may meet a layman who reads these periodicals with understanding and appreciation. But the great daily press, which finds its way into the millions of English homes day after day, seldom appeals to the nation to take a pride and an earnest interest in the achievements of English surgery. And yet there is no other branch of science in which we hold such indisputable pre-eminence among the nations. Harvey, Hunter, Lister, Simpson, Jenner—all are ours! "Most can grow the flower now, for all have got the seed,"—but that the seed is all British should make us proud and anxious to know more about our surgeons and to render them every help and encouragement. The public, weary of sentimental appeals concerning the hospital nurse and the pangs of sick children, would respond, I believe, liberally and whole-heartedly, if they could be made acquainted with the actual work of our hospital surgeons, and if they could be presented with the opportunity of reading the romance of modern surgery.

The hospitals, be it remembered, are the homes of our medical schools, for only where there are students striving to know more than their masters will the work of the masters move forward to increasing knowledge. No surgeon, however eminent, can resign his post on the hospital staff without realising almost immediately that the race has swept past him. To maintain these great schools in all excellence and in all perfection is the duty and the privilege of every Englishman according to his means.

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